The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915.

Summary of the News

The German note on the submarine question, the receipt of which had been expected this week, has been again delayed. Dispatches from Berlin of Monday's date declare, though on what authority it is not stated, that the substance of the proposed note has been made the subject of preliminary diplomatic exchanges between Berlin and Washington. In both capitals a general impression seems to persist that the contents of the forthcoming note will open a way to an understanding on the questions at issue.

J. P. Morgan was shot in two places, but not, happily, seriously injured, at his country place at Glen Cove, on Saturday morning by a man who gave his name as Frank Holt. The man is a former instructor in German at Cornell University, and is apparently a pro-German in conviction. It seems probable, however, that he is simply an individual fanatic who acted entirely on his own responsibility, and was inspired to his deed by the propaganda for prohibiting the export of munitions from this country to the European belligerents. His purpose, the man declares, was to induce Mr. Morgan to use his influence for the stopping of this traffic. Physicians on Monday pronounced Mr. Morgan to be out of danger.

The night before the attack on Mr. Morgan an explosion caused by a bomb wrecked the east reception room on the main floor of the Senate wing of the Capitol building. The damage was not particularly serious, and no one was injured. Since Holt's arrest he has admitted that he was responsible for this outrage also, giving the same reason as for his other crime, that he did it as a protest against the export of munitions. The identity of the criminal was first suspected on account of the similarity of his statement before the justice of the peace after the shooting of Mr. Morgan and of four letters which were sent to the Washington papers by the perpetrator of the outrage at the Capitol. Subsequent investigation has led to the suspicion that Holt may also be identified as Erich Muenter, the Harvard professor of German, who disappeared from Cambridge in 1906, after the death of his wife from poisoning, and for whose arrest a warrant has been out ever since. Still another bomb explosion, the source of which has not, as we write, been traced, occurred at Police Headquarters in New York on Monday evening. No one was hurt, but a considerable amount of damage was done, although the structure of the building remained uninjured.

News received on June 30 that the Leyland liner Armenian, carrying a cargo of mules from this country to England, had been torpedoed off the coast of Cornwall, with the loss of a number of American citizens, occasioned the fear that the incident might still further aggravate relations between the United States and Germany. That fear, however, was dispelled by later reports, which made it clear that the Armenian had been challenged by the submarine and ordered to stop. Only when the order was disobeyed and the vessel attempted to escape did the submarine open fire with shrapnel. It was under this bombardment that most of the lives were lost. The chase lasted an hour, the submarine all the time gaining on the Armenian. After the captain had surrendered his vessel, he and his crew were allowed time by the commander of the submarine to leave the ship, whereupon she was sunk by torpedoes. Clearly, then, the submarine in this instance acted in strict accordance with international law, and the principal significance of the incident is that it disproves the German contention that submarines, in the nature of the case, are unable to obey the ordinarily accepted rules of warfare. The fate of the Armenian demonstrates that the new large type of German submarine, mounting guns, can fulfil the function of a commerce destroyer almost as effectively as a cruiser.

The Armenian case and the practice recently adopted in other cases by German submarines of giving warning to those whom they have intended to destroy were hailed in many quarters as significant of Germany's purpose to change the whole manner of her submarine warfare so as to bring it within the recognized limits of international law. That impression, however, was dispelled by an inspired notice which appeared in the German press on July 4 explicitly denying that any change was contemplated. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to note that the majority of ships reported sunk since we wrote last week received warning, and that the crews were permitted to escape. Refreshed by their visit to their bases, the submarines have, during the past few days, returned to the attack with renewed vigor. In addition to the Armenian, twenty-five vessels have been reported sunk. Of these seventeen were British, six Norwegian, two French, and one Belgian. One British vessel, the Anglo-Californian, by fine seamanship on the part of her captain, and, after he had been killed by a shell, of his son, the mate, managed to elude the attacking submarine after a stern chase. The incident was reported in Tuesday's papers. On the same day appeared a statement by the French Ministry of Marine recording the probable sinking of a submarine by a French light squadron in the English Channel.

In the British Parliament the final reading of the Munitions bill was passed in the House of Commons on July 1. The bill went to the House of Lords and was passed in all its stages on the following day. Introducing the bill, Lord Curzon announced that the response to Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for volunteer munition workers had resulted during the first week in the enrolment of 46,000 names. The bill authorizing the compilation of a national register of all persons in the United Kingdom between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five has aroused a good deal of opposition in the House of Commons as savoring too unpleasantly of conscription. The bill, however, will apparently be pressed. The Cabinet, it was stated in debate, was absolutely unanimous on it, and Premier Asquith informed the House that the Government did not contemplate any change under the terms of the bill involving forced labor or conscription.

In view of the international situation, President Wilson, it was announced last week, has definitely abandoned his intention to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

According to dispatches from Washington on Monday, analysis of returns, not absolutely complete, indicated that total receipts from corporations and individuals under the income tax for the fiscal year ended June 30 amounted to $79,828,675, as against $71,000,000 for the previous year. Of this amount the individual income tax was $41,011,402, and the corporation tax $38,817,273.

Statistics of the Department of Commerce, published in Washington on July 2, showed the extent to which the United States is feeding the world during the present war. Exports of foodstuffs from this country for the eleven months ended May 31 amounted to $724,000,000, while the total exports of food for the same eleven months of the previous year amounted only to $443,000,000.

Gen. Porfirio Diaz, former President of Mexico, died in Paris on July 2. So far as the situation in his native country goes, there is little change to record. Gen. Pascual Orozco, who was arrested and detained in El Paso with General Huerta, on Saturday succeeded in escaping across the Mexican border, and it is reported that he is to head a new revolt. In consequence of the escape of his lieutenant, General Huerta is now guarded in jail.

Announcement was made on July 4 that Admiral Lord Fisher, who recently resigned the position of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, had been appointed chairman of the "Inventions Board," which is being formed to assist the British Admiralty in regard to naval requirements.

The Russian Government, it was announced on Tuesday, has apologized to Sweden for its violation of the latter's territorial waters during the sea-fight in the Baltic Sea on July 2, on which occasion the German mine-layer Albatross, badly damaged by Russian fire, was run aground near Henviker. The inadvertent violation of Swedish neutrality, the Russian statement explains, was due to the fog that prevailed at the time.

The French Government last week issued an appeal to the public to turn in its private hoards of gold so as to strengthen the national reserve. According to dispatches from Paris on Tuesday, the appeal has met with a ready response.

Official contradiction was made by the French Ministry of War on July 1 to the monotonously reiterated German plaint that brave German soldiers are being slaughtered in their thousands by American shells. According to this statement, no shells manufactured in the United States have been used by the French army at any time since the beginning of the war.

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The Week

In regard to the sinking of the Armenian, with a reported loss of Americans among the crew, we now see how well advised was President Wilson in waiting to ascertain the exact facts. Only after they were known could it be possible to reach a sound judgment, or decide on the action that should be taken. The precise status of the ship was in doubt. Whether she had due warning, and whether, after it, she sought to escape, the early dispatches did not make definite. But later we got a great deal of new light on what really occurred. The mere fact that the Armenian had contraband on board furnished no warrant whatever for her being sunk by a German submarine on sight. President Wilson made that clear in his first Lusitania note. In it he laid down the general principle, which he repeated almost in the same words in the second Lusitania note, that "the lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman." In the second note the phrase was made "unresisting merchantman." It now seems evident that the Armenian was not unresisting. There remains the sharp issue between the United States and Germany, and to it the German Government is expected to address itself in its forthcoming reply to the American protest. The sinking of the Armenian, even if it had been wholly unwarranted, would only have been a fresh illustration of a policy in naval warfare against which the United States had lodged solemn objection. The new offence is not of a nature to heighten the old, though it serves to call vividly to mind the great crime which was committed when the Lusitania's passengers were murdered.

One of the most interesting outgivings that have come from any high German quarter since the sinking of the Lusitania is the article by Admiral von Truppel, at one time Governor of Kiao-chau, which appeared in the *Tag* on Monday. That it represents the sober thought of a large section of opinion in Government circles at Berlin there can be little question. Very quietly, but none the less impressively, Admiral von Truppel points out the two vital elements in the situation concerning the American protest, as viewed from the standpoint of German policy. In the first place, he tells those who imagine that a rupture with the United States would do Germany no serious harm that they are grossly underestimating the injury which such a rupture would inflict upon the German cause. And secondly, he asks this simple and pregnant question:

> Can we hope, so far as we are able to foresee, to force England to its knees through submarine warfare against her commerce?

To leave this question unanswered is, so far as its practical effect is concerned, much the same thing as to answer it in the negative. Indeed, it may be more effective through the suggestion of the negative than it would through the direct assertion of it; for assertion provokes contradiction, while the unanswered question suggests thought, and it takes nothing more than cool thought to see what the true answer is. And, apparently as an encouragement to the thinker, the Admiral points out various effective uses to which the submarines might be put in real warfare if they were withdrawn from their attempts to scare British commerce off the seas.

Germany's Military Governor of Belgium does no more than he should in guaranteeing the entire grain crop in the occupied zone to the civilian population; but the action is none the less another evidence of the diligence and tact of the American Commission for Relief. The Imperial forces had no more right to levy upon the production of the year than to take toll of the supplies shipped in by foreign charity, and while they may have accepted this principle as a matter of course, it was no doubt rendered plainer to them by the thoroughness of the Commission's organization for making national use of every source of supply. The relief authorities have themselves provided the seed and supervised the sowing, and they are to take possession of the crop and distribute it in monthly fractions, supplying the deficiencies it leaves. In their pleasant relations with both conquered and conquerors, their entirely trusted position, and their control of perhaps the larger part of the civil activities of the population, they are constantly reporting achievements of which their countrymen may well be proud. The announcement of the Commission apropos of Gen. von Bissing's order reveals how rapidly it is perfecting all food arrangements for the future. What fighting Belgian territory will see throughout the summer, no one can tell, but we may be sure that Chairman Hoover and his associates will attempt to minimize its effects on the non-combatants.

It did not require the official statement, issued by the French Embassy at Washington last week, to dispose of the extraordinary assertion in regard to American shells made by Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria in his recent interview. The absurdity had already been pointed out of his allegation that 50 per cent. of the shells used by the French against the Germans under Prince Rupprecht's command were of American make. From the plain facts known on this side in regard to the shipment of shells, it was clear that either none at all, or so few as not to be worth noting, had been used in any of the European operations up to the present time. The French official statement is absolute that "France has bought no shells of any sort in the United States since the beginning of the war." American shells will undoubtedly in the future play an important part in the great war; but in the eleven months that have thus far passed, they have played almost no part at all.

The point has a two-fold interest and importance. It is important first as bearing on the preposterous claim that the war would have been over long ago—over, of course, through a decisive victory for Germany—had it not been for American munitions of war. Munitions of certain kinds have, of course, been going to the Allies from this country; but neither in quantity nor in kind such as to have been of vital consequence. Moreover, the battle of the Marne, which turned the tide of German conquest, was fought when the war was only a month old and when, consequently, American supplies had not begun to arrive even in small quantities. But even more interesting than its bearing on the facts of the war is the reminder that this incident furnishes of the appalling unscrupulousness of German assertions relating to the vital facts of the situation, in all directions. Any guess, any shred of "evidence" however untrustworthy, any rumor, seems to be regarded by the highest of the German authorities as adequate ground for unqualified assertions of fact, and this without any regard to their inherent improbability or even absurdity. The Belgian conspiracy against Germany, the "armed" Lusitania, the American shells mowing down the Bavarian troops—these are all of a piece; and it is a piece which stands quite by itself, a piece that can no more be matched in any of the other warring nations than can the superlative efficiency and completeness of Germany's military preparation.

For a truly patriotic view of the Fourth of July, commend us to the New York *Staats-*

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Zeitung. If a nation is degenerate and contemptible, the best service that can be done to it is to tell it so, and that is what is done to the American nation in an article prominently printed in the issue of Sunday. "For the Fourth of July. A sermon for the times, by Dr. G. C. Berkemeier"—such is the heading. And its chief point is that the American people are held in subjection to their "hereditary enemy," their "arch-enemy," England, through the influence of a servile and venal press. "The greater part of our press is subsidized, inspired, edited, from London," exclaims this German-American patriot. It requires a little thought to appreciate fully the courage required to make this assertion. Most Americans will be inclined simply to smile at it as an absurdity; but it is something more than that. For it is an assertion the like of which could not conceivably be made concerning the press of any other great nation by its bitterest enemy or its most shameless calumniator. If "the greater part of the American press"—and the man might well have gone farther, while he was about it, for substantially the whole American press is anti-German—if practically the whole American press is "subsidized, inspired, edited, from London," this country is not merely in a condition of degradation, but in a condition of unparalleled degradation. The man Holt was doubtless crazy; but what is the word to apply to the condition of mind of this writer, or of the editor who sees fit to publish his rubbish as one of the conspicuous contributions to the celebration of the Fourth of July?

One war myth has been pretty thoroughly disposed of. The great numbers of "war babies," actual or expected, in England do not exist. In addition to other refutations of the wild stories on this subject which were current a few weeks ago, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has made an elaborate investigation into the facts, throughout the United Kingdom, and has reported that there was no foundation for the original charges. No perceptible rise in illegitimacy is to be discovered. Inspectors ran down tale after tale, and rumor after rumor, as affecting various localities, and found them all to be false. In no place were the stories verified. Thus passes this aspersion on the character of the soldiers and the women. No one will regret this, except perhaps that New York editor who wrote in dithyrambic praise of the splendid patriotism and the superhuman virtue of those who were responsible for the leaping up of bastardy in England.

The Supreme Court's decision annulling the "grandfather clause" has been received by the Southern press very much as a matter of course. The *Virginian-Pilot* remarks: "We do not see how the Court could have arrived at any other conclusion unless prepared to set aside the Fifteenth Amendment as invalid and inoperative." But this does not mean that the Southern white man now welcomes his black brother to the polls. North Carolina newspapers point out that the "grandfather clause" in that State expired by limitation six years ago, and remark that there are plenty of ways left of politically restricting the negro which are not open to legal objections. Even if literacy requirements were impartially enforced against both races, the lack of negro schools would give the white man an advantage. The imposition of poll taxes also has the effect of keeping many negroes away from the polls. The Columbia *State* shows its usual frankness by saying:

> The negroes were ready to quit voting whenever the white people showed them plainly enough that they were not desired as electors. The negroes are not such fools as most people give them credit for being. They . . . see which side their bread is buttered on. They know that, at this juncture, it is not buttered on the political side.

The Charlotte *Observer* declares that the grandfather clause has been a stimulus to education "because colored youths became ambitious to learn and illiterate white people were spurred by this rivalry to greater efforts." This is a tribute to negro ambition which would seem to deserve a better fate than to be warned not to utilize the hard-won education.

The close of the fiscal year finds the Treasury belying the prediction of empty vaults, although to date the Government has paid out approximately $90,000,000 more than it has collected. On June 22 the Department announced a balance in the general fund of $27,375,000. Eight days later it was known to be not less than $38,000,000, and it was predicted that when returns had been received from internal revenue collectors regarding the day's payments of income tax, it would be found to have stood at about $50,000,000. That such a cash balance is possible when disbursements have exceeded collections is, of course, due to surplus accumulations from previous years. At the same time, it is to be pointed out that $90,000,000 is not actually a just estimate of the year's discrepancy between receipts and expenditures. Income taxes will continue to be paid into the Treasury until July 10, at the rate of several millions a day, and the total, including the forty-three millions already collected, should reach a figure above eighty millions. Counting this entire sum as of the last fiscal year, and subtracting the similar late payments for the year 1913-1914, the deficiency would be reduced by perhaps half. This sum is no more than was to be expected from the falling off in customs revenues and from the loss in internal revenue from tobacco and liquors, resulting from prohibition and the social tendency to economy.

William Allen White's reply to Mr. McHarg's appeal for a union of the Progressives with the Republicans makes what Horace Greeley was accustomed to call "mighty interestin' reading." And what makes it so interesting is not so much the snap that Mr. White puts into his writing, but the practical conclusion that it naturally suggests. "Our real issue is to beat the Democrats," says Mr. McHarg; and substantially that is all he says, though he backs up his appeal with a quotation from Lincoln, whose only relevance is that the words "the real issue" occur in it. Mr. White, however, has no use for this issue; he absolutely refuses to acknowledge that "the chief end of man is to lick the Democrats and enjoy their offices forever." He does admit that two million or more of the Progressives have gone back to the Republican fold; but these were the men who didn't really know why they were Progressives. The other two million, who stood by the colors last autumn, did know. They will stay away, says Mr. White; there is nothing whatever in the Republican party as at present constituted that appeals to them, and they "don't care whether the Republicans whip the Democrats or the Democrats whip the Republicans in 1916."

Now, there is no doubt that this statement by one of the most notable of Western Progressives represents pretty accurately the state of mind of a large fraction of the Progressives of 1912, though it may not be as much as half. And how will those men who followed the Roosevelt banner in 1912, in a flame of enthusiasm for a programme of Progressiveness, and who now "don't care whether the Republicans whip the Democrats or the Democrats whip the Republicans in 1916"—how will they act in the coming Presidential campaign? They are not going to stay away from the polls; they will vote against the side they dislike the most or in favor of the side they like the most. And the consequence of this upon the arithmetic

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of the campaign will be important. Those who have been imagining that in case there is no Progressive ticket in the field the Republicans will have a walkover had better be doing a little revision of judgment. Supposing, for example, that Wilson was the Democratic candidate and that the Republican party presented a decidedly Bourbon aspect, it is quite plain that the true-blue Progressives of Mr. White's classification would vote pretty solidly on the Democratic side. And, since each of these votes would count twice as heavily against the Republican candidate as would a vote cast for a Progressive, it is plain that the failure of the Progressives to run a ticket of their own would be a very doubtful blessing for the Republicans.

If the exaggeration of social abuses may possibly be condoned, this is because it sometimes obtains a hearing which the sober facts would not get. Though Chief Bills of the Porto Rican Bureau of Labor condemned in a letter to the New York *Times* the inaccurate testimony of insular labor leaders before the Commission on Industrial Relations, he suggested that this extenuation exists. "The fact is," he remarks, "as Mr. Traneso stated to the Commission, that Porto Rico has a big and difficult problem in bettering the conditions of its laboring masses." While he denies peonage, he admits the existence of thousands of landless people as a direct heritage from times when peonage did obtain, and the housing of the majority of sugar-field laborers in buildings owned by their employers. He states that the prevailing rate of interest asked for money is from 8 to 10 per cent., which is distinctly higher than that in our Southwest. Sanitary conditions are still to be bettered, education improved, and also agrarian measures devised. The great objects in calling these facts to American attention are to enlist a stronger public sentiment behind the act granting citizenship to Porto Ricans, and to stimulate the investment of capital in a land of rich but undeveloped resources. The passage of the new organic act, at least, should not long be delayed. It has been waiting two years, and in giving Porto Ricans at once a greater degree of self-government and a closer connection with the United States, it will facilitate the reforms so evidently needed.

A short time ago, an atrocious murder was discovered in London. On Thursday of last week, a jury, after twenty-two minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty against the perpetrator. The judge promptly sentenced him to be hanged on July 27. Thus the whole interval between the discovery of the crime and the final disposal of the wretch who committed it will be only a few weeks; for the probability of any interference with the sentence by way of appeal is almost *nil*. The contrast between such expeditious and decent dispatch of criminal business and what we are familiar with in this country is painful. We say "decent," because the meaningless and frivolous delays which so frequently drag out the processes of justice in America are really as much of an offence against decent standards of fitness as against efficiency. If the cumbrousness and dilatoriness of our ways were calculated to effect more exact justice, the case would be altogether different; but nobody pretends that we can lay claim to any such superiority. Our shiftless toleration of all sorts of triflings with what ought to be the stern and vigorous operation of the machinery of justice means a gross waste of time, money, and energy, with no other result than that of reducing to a deplorable minimum the impressiveness and the deterrent efficacy of the working of the criminal law.

Chicago's epidemic of labor troubles is continued by the lockout which began last Thursday in the building trades, throwing 200,000 men in the city out of work, and affecting 300,000 more in the neighborhood. The lockout is the direct sequel of a long-continued strike by 6,000 carpenters, who have recently all but won their demand for an increase from 65 to 70 cents per hour. Over 1,800 independent contractors have agreed to the advance, and the associated employers who are fighting it and who have demanded arbitration have induced the lumber, brick, and cement companies to declare a sympathetic lockout of all their men to bring the carpenters to terms. Upon the merits of the quarrel it is hard to pronounce, but one fact is clear—the injury done to Chicago by these recurrent industrial disputes. "Affairs are in such a state," remarked the head of the builders' and contractors' organization, "that something must be done to insure security of investment. Capital has become afraid of investments here." The thing to be done is apparently to make the present useless State Board of Arbitration one of conciliation and arbitration, and greatly to broaden its powers.

The death of the aged Porfirio Diaz has, of course, no direct bearing on the posture of affairs in Mexico, yet lovers of coincidence will endeavor to make one out. It may be said, at any rate, that the passing of the famous "strong man" of Mexico comes to reinforce the belief that Mexican salvation is not to be worked out on any Carlylean theory. The strong man was in power for a generation, but left only chaos behind him. Some contend that this was only because he overstayed his time. Had he quietly retired before his last seizure of the Presidency, it has been argued, a successor could have been found to carry on his work in his own spirit. But there is no proof of this. All the evidence is that it was Diaz's plan that had overstayed its time. And those who now see no solution of Mexico's troubles except in the appearance of a powerful and unscrupulous ruler should be asked to fix their minds upon exactly what happened in 1910. Absolute rule broke down absolutely. Arbitrary government lapsed into anarchy. Nobody that we know of has a guaranteed scheme of salving Mexico. Seemingly, the work must be done, if done at all from the inside, by groups and parties rather than by a single, dominant individual. At all events, the plan which Diaz instituted died along with Diaz.

German arms have certainly been triumphant during the fighting of the past few weeks. While the Galician campaign has not broken up the Russian armies, or inflicted disproportionate losses upon them—the German losses have not been made public, but must have been very great—the success attained has been conspicuous and dramatic. Russia is now pushed back virtually to her own soil; and a powerful movement against Warsaw is plainly under way. That at the same time the German General Staff should be assuming a strong offensive against the French, is at once a testimony to the military resources upon which it can depend, and to the audacity of the high command. There is no likelihood of any considerable transfer of forces from the eastern theatre of war to the western. But Gen. Joffre is reported to be making preparations to beat off an assault in great strength. To take the offensive on both fronts at the same time was not the German plan of campaign of last year. It would be to violate the Napoleonic maxim which warned a commander not to seek to be strong at all points at once. But the German strategists have considered Napoleon obsolete. They prefer to follow Clausewitz, whose theory of war was to bring great masses of troops together, like two heaps of gunpowder, and see which side would have something left over after the conflagration.

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THE "NATION'S" JUBILEE.

Those to-day responsible for the conduct of the *Nation* look back to its fifty years of life with a kind of proud humility. The secure past is not theirs, yet they, as inheritors of a high tradition, must not discredit it. As they think of the men who conceived the *Nation* and nourished its early years—both editors and contributors during the time when its fame was solidly built up—the sensation is like that of one walking through a gallery of the portraits of his famous ancestors. They are his, yet not his—his, if he lives worthy of the name they bequeathed to him; not his, if he fastens disgrace where they stamped only honor.

Of *Nation* personalities in the earlier day, we must leave others to speak. They have done it in this issue richly and with grace and justice. Over the still recent and still mourned loss of Mr. Hammond Lamont, we could not pass in complete silence. His was a very tragedy of premature death.

Early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things,
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt.

Tributes to Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison finer than those paid elsewhere, no friend and admirer of theirs could desire. There is perhaps room for a word on the felicitous way in which the two supplemented each other in their joint work. Mr. Godkin's was the greater elemental force. He had an impetuous rush. But sometimes the mighty flood of his argument, surcharged with humor, was in danger of overflowing its banks. He occasionally needed a dike-builder. It was a piece of rare good fortune for him that he had at his elbow a man of the coolest judgment, of accurate scholarship, willing and pleased to wreak himself upon the perfecting of the smallest detail. In Mr. Garrison's hands, verification was as a religion. Even punctuation became to his pen a fine art. His patient labor behind the curtain was not of a kind that the high gods of literature delight in, yet it was indispensable to the rounding out of the *Nation*. No one was quicker to perceive this than Mr. Godkin. He once wrote to Mr. Garrison, after years of associated endeavor: "If anything happens to you, I shall retire into a monastery."

No one has ever written comprehensively of the place of the *Nation* in the intellectual life of the United States, or, more particularly, of its true position in the history of American journalism. The hints, the echoes, the scattered individual testimonies, the treasured memories, abound. We have the letters of Lowell and Norton. We have the men of sixty whose hearts still burn within them as they recall what the *Nation* was to them in the years when their minds were expanding to the light. In the colleges it was a power with the choicer natures; on more than one farm it was a college to awakening intelligences denied a college education. Not long ago, a man who had spent forty-five years in the service of a railway, rising from train-hand to conductor of a trunk-line express, spoke simply of the *Nation*, which he had read for all that time, as "the only university I have been able to attend." No doubt, the new weekly of 1865 fell happily upon the period. America was still very provincial-minded, more than a trifle crude, afflicted with Chauvinism. Yet there were stirrings of a new life, gropings after more severe standards, an increasing perception that American achievement must submit to the test of the best that had been done or written. Then along came the *Nation* to express trained and cosmopolitan judgment of books and men and movements. To many a youth—and his elders, too—it was like the opening of a new world.

The *Nation's* influence in shaping the American press was out of all proportion to the mere number of its readers. It did not strive nor cry. The effects it wrought were subtle and insinuated, never clamorous. A virtue went out from it which was unconsciously absorbed by many newspaper writers. They could scarcely have said where they got their new impulse to exercise a judgment independent of party. All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed. To-day the most powerful newspapers in the United States are those which have the reputation of being always ready, on a question of real principle, to snap the green withes with which politicians would bind them. But until twenty years after the *Nation* was founded, how few they were, how sneered at, how disliked! The steady light which Mr. Godkin burned in the *Nation*, and later in the *Evening Post*, had its slow but cumulative radiations. Not merely did it become impossible to employ, with a grave face, the partisan shibboleths which he was continually holding up to ridicule, but it was made easier for editors to refuse to give up to party what was meant for country. In this way, the *Nation* was as leaven in the lump of American journalism. Its primary appeal was to "the remnant." Yet those whom it taught and inspired were all the time going out to teach and inspire others. Thus the result was like a geometrical progression. The *Nation* reaped where apparently it had never sowed. And in the whole matter of unbiassed and informed comment upon great affairs, it gradually became a sort of external conscience to other publications. They waited to see what it would say before finally committing themselves. Coming down to a later period, that of Mr. Godkin's larger identification with the *Evening Post*, we have the remark of a veteran Western journalist, in reply to some one who was lamenting the fact that such a paper had not a larger circulation. "You idiot," he exclaimed, with profane emphasis, "don't you know that there isn't a decent editor in the United States who does not want to find out what it has to say on any subject worth writing about, before getting himself on record in cold type?"

We would not end on a purely commemorative note. The past of the *Nation* ought to be a pledge for the present and a guarantee of its future. Walter Bagehot chose a newspaper as a good illustration of the doctrine of persistence of type; and no one connected with the *Nation* could escape, if he would, what the years have wrought into it. If it has seen many of the causes advocated by it come to triumph, there are others still to be struggled for. If it drew to itself rare spirits in a day that is dead, it will continue to invite the best thought and to seek to secure and express the soundest verdicts on literature, science, politics, life. This number of the *Nation* is largely given up to memory, but hope is interfused. Coming days are to be fronted bravely. An institution like the *Nation* is self-renewing. The spirit of youth is forever interpenetrating it. So that there is the more reason for confidence as it grows old, since, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, it may hope that the best is yet to be.

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Godkin, on the occasion of the *Nation's* quarter century, reviewed the tendencies and developments, good and bad, of the period. His conclusion from the whole was one of reasoned optimism. He believed that not even the most pessimistic observers could discover real ground for despairing of the republic. In words which we may make our own to-day, he said: "After they have collected together all the most depressing facts in existence, they are sure to find mixed up in them a bushel of reminders that, in the

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Western world at least, after all action comes reaction, after the flood comes the ebb, and that in politics, as in private life, people often make a ladder of their vices to rise to higher things."

THE "NATION" OF THE PRESENT.

The war has been productive of few benefits, but one of these has been acutely felt by the *Nation*. The war has partially restored a valuable condition of the *Nation's* early years. Always having drawn largely upon the universities for contributions, it once had the advantage of scholars who could write upon pressing fundamental issues. The back files show that neither Norton nor Lowell, to mention no more, was content to be confined to his special field, broad as it was compared with the limits prescribed for most scholars to-day. Both men were deeply concerned about the politics and culture of the country at large, and conceived it their duty to speak out. In recent years the *Nation*, though still enlisting the services of foremost scholars, has found it increasingly difficult to draw from them any broad expression of their views. Partly, the trend of scholarship towards specialization was responsible for this; partly, it was because they preferred to leave general statements to representatives of certain newer departments of the university to which generalizing is the breath of life; but mainly it was because they had been confronted by no public issue of supreme importance.

Fortunately for the *Nation*, the war has changed all this; it has made the secluded study no sufficient abode, and has moved some of this country's most distinguished scholars to assail the ready arguments which have threatened us all with confusion. That, though trained in the German system, they have found their quarry to be chiefly eminent German professors, has added zest as well as irony to the onslaught. To those who have followed the *Nation's* correspondence columns and its special articles on the war during the past year, it must be evident that the American professor has aided materially in the cause of clear thinking, and that much may be expected from him on other issues, provided he can be induced to speak. Now it is the intention of the *Nation*, in so far as it may, to prevent the study from becoming an ivory tower. For we are convinced that our staff of contributors, selected, in the main, from the academic world throughout the country, have a peculiar opportunity just at this moment. The scholar's discipline, directed by well-tried principles, may yet make the sway of the great god Change less easy. In accordance with its traditional policy, the *Nation* will continue to point out the danger of innovations which do not stand the test of rational criticism.

We are glad to announce that in the autumn we shall print a series of articles, written by some half-dozen distinguished scholars, on as vital an issue as exists to-day. To say that it is at the root of the war would be no exaggeration in the judgment of some; it is, at the least, a question whose ramifications reach to all spheres of life. We mean the New Realism. There could be no better time to examine the pretensions of this growing attitude, for by its very immensity and revolutionary character the war has set the whole world to questioning what this reality is which is worth such a cataclysm as we are witnessing to-day.

So long as realism, so called, meant that photographic attention to details which for a time infected the drama it did little harm. Even though its votaries pictured by preference the life of the slums, including the brothel, there was the conviction that the public would tire of an art which stifled imagination. What it actually did was to increase the run on the "movies," which were seen to be more exact illustrations of things as they are. But the new realism has been turned into something much more subtle, and has pervaded all the arts, as well as philosophy, education, business, and politics, passing in the case of the last three under the name of efficiency—that prince of corrupters! Yet it is in the spheres of painting, poetry, and philosophy that it has flourished most spectacularly. To explain its peculiarities in one sphere is to come near explaining them in all; and though we cannot undertake to give here an analysis of the new movement, some of the lines may be indicated which the symposium in the autumn will follow.

The new realism, as the *Nation* apprehends it, is in brief a variety of naturalism disguised by a veneer of science. In its desire to break through the monotony of the conventional it has been constrained to do away, in large measure, with the rational as well. The movement is also prompted, let us admit, by the higher motive of arriving at truth, which it is felt has been befogged by a silly adherence to the traditional; habits of thinking have come down to us from ages past which do not keep pace with the vast changes of modern life. Yet to throw over the intellect would be to put reliance entirely upon the emotions and to bring in a new brood of romanticists. In such a pass the alternative is to turn to science, the guiding spirit of the times. This is, in fact, what has been done, whether we look at the preponderance of mathematical formulæ in the new philosophy, at the pretentious accuracy in details of the new poetry, or at the elaborate, smooth-running machinery of modern business. The desire is to make automatons of us all. The intellect, if we examine the movement on the philosophical side, is to be exercised in applying the exact truths of mathematics, and the higher truths, those usually arrived at by a rational synthesis, are to be reached by means of the "instinct." It will be noted that this element of instinct is in reality the determining factor, even though so much is made of the safeguards of science, and that it thus relates the new school with the old one of romanticism. The one is but the inverse of the other. Whereas the romanticists created the universe out of their souls, the new realists admit a universe existing independently of them, but bring it into their ken, when science will not suffice to do so, by means of their emotions.

When William James, by his alluring definition of pragmatism, put a modicum of philosophy into the hands of the people, he could not have realized how eagerly they would embrace it, nor that to them pragmatism would soon be identified with efficiency —the thing which brings results, "delivers the goods." Neither could he have foreseen that the methods of modern business would tend to direct the minds of some of his philosophical disciples. Yet this seems to be what has happened. The new realists will have their philosophy as practicable as James's. They must organize and create a machinery as scientific as a Steel Trust's. They must be efficient by forestalling the waste occasioned by old-fashioned mental concepts; knowledge is to be conveyed much more directly. For their symbolic logic, which they have adapted from Mr. Bertrand Russell, read business organization, and for their "instinct" read "hunch"—that frequent court of appeal with the man of affairs—and you see how closely adjusted is their philosophy to everyday conditions of modern life.

It should be tolerably plain, we think, after a systematic examination, that the body of doctrine which is the basis of efficiency is also to a large extent the basis of the new realism. If so, this will mean that the

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arts and philosophy are coming into close touch with actual life; it will also mean that the limitations of efficiency are likewise those of the new realism.

GERMAN-AMERICAN "MISUNDERSTANDINGS."

Dr. Meyer-Gerhard, who was sent to Germany by Ambassador Bernstorff to set the Government and people right about American sentiment, has already begun his work. The long article which he wrote for the *Tag* has been summarized in cable dispatches. Its burden is that the stress of war has led to misapprehensions on both sides. Americans have not understood the German position, and Germans have not been able to comprehend the American attitude. It is Dr. Meyer-Gerhard's mission, as he evidently conceives it, to act as a skilful intermediary and conciliator between the two. He begins with the German public; and it may be taken for granted that what he writes guardedly in a newspaper he will state more explicitly and emphatically in his confidential interviews with the officials of the Foreign Office.

It must be conceded that he sets about his difficult task in friendly temper and with a fair measure of adroitness. One must bear in mind the inflamed state of opinion in Germany which he is addressing and endeavoring to soothe. It would not do for him to tell bluntly the whole truth—supposing that he knows it—about American feeling regarding the raping of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania. He has, as it were, to break it gently to German readers. And he does it, with some degree of cleverness, by explaining that Americans did not "understand" the "German idea of the real conditions" which compelled the violation of Belgium and the destruction of women and children at sea. From this it is easy to pass to a warning to the German public not to make the mistake of supposing that there is not real and wide indignation in the United States at these acts in Germany's conduct of the war. The implication is rather subtle, and had to be deftly conveyed. But that the desired impression was made is indicated by the comment of the *Lokal Anzeiger*—the newspaper, it will be remembered, which has lately been preaching that Germany must do everything within reason to keep on friendly terms with this country. It remarks of Dr. Meyer-Gerhard's article that it ought to give a new point of view to "those circles which heretofore have been inclined to make light of our differences with America as being utterly unimportant." Whether Mr. Bryan did or did not give Berlin to understand that the diplomatic notes of our Government meant nothing in particular, it is plain that Dr. Meyer-Gerhard is reporting that they were wholly serious.

If he gives but a pale reflection of the antagonism which Germany has aroused in this country, it is also true that he seeks to understate the bitterness with which Germans have expressed themselves against the United States. This is consistent with the rôle which he has assumed of amiable go-between. His aim is to get each of the two nations to believe that the other is really a good fellow and a true friend, and that the differences which have arisen are due wholly to failure on either side to understand what the other was driving at. This is tactful and may be helpful up to a certain point; but obviously it cannot go very far. Despite all the bland words that can be used, there remains a clear and sharp issue, a question between the two countries to the merits of which Dr. Meyer-Gerhard's conciliatory methods do not and cannot go. And it is Germany's official position on that question which we are now waiting for her to make known, and which will be decisive of her relations with the United States.

On one point, Dr. Meyer-Gerhard touches rather gingerly. This is the American sale of arms and munitions of war to the Allies. He considers this "regrettable," and to that opinion he is entitled. But when he adds that a "large part" of the American people disapproves of it, and that "a popular vote" would show "a considerable majority" against it, one feels like asking him for his evidence. On the question of the legality of the practice, the record is perfectly clear. The German Government has itself officially admitted that it has no ground in international law for complaining of the purchase in this country of shells and other war material. The position of our own Government was laid down plainly in the note to Ambassador Bernstorff. And Mr. Bryan committed himself up to the hilt, in his personal letter to Senator Stone, to the view that our sales to the Allies were both legal and proper. His words on that subject, it is worth noting, he has thus far refused to retract. Recently, he was to have addressed a meeting of German-Americans in Chicago. But they demanded that he come out squarely for an embargo on the export of arms. As the *Fatherland* maintains, this is the "pivot" of German-American sentiment at present. But Mr. Bryan declined to turn on that pivot, and so his Chicago speech was cancelled. The thing passed without causing a ripple of excitement. That could hardly have been the case if a "considerable majority" of the American people were of the mind that war supplies to the Allies, to be used against Germany, ought to be stopped.

Most Americans will respond heartily to the statement of Dr. Meyer-Gerhard that friendship between two nations such as Germany and the United States ought not to be lightly thrown away. But a good test of friendship is to be able to endure the truth from a friend. And the truth which Germans have now to bear from their American friends is that the course of the German Government in this war has deeply alienated American opinion. There is not so much "misunderstanding" as Dr. Meyer-Gerhard chooses to allege. We in this country understand only too well what happened in Belgium, and what was done to the Lusitania. And if Germany really wishes to retain and to deserve our friendship, she now knows what just demands of this nation she must first grant.

THE ENGLISH WILL TO CONQUER.

Taken in connection with the well-defined reports of a considerable growth of peace sentiment among the German Socialists, on which we commented last week, the short shrift given at a recent meeting of British trade unionists to the proposal that a vote of sympathy be passed for their fellows in Germany is not without significance. "Drop such sentimental bosh," was the contemptuous exclamation of that stalwart labor leader, Ben Tillett; and we are told that "loud cries of 'Next business!' buried the proposal." The temper of the British trade unionists thus revealed is significant principally because it is on a revival of the international sentiment among the workers of the various countries at war that recent expressions of hope for an early peace have been largely based. Despite the far more efficient control of the press exercised in Germany than in England, and despite the greater difficulties of communication with the former country, we have seen that in Germany there are signs of such a revival. That similar influences are at work in England to any considerable extent there appears to be so far but the most meagre evidence. On the contrary, the response to Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for volunteers to carry out the provisions of the Munitions Bill would seem to

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indicate that whatever indifference to the war there may have been among the workers of England is in a fair way to being dissipated, and that in its place is crystallizing a determination to prosecute to a finish the business in hand.

Among the phenomena that distinguish this war from any in which England has engaged during the last hundred years not the least remarkable is the almost total absence of a "peace party." By this we do not mean any lack of those who, amid the horrors of war, continue to work faithfully for an ultimate solution of international problems which shall in the future eliminate the waste and futility of armed strife. Of these there are, happily, plenty. We mean that in England to-day the small but powerful minority which openly disapproves a particular war on the ground that it is unjust and unnecessary is all but non-existent. This was not the case even during the Napoleonic wars, in the early stages of which the Government was regularly called to task by an Opposition in which figured such men as Fox and Grey and Sheridan, and when there were not wanting British subjects, like Sir Roger Casement in the present war, to give comfort to the enemy in his own stronghold. The oppposition of the "Little Englanders" to the South African War is fresh in the memory of all but the youngest, and it is significant of the changed temper of the land that to-day the man to whom England looks to make provision of the munitions necessary to a successful prosecution of the war is the same man who, fifteen years ago, as a rising young statesman, jeopardized his future career by fearlessly denouncing the Boer War as unjust and unnecessary.

To-day those Englishmen of any prominence who have expressed open opposition to the war may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lord Morley and John Burns resigned from the Cabinet at the outbreak of the war, but they have kept guard over their tongues, although Mr. Burns's famous statement, long ago proved apocryphal, is still quoted with satisfaction in Germany. Ramsay MacDonald, the labor leader and member of Parliament, is the one man of prominence in public life who has not hesitated to voice his opposition to the war, his conviction that England's participation in it was utterly unnecessary. That his views are not popular in his constituency of Leicester is evident from an editorial in the Leicester *Daily Post*, a Radical organ, in which the writer comments unfavorably on Mr. MacDonald's recent article discountenancing the tales of German atrocities, in the Swiss review, *Les Documents du Progrès*. Of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the author of "Commonsense About the War," it is hardly necessary to speak. His natural disapprobation of the war and his inherent mistrust of his fellow-countrymen seem to be mingled with a curiously romantic satisfaction in the spectacle of the "Lion's last fight." Besides, Mr. Shaw is one of those who never follow anything that other men begin.

Perhaps the most interesting of the small group of English dissenters is Prof. F. C. Conybeare, of Oxford, whose mental process since the war began has been kaleidoscopic in its variety. Beginning as a well-known pacifist convinced of the justice of England's cause—on which subject he contributed a number of letters to the *Nation*—he gradually veered round to the opposite position, which he stated in a private letter to a friend in America that was published in the *Vital Issue*. This document, on which we published a letter with brief editorial comment in our issue of May 13, was remarkable for its vitriolic attack on Sir Edward Grey, whom the writer described as a "sinister liar" and whose ultimate fate, it was prophesied, would be to be sent to the gallows by the House of Commons which he had "utterly hoodwinked." Mr. Asquith, it was hinted, might be expected to share the fate of his Foreign Minister. Naturally, Professor Conybeare's diatribe has been widely circulated by German sympathizers. Now comes the professor's recantation, in the form of a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, cabled to this country last week. A further study of the official documents has convinced Professor Conybeare that he was "quite wrong" in attributing to Sir Edward Grey the motives that he did and that "I ought to have set down to the awful contingencies with which he [Sir Edward] was faced, many passages which I was guilty of grossly misinterpreting. . . . I deeply regret that I misunderstood his aims, and in my endeavor to be fair to the enemy was grossly unjust to him." Professor Conybeare concludes: "I am only anxious to undo, if it be still possible, some of the harm which my hasty judgments and intemperate language have caused."

In the fulness of his repentance we suspect that Professor Conybeare overestimates the harm that he has done, which is chiefly in the sorry exhibition—not unlike that made by his academic brethren in Germany—of the disastrous effects exercised by the present cataclysm on a mind that should be trained to clear thinking. The point, however, which is emphasized by Professor Conybeare's recantation is that by his defection the very small group of Englishmen who have regarded the war as unnecessary and found fault with Sir Edward Grey's part in it, is deprived of one of its principal spokesmen. Clearly the sentiment in England in favor of an early peace on the basis of the *status quo ante* seems to diminish rather than to increase. It might even not be putting it too strongly to say that the "will to conquer" appears to-day to be more widespread in England than in Germany.

KEEPING OUR HEADS WITH ASSASSINS ABOUT.

When Vaillant threw his bomb in the French Chamber, twenty-two years ago, the presiding officer quickly recovered his poise and called upon the Deputies to proceed quietly with the public business. It was a fine way of testifying to dynamitards that they cannot frighten civilized people out of their senses. Yet of this truth it seems necessary to remind some civilized people as often as the assassins. We have just had a succession of shocks. The wrecked room in the Capitol at Washington, the attempt to kill Mr. Morgan, and the explosion of a bomb at Police Headquarters in New York are events which, treading so closely upon one another's heels, cannot but try our nerves. They are also a test of what we carry about in our heads. However greatly we may be startled and horrified by such mad acts, we must make it our business to look calmly at their causes, and to make a note of what can be done—and what cannot be done—to prevent their recurrence, as also to protect individuals and society from miscreants of this kind.

After every sensational occurrence of the sort there is invariably an outburst, greater or less, of hysteria. It was so when Guiteau shot President Garfield. It was so when Czolgosz killed President McKinley. We were told that these crimes proved not only the weakness of our laws and the need of making them vastly more comprehensive and more severe, but the folly of allowing so much free discussion in this country, with its effect of putting wild ideas into unbalanced brains. Not much talk like this, we are glad to say, was set loose by the effort to murder Mr. Morgan. Some newspapers went to the hasty extreme of making the pro-Germans in the United States directly responsible for the crime, but they were so far out-

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done in this regard by the English press that they soon gave up the competition. The London *Standard*, for example, declared that the attempt on Mr. Morgan's life was presumptive evidence of "a German blackhand conspiracy in the United States." Trying to improve on itself, it went on to say that "it is becoming clear that the German Embassy at Washington is the headquarters of a criminal organization." This is going it far too strong for American editors to hope to keep up. They have had to content themselves with pointing out the danger of inflaming minds like Holt's, or whatever his name is, and with suggesting various precautions and punishments that might be adopted.

It is a problem with which civilized nations have been wrestling for at least thirty years. No complete solution has been found. None is to be looked for in the near future. We shall have to get on with whatever safeguards or palliatives can be devised. The risk, especially for public officials and for men prominent by reason of great wealth, will remain. As our pioneer ancestors were subject to the peril of venomous reptiles and wild animals, so we of to-day seem to be compelled to reckon with the possibility of dynamite explosions or lurking attempts at assassination. We must do our best to guard the classes particularly exposed; we must make penalties exemplary; we ought to seek to remove every removable cause of such outrages—so far as this can be done consistently with what is more precious than life; but when all is done, the hazard will long continue to exist, for all that we can now see. It is, as King Humbert put it, one of the hazards of the "trade" of monarchs. And we see how it inevitably attends others. They may be carefully guarded. Presidents and Governors and Mayors should have the best protection that the detective service can furnish. But, as Mr. Wilson observed, at the time when Col. Roosevelt was shot by a crazy man in Milwaukee, it is not possible absolutely to prevent homicidal maniacs from getting access to American public men. The danger can be kept small; it cannot be wholly eliminated. The risk is there, and the only question is how we are to face it.

The concrete case just now is that of Mr. Morgan's assailant. He appears to be of unsound mind. He may fall within the legal definition of sanity; that is for the courts to decide; but he betrays unmistakable symptoms of brain disturbance. Now, it must be granted that the particular obsession under which he labored was intensified, if it was not immediately provoked, by things the assassin had read in the newspapers, or had heard people say, on the question of the sale of American munitions of war to the Allies. So far as any motive can be made out in the murderer's mind, this was the substance of it. If he is really insane on this subject, his malady was doubtless heightened by publications and speeches. But are we now to rush off and say that all such agitation must be suppressed? Most of it is, in our opinion, very foolish, and a good deal of it is malicious; we can also readily imagine that some forms of the outcry, reaching brains already on the verge of losing self-control, might set them to brooding over criminal thoughts. But shall we, on this account, forbid German-Americans, or German sympathizers, or mistaken sentimentalists, to say the thing they really believe, so long as it is legitimate agitation, and not a direct incitement to violence? We all know that this is impossible. If a law were passed this year to effect it, it would be repealed next year. You cannot repress pro-German discussion without also ruling out anti-German. The principle was pretty thoroughly threshed out at the time of McKinley's assassination. Only then it was "anarchy," not protests against the shipment of ammunition, which nobody was to be allowed to whisper about. Suppression was found to be impossible then, and it will be now. We have to take the drawbacks along with our free institutions. And we must keep our heads even when assassins are about.

ABOLISHING THE STYMIE.

Mr. John G. Anderson, well known as both a skilful player and an intelligent writer on golf, has been boldly advocating what many will think nothing less than a revolution in the game. He would have the United States Golf Association courageously take the stymie by the horns and legislate it out of existence. In the very phrasing of the proposal there is a consciousness of challenging the long British tradition of golf. America got the game, with its rules, from England, yet we have shown a certain degree of independence in setting up American variations. We have legalized the Schenectady putter, still anathema across the water. We have slightly modified the rules for a lost ball and a ball out of bounds. Why not, asks Mr. Anderson, issue another Declaration of American Independence, and abolish the stymie in this fair land?

It is admitted that Britons will never, never cease to be slaves to the stymie. They would no more consent to its abolition than they would to the taking down of the images of Gog and Magog in the Guildhall. Any American who ever played golf with an Englishman, and who politely offered to lift his own ball so that his opponent might have an unobstructed putt for the hole, knows what is the astonished stare with which the proffer is refused, and the conclusive reason given: "It isn't done, you know." The question often heard as two American players start from the first tee, "Shall we play stymies?" would be profanation on a British links. As well ask whether strokes were to be honestly counted! So that it is a case for an American secession, if the thing is to be done at all.

Yet if we are to set up for ourselves in this high matter, a decent regard for the opinion of mankind requires us to give our reasons. They are stated in the usual form by Mr. Anderson. Match play at golf should be purely a test of skill. The man who gets into the hole in the fewest number of strokes wins. Yet he may be robbed of his deserved victory by an unforeseeable stymie. He gets on the green, four feet from the hole, in three, while his opponent requires four, yet the latter's ball is directly in line of the former's. Thus two strokes are necessary where only one would have been needed but for the stymie. What could be more unfair? Is it not obvious that the rules should be changed so as to do away with this unjust penalty?

Those who argue on the other side have something to say for themselves. They would distinguish between the stymie that is an accident and the one that is deliberately "laid." The latter is not met with so often as some suppose. A player who in cold blood tries to stymie his opponent is apt to meet with a good many cold glances, not to say cold shoulders. Besides, the thing is not so easily done. If a player can hit his ball with such delicate accuracy that it comes to rest on the precise spot, to a hair's breadth, where it blocks the line to the hole, why not expend that preternatural skill on holing out, and be done with it? It is doubtless true that a player sometimes has the thought in the back of his head, when essaying a long and difficult putt, that, in case he misses, it wouldn't be a bad thing if his ball stopped so as to stymie his opponent. But both this idea and the execution of it are rare. Nine stymies out of ten are pure luck.

All the more reason for abolishing them, maintains Mr. Anderson. Get the game

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down to terms of pure skill. But that is easier said than done. Lucky chances often happen on the links; but no player is expected to refuse what the kind fates throw into his lap. If Hilton's ball bounded back from a rock upon the green and won him the American championship, he was under no obligation to refuse to profit by the fluke. And accidents are all the time occurring to get the better, temporarily, of skill on the links. These "rubs of the green" are exasperating, but we have to take them as they come.

Not all is plain sailing for the reasoning in behalf of the stymie. What about the six-inches rule? If your opponent's ball is within six inches of yours, you may ask him to lift. What becomes, then, of the theory of a rub of the green? Of course, the answer is that there is no desire to make stymies absolutely impossible of negotiation. Obviously, there is material in the entire controversy for much profound debate. For our part, we do not venture to take a firm and decided position in the great dispute. The only rule that could give complete satisfaction to all concerned would be one providing that your opponent should never be permitted to stymie you, and never be allowed to object when you stymied *him*.

Foreign Correspondence

WATERLOO—THE COALITION CABINET—A FRENCHMAN ON ENGLAND—WOUNDED OFFICERS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 18.

To-day is the centenary of Waterloo, and even the most unsentimental can hardly refrain from animadverting on the similarities and contrasts of the situations then and now. Superficially, the contrasts are immense. Our enemy has become our ally; our most efficient ally has become our terribly efficient foe. But the similarities are really greater than the differences. Once more we are fighting with a European coalition against an antagonist bent on universal conquest, or at least on European supremacy. Our ideas of democracy, liberty, and national independence have developed and strengthened since 1815, but then we honestly believed (as we believe now) that we were fighting in their behalf. Looking back from this vantage point, we can easily descry mistakes, weaknesses, vacillations, hypocrisies—if you will, even crimes—in England's conduct in diplomacy and war; but we contend unhesitatingly that she was right, on the whole, and that her action was eminently serviceable to the cause of civilization and human progress. How far this was due to the happy accidents of geography may be a matter of discussion; but the fact remains that the very existence of the far-flung British Empire may be taken as a proof that it has performed a function regarded by the other great Powers as, in the main, useful and beneficial. If we can hereafter look back on the results of the present war with equal self-justification, we shall be proud indeed. And we pray that, whatever faults we have committed in the immediate past, we may be able to resist the temptation to use the force of circumstances for our own profit, rather than as Europe's trustee. "Our business," to use Lord Castlereagh's words, "is not to collect trophies, but to bring back the world to peaceful habits." It is, too, to be hoped that the plenipotentiaries who try to inaugurate a new Golden Age, after the cataclysm of 1915, will be more happily inspired than the unimaginative diplomatists of the Congress of Vienna. They must clearly understand that they are acting for humanity, or at least for Europe as a whole, and not in the interests of ancient dynasties or individual privileges. If a repentant and regenerate German people were to give us the opportunity, we should be as glad as we were in 1815 to treat our triumph as won over the principle of militarism rather than over a nation or country.

The Coalition Ministry has not yet had much opportunity to show how well fitted it is to carry out the gigantic task that faces it; but so far the indications are favorable. The great problem is the efficient organization of our military and industrial forces and, with that, the reconciliation of our traditional clinging to voluntary service with the urgent need of the moment. We realize that Germany is formidable, not on account of her poisonous gases, Zeppelin raids, sinking of trawlers, and other evidences of what seems to us a somewhat petty malignity, but on account of her virtues—her discipline, her devotion, her endurance, her admirable and far-sighted coördination. We have little or no desire to emulate her in the first field, but in the second we are quite willing, *ab hoste doceri*. It is of the essence of a free and independent country that opinions should differ as to how the difficulty is to be met. Coleridge has emphasized the enormous difference between those who possess an idea and those who are possessed by it; and it is between these two classes that this conflict arises. Just as the extreme pacifists are so possessed by their idea that they cannot see there is a moment when its ventilation may be unseasonable, so the enthusiasts for individual liberty of action are loath indeed to believe that a juncture may come when even that has to be temporarily sacrificed for a higher, or at least a more urgent, good. On the other side, we have a somewhat noisy, but perhaps not very large, band who are so impressed by the German virtues that they believe there is nothing for it but to adopt their programme *en bloc*. The way of safety lies, doubtless, in the golden mean of compromise. It is possible that compulsory conscription, in either the military or the industrial sphere, might produce moral harm that would more than offset its superficial advantages. The moral pressure to enlist is steadily making itself more and more felt by all those of military age. The recent advance of the recruiting age to forty has distinctly increased the discomfort of the unmarried slackers between twenty and thirty. No doubt there are a certain number who are "waiting till they are called upon"; but it is not yet certain that this "call" need be more than some such measure as a national registration of the militarily fit.

In the industrial sphere, the scheme of our new Minister of Munitions seems a fairly good shot at the bull's-eye of compromise. On the one hand, there has been a very strong and persistent cry for the suspension of all trade-union regulations in restriction of output. On the other, the equally obvious conviction has ruled that it is impossible to exact forced labor that might conceivably inure to private profit. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals attempt to meet both these difficulties. The temporary suspension of the trade-union rules must be accompanied by a temporary limitation of profits in munition and armament works. In the "controlled establishments" there will be special provisions in reference to strikes, lockouts, mobility of labor, compulsory arbitration, the infliction of fines, and so on. Those who are willing to work in such establishments are to sign a declaration valid for six months. It is not, apparently, intended to put the ammunition workers into khaki (like the Liverpool dockers), or to submit them to anything that could fairly be called military discipline.

The reality of Zeppelinism has lately been impressed on Londoners by the issue of official instructions from Scotland Yard as to what households should do in the event of a raid. The effect on the British people may, perhaps, be summarized in the words of M. Jean Cruppi, formerly French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who recently visited London, and is publishing his impressions in the *Matin*. He writes: "Our English friends are not troubled with an excessive gift of imagination. Hard facts are needed in order to bring them to a sense of realities. In this present war it has taken them some time to realize that the superb effort represented by the British navy on sea had to be supplemented by a supreme effort on land. Under the impulse of men like Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener, this effort is being made to the full. After ten months' war, the visitor to England is surprised less by what remains to be accomplished than by the work already done. Everything had to be created, both the man and the gun. . . .

"Englishmen of all classes and creeds are one in an inflexible anger, in the implacable determination to lavish blood and treasure until Germany has been beaten to her knees. . . . Never before have the irresistible forces of the United Kingdom appeared to me so full of energy and so imposing. These forces are in full operation, and they are marching forward to their goal."

Yesterday I visited two young officers in hospital. One, a Canadian, had been struck by shrapnel in three places, had had a bullet through his arm, and had suffered three weeks from gas-poisoning. A pleasant recompense for these evils had just reached him in the shape of a captain's commission, at the age of twenty-one. The other youngster (nineteen) had undergone an operation, and had been gratified by receiving as his first visitors, on emerging from his chloroform-sleep, the King and Queen of England. King George and Queen Mary are, I understand, quite unwearied in their work of visiting the wounded, often seeing two or three hundred officers and soldiers in a day, and exchanging a few personal words with every one of them. And the nurses in charge allege that they show no evidence whatever of being bored!

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PARIS AND MUSIC—A PROGRAMME OF GOOD WORKS—A CRITICISM OF GERMAN MUSIC.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 19.

Among the multitudinous good works to which the needs of this cruel war have given birth, one of the most curious is the "Aide Morale" in Paris. The moral aid which is given is an hour or two of free entertainment for the people on Sundays. It is intended to cheer and encourage, as well as to inform; and it is given at the *mairies* (ward halls) of the populous quarters. There, indeed, the civil life of the people centres—their marriages and registration of births and deaths, and all the rest.

First, there is a little talk, usually by some one who is somebody—to keep up faith in the outcome of the war. Then there is a concert, with recitals, also by somebodies; and each number is explained to these listeners, unused to theatrical art, by one who acts as the chairman did in the old-time music-halls of London. In a few words, he presents each singer or actor or performer, and tells just what the song or recitation or music means—which might often be done profitably for more pretentious audiences.

During the seven months the work has been going on 112 such moral-aid entertainments have been given, with the help of 250 singers, musicians, and actors, poets, historians, and even savants. There have been more than 100,000 hearers—enough to leaven well the popular lump.

The halls, of course, are free; but the total expenses, which have to be met by personal contributions, include another good work or two. One is the helping out of theatrical *artistes* who are so commonly without employment now that war has stopped the city's regular amusements. All told, a little over $3,000 covers expenses so far.

A side work which dovetails in with the rest is supported differently. This is the "Vestiaire des Artistes"—to supply necessary clothes and gowns and such like. For this, women of fashion are asked to contribute their passing dresses, which are not precisely fitted for the poor and refugees. One of the successful cartoons of this extraordinary season has been a sister of charity looking glummish at a canary-headed lady, who offers her a fossilized slit skirt. But to these *cigales*, whose habitual flow of fine dresses stopped

Quand la bise fut venue

such toilet materials are a godsend, enabling them to continue earning their legitimate living. This part of the work has grown far beyond these city-hall entertainments; and it is estimated that gifts have been received to the value of $15,000. The well-known social worker, Madame Moll-Weiss, has organized this combination of practical aids, moral and magnificent. She also has a "mothers' school"; and she has found time to occupy herself with another phase of real art—the making of "fruit briquettes," a sugared dried-fruit paste cut in squares handy for soldiers' eating.

For the benefit of a similar war-charity—free meals for impoverished *artistes*—a more elaborate entertainment, somewhat difficult on the artistic side, has been successfully realized by Madame Felia Litwinne. She has long been a beloved *prima donna* in France, and her native patriotic feeling has helped her out. At Nice and Monte Carlo, and now in the immense Trocadéro Hall of Paris, she has given a short, varied, characteristic programme of song, chorus, and dance music, representing "scenes of Russian popular life." She has had the practical sense to arrange the scenes without theatrical complication, so that they can be produced in ordinary concert halls.

Even without artists of such original quality as Madame Litwinne has found for the purpose, beginning with herself, her programme is an easy model for musical entertainments, intended to instruct and impress as well as amuse. For the intellectual element is also easy, just as the music is delightful.

Pierre Lalo, the battling musical critic of Paris—he is a son of the composer of "Le Roi d'Ys"—has been writing characteristically of "German taste and Italian taste":

"It is true that, during 150 years, Germanic countries produced a great number of magnificent musical geniuses, and that during those years no other country could rival them. But it was only during that period; in the middle ages music was Italian, not German; at the Renaissance, it was French and Flemish; in the seventeenth and to the middle of the eighteenth century it was sometimes Italian and sometimes French. It is only with Handel and Bach that the greatness of German music begins—and it has ended with Wagner. . . .

"For twenty years my professional duties have taken me each year to Germany, and I can say without exaggeration that I know the country well. I have many and many a time had occasion to verify and to say, 'The German people, among all the peoples of Europe, is one in which the worst musical taste is found.' No doubt, it is a people that makes a deal of music, and it has an animal need to hear much; just as it has to eat and drink much; but all music is good to it, and it makes no difference between the better and the worse. In numberless concerts which swarm in every German city, the public takes as much pleasure in hearing some *pot-pourri* of the leader of the orchestra as in one of Beethoven's symphonies. The programmes of German lyric theatres form an extraordinary mixture of classic masterpieces and horrible productions, which no other country in the world has been willing to stand for half a century.

"The choruses which their choral societies sing, and which are now sung by their regiments—and which are given us as a sign of German artistic superiority—'sound well,' maybe, in the open air, as evening falls; but—by themselves—they have no musical value. No, there is no comparison between the material faculty of singing in parts, which implies no refinement of feeling or mind, and the proofs of taste and delicacy given every moment, at every street corner and turning of the ways, by the peasants of Tuscany and Umbria."

M. Lalo concludes by asking: "What, in comparison with such marvels, can German towns and country teach their inhabitants? Only ugliness and coarseness. Between the Italian mind and the German mind there can be no agreement."

It may be as well to add that no one has criticised more savagely the "music-hall" quality of recent Italian compositions than M. Lalo, who thus appreciates popular Italian taste.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE LAW OF GUARANTEES.

By HOMER EDMISTON.

MILAN, June 14.

The question that was so much discussed before Italy's declaration of war against Austria, as to what would be the effect of such a declaration on the relations of the Holy See with Austria and Germany, has been answered in a way that, in part, had been foreseen by many. It was hardly to be believed that in this event the presence of the Prussian, Bavarian, and Austrian Ambassadors to the Vatican would be tolerated in Rome. But the prediction that the Pope would ask the entire diplomatic corps to absent itself during the war, has not been verified.

During the agitations that preceded the declaration of war, certain Austrian and German prelates and laymen in Rome exerted all kinds of pressure, direct and indirect, upon the Vatican authorities and upon the Pope himself to induce him to transfer his court to some neutral country, preferably Switzerland, on the ground that his own liberties and those of the Church would be violated if he stayed in Rome. But the Pope, too fine a diplomat and too good an Italian to be imposed upon by such ingenuous manœuvres, gave his zealous and disinterested counsellors to understand that they had exaggerated the dangers of his position.

On May 23, the day that war was declared, the Italian Government issued the following declaration:

"A statement has been published in regard to the intention of the Italian Government, in case of war, not to allow the diplomatic represenatives to the Holy See of those states with which Italy should go to war, to remain in the country. This statement is without foundation."

From this it was inferred that the Government had been assured that the departure of the diplomatists in question had already been determined, and that it maintained the Law of Guarantees, because it was under no necessity of doing otherwise.

On May 26 the *Osservatore Romano*, the official mouthpiece of the Vatican, denied the report that the Pope had requested the sovereigns of the countries at war with Italy to retire their representatives at his court. But it did not deny that he had prevailed upon the Ambassadors themselves to go. The same paper contained a mild allusion to the restricted liberties of the Sovereign Pontiff in his dealings with foreign countries. But it is to be observed that the Pope's letter, to which I refer below, made no mention of this subject.

The German and Austrian press, being filled during the next few days with violent diatribes against the Italian Government for its alleged violation of the Law of Guarantees, the Ministry was constrained to issue the following second declaration (May 31):

"With regard to the permanence in this country of the diplomatic representatives to the Vatican of those states with which Italy is at war, or has broken off diplomatic relations, certain German newspapers allege that the Italian Government not only has neglect-

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ed to guarantee the safety of the said representatives, but has also announced through its official press that the Law of Guarantees would temporarily be suspended if they should not voluntarily hasten their departure.

"This statement is in every part of it false. The truth is, on the contrary, that in reply to a number of questions put by the German Embassy to the Foreign Office, it was said that the particular sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff being guaranteed by our laws, the Italian Government is determined to maintain it in all circumstances and in strict conformity with the requirements of these laws. The additional assurance was given that the Ambassadors of foreign Powers to the Holy See might in any event freely reside in Rome, and that the Italian Government would take all possible precautions to insure their safety."

Thus were the provisions of the most competent and moderate observers completely nullified. As I have already remarked in my letter of May 1 (*Nation*, May 27, p. 593), so eminent an authority as Professor Scaduto, of the University of Rome, is of opinion that at the time the Law of Guarantees was passed it was the understanding of both Chambers that in case of war the Government, by act of Parliament or even on its own responsibility, could suspend the immunities of ambassadors accredited to the Holy See by Powers at war with Italy. It was also generally expected that the present Government would adopt this course. But Salandra and Sonnino, in spite of the very real dangers of the presence in Rome of Austrian and German ambassadors, with permission to correspond in cipher with their home Governments by mail and telegraph, preferred to maintain in their strictest interpretation Italy's pledges to the Papacy. It may, of course, be conjectured that Sonnino, whose good faith nobody at least in Italy dares to impugn, may have been reasonably certain, in giving his assurance to the German Embassy, that he would not be called upon to fulfil it. But with or without such reasonable certainty, a man of his high and austere rectitude, if convinced that his country's faith was plighted in this sense, would have kept it whatever the consequences.

Only a few days ago the Italian Consul in Zurich was compelled to deny officially some statements of Austrian papers about violations of the Law of Guarantees on the part of the Italian Government, which he did in these terms:

"The Pope continues to exercise his apostolic mission with every possible liberty. The Law of Guarantees remains in full force, and the Pope sends his dispatches in cipher now as before the war, while his diplomatic couriers travel with sealed envelopes without being subjected to the slightest censorship."

A few days after the declaration of war, Benedict XV, in place of an Allocution to a Consistory which he had hoped to call, addressed a letter to the Sacred College through its Dean, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. Several of its members, that is, Italian bishops and archbishops, had already pronounced patriotic discourses from their pulpits, and, of course, no such utterance was expected of the Pope. But the letter contained two noteworthy passages. He lamented that "our beloved Italy" had been drawn into the conflict, and also that "on land and sea means of offence have been adopted that are contrary to the laws of humanity and to international law." As to the first expression, no Pope had said anything like it since 1870; as to the second, the allusion was clear to German methods of submarine warfare, to the use of asphyxiating-gases, and to other barbarities in France and Belgium.

In my letter to the *Nation* of December 10, I mentioned the case of Father Semeria, the famous preacher and liberal theologian, who had been expelled from Italy by Pius X. He has just been appointed chaplain to the general headquarters of the Italian army. This means not only the rehabilitation of a learned and enlightened priest, but also, along with other similar instances, a complete accord, that is, in matters of administration where they have a common interest, between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Perhaps the most significant circumstance of all is that the Pope has given permission to the Marchese Patrizi Montoro, an officer in his household, to volunteer for service in the Italian army.

Notes from the Capital

PRESIDENTS AND THEIR PREMIERS.

We have heard so much, during the international complications of the last few months, about what would have happened if Taft or Roosevelt had been elected President in 1912, that it may be of interest to look back at recent Administrations which have had threats of war dinned in their ears, and see what happened. We need revert no further than to Benjamin Harrison's term, when some of the seamen from the U. S. S. Baltimore were maltreated by a mob in the streets of Valparaiso, and the Government of Chili was called upon for reparation. Chili had, just then, enough troubles of her own to excuse, in her opinion, a little delay, even if no account were taken of the local *mañana* habit. Harrison, however, was a man of peppery temper; he was also painfully conscious that his Administration was far from popular at home. To embarrass the situation yet more, he had for his Secretary of State Mr. Blaine; of whom the Chilians, justly or unjustly, had grown suspicious, and between whom and the President had sprung up a perceptible coolness, due originally to essential differences of temperament, and increased by the activity of sundry political mischief-makers. Then came a dramatic climax.

The President, weary of fruitless negotiation with Chili, allowed a hint to escape from the White House that he should cut short her dilly-dallying by a given day. On the morning stated, nothing satisfactory having eventuated, the press was duly warned that an important special message would be read in Congress at noon. It was a message which sounded so jingoistic a note as to startle the country. But that night the further news leaked out that Mr. Blaine had had at his Department, at the very hour the President's message was leaving the White House for the Capitol, an official dispatch from Chili announcing the willingness of her Government to meet ours on a friendly footing for an adjustment of differences. Of course, the whole matter soon reached a peaceful conclusion; but the rift between the President and his Premier widened thenceforth till it became an absolute breach. Blaine's sponsors always contended that the reason the news of Chili's pacific attitude was not disclosed in time to prevent the sending of the message to Congress was that the dispatch was in a cipher which took long to translate, and that Harrison, meanwhile, was in a hurry to head off anything which might rob him of his laurels as a theatrical champion of American rights. Harrison's defenders retorted that Blaine had deliberately held back the amicable dispatch, being eager to see Harrison exhibit himself in a ridiculous light before the country.

When Cleveland was faced with a possibility of war, in consequence of his message to Congress calling attention to British aggressions in Venezuela, he had for Secretary of State Richard Olney, a lawyer and student of world-politics, who ranked in the Democratic party of that era about as Elihu Root ranks in the Republican party to-day. Olney was not only an eminently capable adviser, but truly loyal to his chief, whether agreeing with him in all particulars or not. That cloud was dissipated by the good statesmanship then in control in England, and the rights of Venezuela were ascertained and conserved by a course of moderation reflecting the highest credit upon all parties to it.

The position of President McKinley, when he had a like problem to deal with, differed from that of either of his immediate predecessors. The Cuban rebellion had reached, as has the current strife in Mexico, the proportions of an international nuisance. It had, however, the marked difference that, instead of being largely a squabble among a few factionists ambitious of power and wealth, it was the effort of a subject people in America to free themselves from a European despotism. This idea stirred up a pugnacious element among our citizens, especially in the West, till they forced the President's hand. McKinley, who was a man of peace, found himself plunged into a war he had striven hard to avert, and with a Secretary of State at his elbow whom he had placed there, as President Harrison is known to have placed Blaine, and as President Wilson is assumed to have placed Bryan, as a concession to temporary political expediency. Poor John Sherman had been, in his day, a power to be reckoned with—a lawyer of note, a financier, a party leader of nearly the dimensions of a statesman; but the burden of years had brought on a dotage in which feebleness of body was combined with a shattered memory and a loss of the faculty of concentration. Fortunately, before the last stages of negotiation with Spain had passed, the old gentleman came to realize his inadequacy for the work which was falling to his lot, and retired to private life, never again to emerge.

Certain experiences Mr. Wilson has passed through during the twenty-eight months he has filled the executive chair can be guessed only from the phenomena which, in spite of his reticence and his desire to avert gossip, have reached the people's eyes and ears. With a Secretary of State whose one real forte was emotional oratory, who was neither a lawyer nor a diplomatist, and who had already, before the culmination of the Lusitania episode, made himself the chief target in Washington for tolerant raillery from all over the country, the President was evidently preparing to make the best of a thoroughly uncomfortable situation, when relief came in an unexpected form. It remains now to be seen whether Bryan will follow the prudent aftercourse of Sherman or the suicidal aftercourse of Blaine.

VIEILLARD.

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Two Editors

RECOLLECTIONS OF E. L. GODKIN AND W. P. GARRISON.

By VISCOUNT BRYCE.

In 1870, when I first visited the United States and made the acquaintance of Edwin L. Godkin (to whom I had been introduced by Leslie Stephen), the New York *Nation* was still in the freshness of its youth. It was, to the best of my recollection, the only weekly journal of political importance in the Atlantic States, and its type was a new one in the country. Its founder had no doubt been influenced by the example of two weeklies that were then playing a great part in England. The *Saturday Review*, established in 1855, was for the first ten years of its life, and to a less degree for the first twenty, the most brilliant journal that England had known, commanding the pens of an extraordinarily large number of men of first-rate literary talent. It was, however, much stronger on its literary than on its political side, for in politics it was always critical rather than constructive, having no positive views to advocate, and influential chiefly by its keenly destructive cynicism and air of intellectual superiority—attributes which made John Bright call it the Saturday Reviler, and provoked Thackeray into dubbing it the Superfine Review. The *Spectator* was a very different sort of organ. Unlike the *Saturday Review*, in which all sorts of different minds and casts of opinion were visible, the *Spectator* was written almost entirely by two men, Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend. Hutton was the greater of the two, and indeed one of the best English public writers of the nineteenth century, but Townsend's vivacious and almost reckless audacity in stating his views, always ingenious and often paradoxical, helped to give the paper a distinctive character. Down till 1886, when it parted from Mr. Gladstone on the question of Irish Home Rule, it was a bulwark of the Liberal party.

The *Nation* resembled the *Spectator* in devoting its opening pages to comments on current events, and also in the definiteness of its political programme, while it recalled the *Saturday Review* in the pungency of its tone as well as in the excellence of its literary criticism. It was, however, no mere imitation, either of those journals or of any other, but a new creation which brought new elements into the American press. The American journalism of those days had plenty of vigor. Horace Greeley was perhaps the most conspicuous single figure, but there were plenty of other strong men. The style of writing was, however, as a whole (for there were exceptions, such as Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*) less polished in style than it has since become, and based on a less solid foundation of knowledge than public writers in the first rank are now expected to possess. Literary criticism in particular was at a rather low ebb. For careful reviews of books by competent scholars it was generally necessary to go to the few monthlies, and even there such reviews were not always to be found. One of the commonest complaints made was that there was little discrimination in literary appreciations. The *Nation* had from the first three distinctive merits. It was brilliantly written. It was full of wit. It was conspicuously independent and individual. Though it started as a definitely Republican organ, it never obeyed any political leader, never laid itself out to defend any party platform, and always presented a definite set of doctrines or principles, as those which the editor held with full personal conviction. These principles reflected Mr. Godkin's mind. He was a stringent economist of that old orthodox type which has gone so much out of favor in the present century. No reader could ever doubt either his clearness or his courage. The paper was the man, and the man was the paper. This individual strain helped to give interest, and with interest, power, to the *Nation*, for we are all interested by a strong individuality, even if we do not wholly like it.

E. L. Godkin was stringent in his criticisms, and as he made many friends (for he was a charming companion and a loyal comrade), so he made a good many enemies. The fiercest of these enemies were to be found among those Tammany leaders whom he incessantly assailed. But even with men who had the same aims as his own and were working honestly for them, he sometimes dealt rather hardly. I used now and then to suggest to him that he did not make sufficient allowance for the difficulties in which honorable and public-spirited men are placed by the exigencies of practical politics. They must now and then consent to compromises. They have to work along with persons whose ideals are lower than their own, and cannot always say all they think about such persons, nor pursue the course which they personally prefer, when it becomes plain that success cannot at the moment be attained. It was the rigidity of the standard he applied that made his judgments severe, not any personal bitterness, still less any disappointed ambitions, for he had no axes to grind and never sought anything for himself. He was not, as some people thought, a cynic, for the cynic, taking the world as he finds it, applies a low standard. Mr. Godkin was rather to be called austere, because he applied a high standard. He worked constantly and earnestly for righteousness, and did a great deal through his newspaper to stimulate patriotic efforts for reforms in government, especially in municipal government, in days when reform was by no means so popular as it has happily become within the last fifteen years.

When he assumed the editorship of the *Evening Post* he wrote there with his usual force and boldness. But he seemed to me to be less in his element in a daily paper than he had been in a weekly, for his gifts had fuller play in what may be called the political essay than in the leading article. The admirable quality of his style was seen to better advantage when read leisurely once a week, for the fineness of the diction and the sparkle of the wit could be better appreciated. One can keep a file of a weekly journal, but in these days it is impossible to file a daily paper with any hope of being able to turn back to the articles which attracted one by their literary brilliance.

When Mr. Godkin took up the *Evening Post* he left the book-reviewing department of the *Nation* to his fellow-worker, Wendell P. Garrison, who carried on that work till failing health compelled his retirement some eight or ten years ago. The reviews of books had been a strong point with the *Nation* from the first. Mr. Godkin wrote a good many himself, and his wide acquaintance with learned men enabled him to enlist many eminent contributors. At least two of these (I mention only those who have since been lost to us), Goldwin Smith and Charles Eliot Norton, were among the most famous writers of their time. A better literary editor than Mr. Garrison it would have been impossible to find. He wrote very little himself. I remember no book of his except his life of his father, William Lloyd Garrison. But he was an excellent judge of good writing, and took endless pains always to search out not only the most accomplished writers, but the men most competent to deal with any particular subject. His standard of excellence was as high as that of the best literary journals of Europe. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any of those journals maintained so uniformly high a level. The book notices for which he was responsible as editor were free from bias, were replete with knowledge, were thorough and discriminating in their treatment. Whoever will look through the files of the *Nation* will find cause to admire the care Garrison took to secure the best kind of work; and one reason why he got such work was because those who wrote for him appreciated his own zeal, and liked to do their best for one who felt that no trouble was too great to make sure of getting the best. I will not venture to assert, but I may be permitted to suggest, that among the influences which have raised literary criticism in America so much above the level at which it stood fifty years ago, the example set by the *Nation* under the two men I have mentioned may be reckoned.

The fame of journalists is apt to be fleeting, because it is not preserved by such monuments of positive achievement as commemorate the labors of great officials or legislators or party leaders. It is therefore all the more fitting that tributes should be paid by those who knew them to the memory of these two men. Differing in many ways, they were alike in their independence, their public spirit, their high sense of duty. Warmly attached to one another, they did good work for their generation, and they did it in an unselfish spirit, valuing the best traditions of their profession.

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The "Nation" from the Inside

AN INTIMATE STUDY OF "THE CHIEF" AND HIS DEVOTED LIEUTENANT.

By W. C. BROWNELL.

Crossing Beekman Street some time in 1879 from the old *World* office to the old *Nation* quarters, and establishing myself at the third desk in the editorial rooms of the latter, was to me an event of more moment than if I had changed hemispheres. It was, of course, much more than graduating from daily into weekly journalism, though that in itself was desirable enough in the case of one whose first eight years out of college had been an experience of much variety and interest, no doubt, but one containing an element of drudgery that had finally lost any disguise of novelty. Moreover, the *World* office was no longer what it had been in the days of Mr. Marble, most appreciative of chiefs and most captivating of men. And the weekly in question was the *Nation*, association with which would have been the acme of any newspaper man's ambition who had distinctly literary predilections. It was certainly undreamed of by me when the good Stedman, always on the lookout for opportunities of beneficence, hearing Mr. Godkin speak of a vacancy in his office, introduced me to him, and so paved the way for me to, if not paradise, at least a veritable Land of Beulah.

To me, at any rate, the *Nation* had always worn a halo. I used to read it in college—what it contained that I was up to—and try unavailingly to think the *Round Table*, a short-lived Democratic venture, a real rival to it. Then in early Park Row days I had known Dennett, who was an intimate of some of my own circle on the *World*. And Dennett was from a literary point of view the most remarkable talent New York journalism has ever had; see Mr. Godkin's memorial of him in "Reflections and Comments," in which he speaks of Dennett's death as being an irreparable loss to the *Nation*. Acquaintance with Dennett would have keyed up any young writer's standards. His articles were fluid rather than articulated, and perhaps they would have gained in effectiveness if they had had more "argument." But his genius, which was unmistakable, was wholly untinctured with ambition, and he wrote as if to please himself, though he could have had no severer critic. Of course, the substance of what he wrote was commensurate with his rare capacity and solid attainments; it is hard to hold one's hand in speaking of these. But his form was dictated mainly by fastidiousness. I remember his following a proof once to the printing-office to change "cheerful" into "cheery" as the epithet for some rascal or incompetent he had been writing about. What could be "neater" than his article on "Knickerbocker Literature," whose writers "we remember as forgotten"? In brief, the opportunity of following in his footsteps, however *longo intervallo*, was so stimulating as almost to overcome the diffidence it inspired.

The moral atmosphere of the office was ideal. I mean more in the extended, and not alone in our specific English sense, though in the latter it was perhaps even more marked. There was not only no temporizing, compromising, compounding with candor, in either major matters or in trifling; there was no partiality or ingenuity or bland indifference by which the devil may be, and so often is, whipped around the stump. There was in the *Nation's* field and conception of its function no temptation to anything of this sort, to be sure, which consideration may conceivably qualify its assessment of merit on the Day of Judgment—a day when we may hope the sins of daily journalism will, in consequence of the same consideration, be extended some leniency—but certainly cannot obscure the fact of its conspicuous integrity. There were people then—as now—that complained of its fairness; which involved, to my mind, the most naïve attitude imaginable, since it was the *Nation's* practice that had provided the objector with his criterion of fairness in journalism. Of course, he might assert that this was only a way of saying that the paper made extraordinary claims which in his estimation it failed to justify; but this was verbiage, the fact being as I have stated it.

But I also mean by moral atmosphere the peace, the serenity, the gentleness, the self-respect, the feeling of character, that pervaded the office. We seemed, to my sense, so recently filled with the reactions of Park Row phenomena, "to lie at anchor in the stream of Time," as Carlyle said of Oxford—which, actually, we were very far from doing; there was never any doubt of the *Nation's* being what is now called "a live wire," especially among those who took hold of it unwarily—as now and then some one did. Mr. Garrison shared the first editorial room with me. Mr. Godkin had the back office. The publication offices were in front, occupied by the amiable Mr. St. John and his staff, which included a gentle and aristocratic colored bookkeeper who resembled an East Indian philosopher—plainly a Garrisonian protégé. The silence I especially remember as delightful, and I never felt from the first the slightest constraint; Mr. Garrison had the courtesy that goes with active considerateness. The quiet was broken only by an occasional interchange of conversation between us, or by the hearty laugh of Mr. Godkin, whose laugh would have been the most noteworthy thing about him, if he had not had so many other noteworthy characteristics; or by a visit now and then from Arthur Sedgwick, in my time not regularly "on" the paper, who always brought the larger world in with him (the office *was* perhaps a little claustral as a rule), or the appearance of Earl Shinn with his art or dramatic criticism—both the best written, if not also the best, we have ever had in this country, and the latter, I think, so distinguished as to be unique.

Of course, there were visitors, contributors and candid friends, but mainly we worked in almost Quakerish tranquillity five days in the week during my incumbency. Naturally, after amalgamation, some years after my advent, with the *Evening Post*, the pace quickened, or seemed to. I remember I began at that time the Summary of the News—the first routine, strictly to be so called, connected with my not inactive service on the paper. Spontaneity so largely prevailed as to seem the actually prescribed rule of the office. One followed one's own initiative, though naturally within individual lines. The tone of the office unified everything, at least to an extent that permitted this. And I may note the significant and extraordinary circumstance that though there was little or no explicit direction, we all three proof-read the entire paper, and each "corrected" on occasion the editorial as well as the contributed material in ultra-democratic fashion. "We are perfectly free with one another's copy," said Mr. Garrison to me when I came and showed some embarrassment at this arrangement. He was an incarnation of the democratic spirit, and the notion of permitting susceptibilities to interfere with possible improvement in either accuracy or elegance would have been as foreign to him as any other form of littleness. He was somewhat hard on the conventional at times, but it was because he conceived it as littleness.

"How do you stand on politics?" Mr. Godkin asked me when I came to the paper, adding with a smile, "You know, we are accused of being too Democratic as it is." In view of the *Nation's* experience over the Tilden-Hayes election, it seemed to him a little humorous to be taking over a member of the *World's* staff, in however modest a capacity. I could conscientiously answer that I stood with the *Nation*, practically, though I had reached the position from the opposite direction. In the late seventies, in circles of any political detachment, it was quite true, as I remember Mr. Sedgwick saying, that "to call oneself either a Republican or a Democrat" was "slightly ridiculous." All the same, I confess there were times when I felt a shade out of tune in the office, owing to those obscure sentimental survivals that are sympathetic rather than rational. "You must be one of those old Jeffersonian Democrats," Sedgwick once jocularly remarked to me. The fact that nine-tenths of the American people were inveterately guided by feeling rather than logic, of itself, restricted the eminently "utilitarian" *Nation's* support to the "Independent"—or what the editor of an evening newspaper of the day stigmatized as the damned small crowd. Its occupancy of a different, rather than, as was so often charged, a "superior," plane (with corresponding manners!) preserved it from the popularity for which, of course, it never made the smallest bid. An obituary notice

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in a Kentucky paper that created merriment in those days remarked that "while the late Colonel Yell, of Yellville, left his official accounts in some confusion, his heart always beat warmly for his native land." The latter consideration was generally regarded as an important one, and people in general looked for more protestations to that effect than the *Nation* (whose establishment itself was evidence enough, could they but have realized it) condescended to make.

Mr. Godkin had the detachment towards American feelings of this strictly irrational order of a native Englishman—which in spite of his Irish birth he eminently was, and, as Thackeray said of Swift, no more an Irishman than a man born in Calcutta is a Hindoo. Mr. Garrison had the Garrisonian detachment—than which nothing could be more complete in the matter of prejudice between our organized parties. It was occasionally a little difficult to attain this serenity and consider only ideals and causes apart from traditional sympathies of one sort and another. But it was a great education. The first lesson was avoidance of the vague, the loose, the sprawling vein always encouraged by the invasion of the emotions into the field of the intellect. The country at that time had no real politics. Rational reform—*imprimis* civil-service reform—was necessary before our system could be brought to bear on our problems. To this end the *Nation* was devoted in a spirit of high consecration—to use language it would have regarded as inflated. And of the educational movement that has since accomplished very considerable results towards that end it was the herald, the standard-bearer, and the protagonist.

It was markedly, even sharply, critical, but it was certainly constructive enough. No one had any doubt where it stood even in days when independent journalism was scouted by the old school of editors, in the words of one of whom "the people like a paper to stand for something"—meaning to back one's own side through thick and thin like a paid attorney. Its body of doctrine was plain, and, quite reasonably, it took its readers' familiarity with it for granted, and was not everlastingly expounding it. Its principles formed the basis, and not the burden, of its discussions. When it did lay down the law—as it occasionally did!—it rather pointedly neglected the view of persuasion taken by Matthew Arnold (whom Mr. Godkin thought, quite justly, I had a tendency to overwork), in calling it "the instilment of conviction." No doubt it often convinced, but it never instilled. The tone rather that of President Seelye, who re- ked to his students, "I do not ask you elieve, but defy you to deny." It plainly the justification that the current po- al phenomena were not differentiated ugh to need any formal application of principles, being rarely up to its stan- rds, or indeed to any other.

The result was, accordingly, not the ex- ition of the doctrines of Bentham or the nchester School," or any other doctri- naire propagandism, but critical controversy conducted with reference to the dictates of culture and common-sense. And controversy of this kind was Mr. Godkin's natural element. Retrospectively, one may feel that, considering his opponents, he had it all his own way. At the time, at any rate, it was chiefly notable that he had few to help him—nobody certainly at all comparable to him. The polemic that he waged every week with such zeal, such zest, such gayety, combined with such fundamental seriousness and formidable power, was backed by an equipment that was an unequalled arsenal of resources. If we had no real politics, real politics had been the study of his life, and he brought to bear on material that superficially hardly seemed to merit it the treasures of a mind stored in history and economics and statecraft, as well as trained by systematic reflection. This opulent mental furniture and these remarkable powers were, however, so much at his command as instruments that he could utilize them to their utmost in work which, as I say, would not naturally be deemed consonant with their befitting exercise, but which was performed with far more effectiveness and to far better purpose by their aid. This was because he humanized them so perfectly. There was in the first place simply no element of pedantry in his composition. Pedantry in others was favorite game with him, and he divined and discovered and derided its rather subtly varied manifestations with a delight far beyond the capacity of the crude to experience. In the next place, *quicquid agunt homines* and —oh! especially—the men themselves interested him inexhaustibly. But any one can readily see the advantage from a literary and, so to say, settled point of view of a fundamental article on Roscoe Conkling, for example, consisting of a sustained parallel between that eminent commander of henchmen and a Renaissance condottiere, compared with an "editorial" discussing his chances of reëlection. Such treatment it was which, continued week after week, with no let-down of any kind whatever, made literature of the *Nation's* customary two leaders. Of course, one should add in fairness, success in this particular kind and to this degree is to be looked for only in a weekly; but there are weeklies and weeklies.

There were few anywhere at that time comparable with the *Nation*. The English weeklies equalled it in reserve and authority, perhaps, but not in force. Certainly not in humor, which in Mr. Godkin's composition was the quality that gave edge to all his others. No journalist of his seriousness ever had so much or used it better to serve his seriousness. It was not ironic, but partook rather of his fundamental heartiness. How had I ever before meeting him prefigured him as probably "donnish"! I don't mean that personally he was exuberant or expansive, or that shyness did not struggle with cordiality at times in his general personal relations outside the circle of his intimacies. But in his writing his abounding humor was precisely to be described as hearty in the sense that it was spontaneous and in no degree studied. He eschewed sarcasm, and his method of dealing humorously with a subject—preferably a personality, of course—was a frank assumption of its belonging in the category of the comic, where he had great fun with it. The method is less obvious than it sounds. In his hands it was as subtle, at any rate as unexpected, as it was effective. It was especially effective in the controversies conducted in the *Nation's* own columns, where—a solecism in the journalism of the day—every opportunity was extended to an opponent. I remember one with Dr. James Freeman Clarke over "Non-sectarian Theology." Mr. Godkin had asserted there was no such thing. Dr. Clarke wrote voluminously, mixing up theology with religion and giving what he called a *résumé* of the *Nation's* position. Mr. Godkin printed the protest and began his brief rejoinder with something like: "The *Nation* did not say what Dr. Clarke says it did, and his saying so makes us think that he is not good at *résumés*." Once one of the perky Boston purists wrote to explain, in justice, he said, to himself, an error into which he had fallen in attacking the *Nation*. To which the editor replied that the *Nation's* columns were not the proper place for his apologies to himself. Also I recall a delicious incident in connection with the Rev. Henry M. Field, our neighbor of the *Evangelist* next door, who brought in a protest against our having, in an article on the egregious Talmage of Brooklyn, interfered with what he called "the broodings of the Spirit." "Take it back," said Mr. Godkin pleasantly, "and boil it down. If I printed it as it is, I should bowl you over too easily." Dr. Field did so, but was bowled over, all the same, in great shape. Nothing, however, would be more misleading than to imply that Mr. Godkin was in the least at the mercy of his humor. His forte was argument, and he used humor as an adjunct.

Again, Mr. Godkin's style was beautifully adapted to his powers, and, equally with them, a native gift. It was so easy, such a triumph of simplicity, that his sentences seemed to come directly into his mind, and thus, never at the pains of deliberating, he wrote with great rapidity—so rapidly, indeed, that his handwriting—real caligraphy to look at—was often illegible, and the expert Garrison had to come to the printer's aid. "There is always the right word," I remember his saying once; "there are no synonyms." "'Reliable' and 'trustworthy,'" observed the scrupulous Garrison. "Well, 'reliable' is shorter anyhow," he retorted. Perhaps he did have a weakness for conciseness. The copious elephantine precision of Fitzedward Hall, probably our greatest linguistic savant, irritated him acutely. I remember witnessing with joy his reducing by half one of Hall's interminable and intricately correct articles, out of sheer exasperation. Garrison, who was never exasperated, looked at the proof rather ruefully.

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He probably had to explain to Hall, who was, besides, one of his pets, and, being an unimpeachable authority, of real value to the *Nation*, of course.

Copiousness was naturally interdicted to the *Nation* in any case. Its field was universal, and its space was limited. Brevity was, therefore, a necessity, and yet the essay-like character of much of its matter tended to fulness. Mr. Garrison circumvented this with positive genius, and, though never interfering with their freedom of opinion in any task he had assigned them, with what probably seemed ruthlessness to those contributors who needed room to turn around in. But it was Mr. Godkin's own writing that set the standard and made all kinds of empty elaboration seem out of character. He never had the illusion that a newspaper article can achieve absolute comprehensiveness, and he had the wonderfully simplifying method of making his points and leaving them, without considering all conceivable objections and qualifications. And, of course, his example as to avoiding the vague, the general, the sentimental, and sloppy fringe of the subject was as marked in the purely literary as in the political field. For it would be a great error to think of his work as political only. He wrote also book reviews of importance and social articles (what we used to call "breviers"), and both better than any one else. He had eminently the light touch. As he wrote of Dennett, in words that were wholly applicable to himself, "he was a man to whom the ball of conversation was really a ball, and not an anvil or a barrel of flour."

I have spoken of him and of the *Nation* interchangeably, I perceive, and it is true that in a real enough sense he *was* the *Nation*. Mr. Garrison would certainly have said so. In the latter's later years it was a genuine grief to him, I think, that the fact was occasionally lost sight of. No chief ever had a more devoted, more admiring, lieutenant. For several years I was an almost daily witness of an attitude on his part which, given his own worth in every respect, constitutes the highest affirmation of Mr. Godkin's claim to the position he has been accorded by all competent judges. Yet it is also true to say that without Mr. Garrison the *Nation* could hardly have existed. He not only kept all its machinery going, but kept it working smoothly and in strict correspondence with its exacting standards. These could be followed more or less automatically in the office—with attentive effort! But consider the heterogeneity of its contributors—the impressive list, with inevitable changes, is still published, I believe—and the task of inducting them into conformity, especially when, as I say, he carefully studied their individual independence. His success was due to his character. To an extremely fastidious, even rigid, literary scrupulousness, he added a conscience that marched with it. Every one must have felt that whatever he did was inspired by a sense of justice, but one inveterately accompanied by a kindliness distinctly and actively friendly. He had the tolerance of innocence itself for the unfortunate, the neglected, the perverse, the queer. He lived habitually on a plane where precedent and convention had in themselves no sanction, no meaning. And the columns of the *Nation* in many subtle ways were infiltrated with his moral independence and ideality. He dispensed the books and selected the reviewers—always waiting till he got just the right man, sometimes long after publication. He wrote much himself, always with a certain crystalline distinction, but his chief work was the highest form of "editing," through which the reputation of the *Nation* was secured in only a less degree than it was by the writing and general direction of its chief.

The Founding of the "Nation"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "FAIRIES" THAT ATTENDED ITS BIRTH.

By HENRY JAMES.

My recollections of the very early life of the *Nation* should fall by their slight intrinsic weight into a clear enough form and make a straight and simple story, and yet to take them up in the portentous light of our present public conditions is to become aware at once of a danger which ought perhaps to stay my hand. That danger, I feel, is the exhibition of a complacency out of all proportion to the modest little facts themselves, such light matters of history as they must assuredly appear. My difficulty comes from the sense that to turn from our distracted world of to-day to the world of the questions surrounding, even with their then so great bustle of responsibility, the cradle of the most promising scion of the newspaper stock as that stock had rooted itself in American soil, is to sink into a social lap of such soft, sweet material as to suggest comparatively a general beatific state.

The whole scene and the whole time flushed to my actual view with a felicity and a unity that make them rather a page of romance than a picture of that degree of the real, that potentially so terrible truth of the life of man, which has now learnt to paint itself with so different a brush. They *were*, they flourished, they temporarily triumphed, that scene, that time, those conditions; they are not a dream that we drug ourselves to enjoy, but a chapter, and the most copious, of experience, experience attested by documents that would fill the vastest of treasure-houses. These things compose the record of the general life of civilization for almost the whole period during which men of my generation were to know it; an immense good fortune to us, since if the backward vision feeds upon bliss by the simple fact of not being the immediate, the importunate, or the too precariously forward, this bliss naturally grows with the extent of the pasture. I measure the spread as that of half a century—only with the air turning more and more to the golden as space recedes, turning to the clearness of all the sovereign exemptions, the serenity of all the fond assurances, that were to keep on and on, seeing themselves not only so little menaced but so admirably crowned. This we now perceive to have been so much their mistake that as other periods of history have incurred, to our convenience, some distinctive and descriptive name, so it can only rest with us to write down the fifty years I speak of, in the very largest letters, as the Age of the Mistake.

That title might, of course, be blighting to retrospect if one chose to take it so; it might present the whole time as too tragically stupid, too deplorably wasted, to be lived over again critically without sickness and shame. There is, however, another way of taking it, which is to live it over personally and sentimentally, exactly to the sought confusion and reprobation of the forces now preying upon us, exactly to the effect of saving it at least for the imagination if we may not save it for the reconciling reason. To look at it in the light of its good faith is to measure the depth of its delusion, not to say the height of its fatuity, but the good faith may nevertheless figure for us, it figures at least for the author of these remarks, thanks to its vast proportions, the inattackable sphere of romance, all at one with itself—and this, too, while remembering that the romantic condition does involve certain dangers and doubts, if only for the thrill of tilting at them and knocking them quite over. We had that thrill in ample measure, and our difficulties went down before us. To think of all this is to cultivate the complacency into which such a trivial fact as that I contributed, in my young innocence, an "important" article to the first number of the enterprise is capable of beguiling me; the fact tastes so, to memory, of our innocence; our innocence tastes so of our confidence, and our confidence of the appearances that crowded gracefully about it. These might have been the very fairies themselves, the invoked and approving godmothers who surround in any proper legend the earliest pillow of the new-born great, a group with no interfering "bad" fairy in this case, or none worth speaking of now. I might recall an influence that would serve indeed, a hand stretched out to rock the cradle, by the apprehension of most of the company, quite with the wrong violence, and in that manner gain credit as one of the very few witnesses now left so to testify; but I prefer to retrace the fashion after which I seemed to see the very first and greatest blessing possible flutter down upon the infant scene.

This was in the course of a visit to Sha Hill, at Cambridge, where my admirab friend, the late Charles Eliot Norton, spo to me of his having just returned from Ne York, whither he had gone, as he smiling said, on affairs of the *Nation*—the freshne of the joke was, of course, fleeting. The lig that was so to spread and brighten then fir

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broke upon me, as I had also never heard before pronounced the name of E. L. Godkin, with whom I was soon to begin to cherish a relation, one of the best of my life, which lasted for long years. He "sounded" at that hour, I remember, most unusual and interesting, his antecedents being not in the least commonplace, as antecedents went with us then; and memory next jumps for me to the occasion of a visit from him in Ashburton Place (I then had a Boston domicile); where, prodigious to consider, he looked me up, in the course of a busy rush from New York, for the purpose of proposing to me to contribute to the weekly journal, for which every preparation—save, as it were, that of his actual instance!—had been made, to all appearance, most auspiciously, and of which he had undertaken the editorship. The verb to contribute took on at once to my ears a weird beauty of its own, and I applied it during that early time with my best frequency and zeal; which doesn't, however, now prevent my asking myself, and with no grain of mock humility, little indeed as humility of any sort costs at my age, what price could have seemed to attach to antecedents of mine, that I should have been so fondly selected. I was very young and very willing, but only as literary and as critical as I knew how to be—by which I mean, of course, as I had been able to learn of myself. Round *my* cradle, in the connection, the favoring fairies, and this time with never a wicked one at all, must have absurdly elbowed each other. That winter of Ashburton Place, the winter following the early summer-birth of the confident sheet, fairly reeks for me, as I carry myself back to it, with the romantic bustle of getting my reviews of books off.

I got them off, bustle as I would, inveterately too late, it seemed, for the return of a proof from New York; which is why there also lives on with me from those so well-meant years the direst memory of a certain blindly inveterate defacement of what I was pleased to suppose my style, a misrepresentation as ingenious as if it had been intended, though this it was never in the smallest degree, and only owing its fatal action to its being so little self-confessed. I was never "cut" that I can remember, never corrected nor disapproved, postponed, nor omitted; but just sweetly and profusely and plausibly misprinted, so as to make a sense which was a dreadful sense—though one for which I dare say my awkwardness of hand gave large occasion. The happy, if imperfect, relation went on, but I see it as much rectified during the winter and spring of 1875, which I spent in New York, on a return from three or four years of Europe; to the effect of my being for the first time able to provide against accidents. These were small things, and the occasions of them small things, but the sense of those months is almost in a prime degree the sense of the luxury of proof. The great thing really, of course, was that my personal relation with Godkin had become in itself a blest element.

I should like to light a taper at the shrine of his memory here, but the altar is necessarily scant, and I forego the rite. I should like also, I confess, to treat myself to some expression of my sense of those aspects of my native city to which I then offered their last free chance to play in upon me; but though such a hint of my having on the occasion had to conclude against them does but scant justice to the beautiful theme—I really should be able, I think, to draw both smiles and tears from it—I find myself again smothered. I had contributed, on one opportunity and another, during my stretches of absence in Europe, just as I had done so during '67 and '68, the years preceding my more or less settled resumption of the European habit, and just as I was not definitely to break till this habit had learnt to know the adverse pressure that '76, '77, and '78, in Paris and in London, were to apply to it. I had ceased to be able to "notice books"—that faculty seemed to diminish for me, perversely, as my acquaintance with books grew; and though I suppose I should have liked regularly to correspond from London, nothing came of that but three or four pious efforts which broke down under the appearance that people liked most to hear of what I could least, of what in fact nothing would have induced me to, write about. What I could write about they seemed, on the other hand, to view askance; on any complete lapse of which tendency in them I must not now, however, too much presume.

A Young Man's Oracle

THE EDITOR OF THE "UNPOPULAR REVIEW" RECALLS HIS RELATIONS WITH THE "NATION" IN ITS EARLY DAYS AND HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH E. L. GODKIN.

By HENRY HOLT.

The editor of the *Nation* has asked me to write of its early relations to the publishing trade. I told him that I could not write of the *Nation* and confine myself to that, without mixing in my personal recollections of its great founder and one of its literary editors, any more naturally than I could write of the Heaven now before me, by Lake Champlain, and confine myself to the region's production of potatoes and fish. Perhaps I could so write with an effort and many excisions; but I don't believe the result would be as satisfactory as it would if I write without restraint, and give the whole of the matter as it was related to the whole of me, and few things in my long life have related to so much of me. That last fact is, of course, worth mentioning only by way of explanation.

The *Nation* was hardly started when Godkin, though personally unknown to me, became my infallible pope, and it had not been going long before he became my friend; and for several of his later years he was my next neighbor in the country, with the houses so situated that we often met several times a day.

Then, during the brief career of Dennett, one of the first literary editors—a genius, who, at the start, did perhaps even more than Godkin to make the paper known, though not to give it weight—Dennett and I were intimate friends.

After all this was premised with the present editor, one night at the Century, he got to reminiscing, and I told him some of my recollections of the early days of the *Nation*. Then he found that he wanted "anything *but*" that I should confine myself to its relations to the publishing trade, but that he still wanted me to *begin* on them. Well, I will; but I am a very old man, writing about the best days of his youth, and I'm going to write as I please, and the editor has even been reckless enough to tell the very old man to write as *much* as he pleases; but I have told him to cut out as much as *he* pleases.

My recollections of the relations of the early *Nation* to the book publishers are inevitably mixed with my recollections of the relations of its editors to *this* book publisher, and I think the present editor will get out of me more of what he wants if I don't try very hard to disentangle them.

The *Nation* was started in July, 1865, and after a little preliminary skirmishing in connection with that model publisher, G. P. Putnam, I began the publishing business with my present house, in November of the same year. I believe we have had an advertisement in every number of the *Nation* during the virtually fifty years since, unless one or two may have been omitted by accident.

I still vividly remember my surprise and enlightenment when Dennett happened into my office just as the first volume of Taine's Italy came in from the binder, and I handed him a copy, and he said: "Let me see! To whom shall I send this for review—who knows Italy?" And after a little reflection he decided to send it to Howells. Now, so far as I know, doing this as a matter of course was something new in American journalism. It must have been done exceptionally and spasmodically by two or three of the heavier periodicals, such as the *North American* and the *Atlantic*, but the general habit was to turn everything over to a "book reviewer"—a "literary gentleman," such as one newspaper about that time complacently assured the publishing world, by circular, it had added to its staff. This novel course by the *Nation* gave it an authority looked upon by those as ignorant as I was with almost superstitious awe, and it was a very short time before its favorable verdict was accepted by everybody as final; and its unfavorable verdict, by everybody but the interested parties—and poor young me.

I recall an illustration. Some time in the late sixties appeared in the *Nation* an unfavorable review of Miss Yonge's "Landmarks of History," which we had just published. We wrote asking to be put in communication with the author of the review, with a view to getting him to revise the

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book, which, by the way, he did. Soon after we sent our letter, the *Nation* had a paragraph on the matter, saying that our course was strangely unprecedented—that the publisher's natural course under such circumstances was to complain and withdraw his advertising, or withdraw it without complaining.

The publishers didn't know what to make of the *Nation's* strange ways, nor, for that matter, did many people know what to make of the *Nation* generally. It had to educate its constituency, as genius proverbially must. The publishers had been used to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if not praised. Dennett had no mercy for ignorance or stupidity or affectation or quackery, and very little reverence for tradition. Moreover, he was a generalizer as well as a fighter. Works in pure literature, not calling for special outside knowledge, he often reviewed himself, and if a publishing house was much addicted to the goody-goody and namby-pamby or the merely ponderously respectable, he, although honest, was very apt to let the house's general character affect his impressions of its new books. One very respectable publisher indeed asked me if I knew why the *Nation* never gave anything of his a favorable notice. I've told you, but I didn't tell him.

Dennett's pitching into the Knickerbocker School, in the number for December 5, 1867 (Vol. V, p. 459), set the whole literary and publishing world by the ears—and gave the *Nation* a great advertisement—and added, of course, to its reputation for originality and irreverence and ill-nature and all sorts of things. Since I've known more of the journalistic world, I've wondered if there was not a good deal of deliberateness about this policy of "attack"—one well recognized as effective in building up a circulation, and successfully followed not long after Dennett's death by the new management of an old daily. But that daily attacked, as the *Nation* never did, conspicuous people who did not deserve it, and to a degree that, despite that paper's having changed hands several times since, makes its name offensive to-day in the nostrils of not a few of us old people. Well, whatever the motives, the early *Nation* unquestionably did more than all other influences to raise the standard of our literary criticism, and, as I stick to my last, to educate the publishing trade. It has been a good while since any of us were apt to assume, when a book was pitched into, that it was because of any personal feeling regarding the author or the house. And yet one of the owners of the daily to which I have referred actually told me, in the presence of other men at the Century, that he supposed his paper had taken sides against us with a house with which we were quarrelling because they advertised with the paper and we did not. When I told him why we did not, I was slapped on the back by the most eminent man present. The *Nation* was among the leaders in the policy of without fear and without favor.

Perhaps it was consciousness of his friendship for me that made Dennett stand up so straight that he leaned backwards, and let him into one of the few big blunders of his career, in writing sarcastically, in the number for December 19, 1867 (Vol. V, p. 502), of the first book of poems by Sill. We published it, and he knew that I had a special interest in it because Sill and I were classmates and close friends. And perhaps his passion for rectitude was over-stimulated by my youthful enthusiasm and indiscretion permitting me to try, very argumentatively, to influence him in advance.

Dennett was a complex genius, lately graduated from Harvard, recommended to Godkin by Lowell or Norton, and with a make-up foredoomed to unhappiness and early death. Yet he was physically a big, strong fellow. And such a jaw!—not prognathous, but firm, and very broad at the angle. Whitelaw Reid had one like it. Dennett was perhaps the wittiest man I ever knew, though Godkin himself was a close second, if a second. Dennett's wit was very much *sui generis*, and apt to be paradoxical. Once he and I were lunching with Bobbie Weeks, another classmate and dear friend of mine, whose poems Dennett used to print in the *Nation*. Bobbie said something about the anxieties regarding a future life. This Dennett met with: "I trust you're not so lost to decency as to be anxious about the salvation of your soul?" I didn't ask, and have often wondered during the nearly fifty years since, whether Dennett meant that such anxiety was indecent, or deprecated on Bobbie's part a modest doubt of his own deserts that would have been very characteristic of him. Within a few years after, to my lasting regret, the main question was settled for them both.

It is very doubtful whether any journalist but Horace Greeley ever had so enthusiastic a group of such adoring followers as Godkin's. His group never was as large a percentage of the public as Greeley's, and of course was a different set of people, from the opposite pole. How he did make the Philistines squirm, and how they did hate him! But no editor of my time has begun to have the authority among educated people that he had. I doubt if any editor of any time has had as much.

Why, among many men who were young when the *Nation* was young, Godkin was little less than the object of a cult. And I am now meeting middle-aged men in his own field who never knew him! I believe the present editor did not, and I'm not sure that even Paul More, his immediate predecessor, did; and I meet young people who never heard of him. When people talk that way, I feel as if they had told me that they had never heard of the equator: for I am far from sure that Godkin was not our greatest man since Lincoln.

Yet he was one of the best hated men in the country. Though his greatest mistake was advocacy of the ballot for the negro, the time came when the mossback Republicans hated him worse than they hated anybody else, and Tammany for a time hated him just as badly. At a gathering somewhere in the nineties, I think, where a lot of us gave him a loving-cup, he told us that Mrs. Godkin had once, unknown to him, kept him followed by detectives to protect him from Tammany. Probably there never was a just and upright man hated by more kinds and sorts of people, or better entitled to be "loved for the enemies he made." Yet probably no private citizen, if an editor is a private citizen, ever had a following more to be desired.

After some time worshipping him as an unseen god, I think I first saw him at a church that then stood on Fortieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, opposite the Park, where O. B. Frothingham, with great eloquence and self-devotion, and a moderate sprinkling of the other kind of "devotion," used to dispense to more or less "brainy" people—who then stuck to the church habit more than they do now—what, as it had to have a name, was called Unitarianism. In the congregation, my attention was attracted to a rather thick-set man of about thirty-five with dark hair, moustache, and imperial, who was accompanied by a tall, brown-haired, singularly elegant and beautiful woman. It was among the fortunate circumstances of my life that I soon came to know them well as Mr. and Mrs. Godkin. She died not many years later—a great loss to her friends, and to him an ineffable one. He could not then bear New York without her, and went to Cambridge for some years, but kept up his editorship by mail. After considerable time, he married a woman of a contrasting type, but talented and devoted to him. She did not long survive him.

Very early in our acquaintance—perhaps before we were personally acquainted at all—I used, with a very young man's ignorant enthusiasm, to regard him as the *fons et origo* of all wisdom. Of course, I don't so regard any one now, but still think he was as near it as anybody I have known.

Now for a few little personal reminiscences. He had a knack of putting in a phrase the key to some wide subject that the average man could think about a good deal without really getting into. For instance, once when I was bemoaning "the law's delay," he said: "Of course, you can't get quicker justice without more courts." That's a very large part of the truth, but there's a good deal of it in the slow procedure of nearly all of the existing courts.

So early in our acquaintance that Godkin was probably greatly surprised, I went to him for advice regarding working to help an educational institution, some of whose peculiarities I disapproved, and knew he did, and which we had both criticised (I only by letter) in the *Nation*. He broadened my vision, as he always did, by saying, substantially: "Of course! They need help and, in spite of all their shortcomings, deserve it."

I cannot fix the date, but very early in my acquaintance with Godkin, though obviously after we had become rather intimate, we were

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walking home one night from some dinner, and I told him that I was thinking of getting up a syndicate to buy and carry on the *North American Review*, then for sale by J. R. Osgood & Co., who succeeded Ticknor & Fields, and preceded, with an intervening change or two, the Houghton-Mifflin Co. I proposed that he should edit it (it was then only a quarterly) in connection with the *Nation's* machinery, and my house should publish it. He said he was ready, and would help to raise the money. Soon after we went together to talk it over with a friend of his given to writing, *and* possessing money. While the syndicate was under way, I met Osgood one night at the Century, and he told me that he had just sold the *North American* to Allen Thorndike Rice. The price, I think, was four thousand dollars; but we wanted much more to boom it. I thought I had an option on the *Review*, but Osgood thought differently. And that is how near Godkin came to being editor of the *North American*, and, what is of more importance, how near the *North American* came to having Godkin for its editor; and (the suggestion seems to me very funny) after he gave up work, probably another man who a dozen years later started another *Review*, very different from the *North American* of then or now.

As bearing on a present-day discussion, I remember that, although Godkin married in New Haven, and visited there not a little, he told me that he could not send his boy to Yale, because he would not on any account subject him to the danger of a religious revival. I thought that danger outgrown when, some fifteen years later, I sent my first boy there.

I was too young, and too ignorant, as I am now, to know whether Godkin invented the use of quotation marks in sarcasm, or the "deadly parallel" column, but he at least gave them a new efficiency. I'm confident that he brought "cussedness" into general use, and also "a felt want." He got it off the last time I remember seeing him, after his first "stroke" had affected his speech.

I yield to the temptation to give here a strange thing which he said to me once as we were riding together on the Riverside Drive. The public has a right to it as coming from a great man. We both had heavy reason to discuss the questions of immortality, and he, with the ponderous superiority to the emotions he really felt but disregarded in settling any general question, said: "I would compromise on annihilation." In such a matter, he was not a man with whom one could go farther into detail. I doubt if any question regarding anybody's state of mind ever puzzled me as long and as often as that, and yet as I've thought it over during a couple of days since I wrote the sentence, I believe I have the solution, and it is a very interesting, though a very simple, one. I think the statement was merely a piece of heroic fealty to the philosophy of the time—the typical frame of mind among men who had minds, in the period between the appearance of "The Origin of Species" and a decade after the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research—the period when, as Godkin himself once phrased it to me, when we were discussing the falling off in literature, "Science killed the imagination," and with it smothered, for the time, not only literature, but art, religion, and all consciousness of the immensity that surrounds our experience, except as a field for mechanical discovery, with its resulting worship of material things. With that consciousness went the highest of the hopes and inspirations that humanity had cherished longest and most widely.

For some twenty or thirty years, about then, under the influence of Spencer's "First Principles" and sundry of Huxley's works inspired by Spencer, the best minds shut themselves up like clam-shells to all these influences. I have heretofore thought Spencer himself the most striking illustration of this that I have personally known, but now that strange icy thing at the bottom of Godkin's heart caps the climax, and throws a flood of light on the negative side of his character and his influence. The world regarded him and his paper as "cold." Those who knew him intimately, or even merely socially, knew that that was not the whole truth, and yet knew that there was a grain of truth in it—a mighty big grain in public questions where the emotions were concerned. He made it a virtue, and, in its place, it is a great virtue, to settle all questions with the intellect alone. His mistake was in applying it rigidly to *all* questions—to the very biggest. Why, even the mechanics of the starry heavens contain no questions as big as some in the little human heart.

I wonder if Godkin's strange and almost fatal recoil from the emotions resulted in any degree from their having caused his greatest professional mistake, almost at the outset of his career, in advocating the ballot for the negroes—a mistake whose terrible effects needed for their offsetting his arduous, brilliant, and beneficent success in reforming the civil service. He owned up to his mistake like a man, but I suspect that it always weighed heavily on his conscience, and helped the influences of the time to narrow his philosophy. But I'm not taking upon myself to blame him for his philosophy: it was for too long a time my own, and I think that he partially outlived it.

You didn't want my long episode on that philosophy, Mr. Editor, when you asked me to write about the *Nation's* relations to the publishing business, and I had it no more in mind before my paper was nearly done, than you did; but it has more to do with the *Nation's* relations to the publishing trade, and to everything else, than all the other things that I, or anybody, can say.

Godkin's advocacy of negro suffrage was by no means the only case where he owned up. His enemies used to say he never did. The files of the *Nation* prove the contrary, though he seldom had occasion to. Here's another case where he did.

Some time about the late sixties, the *Nation*, in criticising somebody, said, substantially: "It's Herbert Spencer's reputation over again: each authority considers him an authority on all subjects but the authority's own"—as if a philosopher were to grub his own facts any more than a cook to grub his own potatoes. Youmans, Spencer's great apostle in America, for whom I had sometimes swung the censer, came to me with: "That must be answered. I'm not *persona grata* at the *Nation:* they think I'm so prejudiced on this subject that they won't take anything from me" (I think he was mistaken), "but they'll take something from you. I'll give you the facts, and you send them a letter." "The facts" were testimony from several great specialists (Hooker is the only one I remember) virtually declaring Spencer one of themselves. Later, by the way, Darwin was quoted, in the "Life and Letters," as saying: "We all bow the knee to Spencer." Well! I wrote the letter, and we had quite a nice little shindy, the *Nation,* of course, having the last word. I'm telling all this because, some time later, Godkin came to me one night at the Century with: "You remember your controversy with the *Nation* over Spencer's reputation? Well, I've just read his 'Philosophy of Style.' I don't know anything about the topics in dispute between you and my contributor, but I do profess to know something about English style. Spencer's work on it is a masterpiece, and, judging what I don't know by what I now do know, I am ready to presume that all you claim for him is well founded."

By that time our little controversy had become ancient history, so I didn't even suggest his reviving the subject in the *Nation.*

This country has had no journalist to equal Godkin, unless Franklin was a journalist. America did not produce him to the same extent that it produced Carl Schurz: for Godkin developed younger. Schurz, I think, came here younger, and, as we all know, to escape governmental tyranny, and Godkin, I have always suspected, came to escape social tyranny. He could not brook social inferiority, or even the ascription of it. Had he been born in the peerage, or near it, I believe he would have stayed at home. His enemies called him a snob. He cared as much for social position as for intellectual position, and, happily, he achieved it. Few other journalists, if any, were ever so thoroughly at home in the very best American society. I believe that he never went back to Europe until he had made his great place here, and then he was made much of in the really best English society. But even there he had to go in to dinner behind my lord duke, even if my lord duke was but a foolish boy; and here he did not have to go in behind anybody, though he was very apt to go in last, but with the hostess on his arm.

Being in temperament a thorough aristocrat, of course he could not make a popular paper, and did not care to. Though he was the greatest journalist we ever had, "the people" never knew even his name. Yet his influence was probably greater than Greeley's, because it was greater on people of

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influence. He was an authority with authorities. During his best period, not a few of the great Boston group were still alive, and it was to them he went when a great affliction had made New York intolerable to him.

I may have known men of wider knowledge than Godkin, though I doubt if I ever knew one as well equipped for Godkin's specialty, and I may have known men of greater intelligence and greater wisdom, but I doubt if I ever knew one whose knowledge, intelligence, and wisdom were better balanced, or added up a bigger total, and I have known not a few of whom others would have said the same thing.

I cannot recall at the moment that any great journalist ever left a great book, unless we include Addison and Steele and Franklin among the journalists, which they certainly were not in the sense that Greeley or Bowles or Godkin was. But I long thought that Godkin could write a great book. His knowledge of history, economics, jurisprudence, and statecraft was all up to the expert grade. He agreed, as early as '76, to write, for the American Science Series, a work on Government. We often talked about it, and he often told me: "Now I'm going to do it." He would have done it if he had never taken up the *Evening Post*. I think it must have been before he did that that he told me he had written probably a third of the book, but after he had been on the *Post* a good while he admitted: "I am overcome by the journalistic habit." And yet, even after that, I think, there were times when, for a week or two, we were writing and talking about it. I vividly remember once meeting him on the street and his opening the subject and proposing to come to my office "Tuesday" for a long talk about it. But he never came—at least for that purpose. My favorite saw with the writers of that series was : "For a non-technical book, you need ignorance as much as knowledge: come to me for the ignorance." Well, regarding his *magnum opus*, Godkin came to me for lots of it, but my recollections are mainly of talks on the street or in the cars. He was too busy to come to my office much, and at the club or at home we talked of other things. I never saw the manuscript of even the "third" of his book. I don't recall that I ever made a real effort to, though since his death I must have said something about it to his wife or his son.

He did leave a couple of volumes, compiled at somebody's instance, perhaps by somebody, from his editorials; and they illustrate, on the *lucus a non* principle, what a great journalist he was. I used to tell him jokingly that if he didn't hurry up his work on Government, I'd cut him out with one I was writing. While I was making that humble work, which might perhaps have amounted to something if he had not broken down before it could be submitted to his criticism, I turned with hopes of help to his books, but I got very little from them. They were "works of occasion." His great power had used his great knowledge for daily exigencies, and with great effect, but had not put it in a shape for permanent use.

I think I'll try to get a look at that manuscript of a third of his contemplated book on Government. It is too pathetic that so great a man should survive to mortal sight only in the recollections of a few friends who themselves cannot long survive—to mortal sight.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian

THE APPOINTEE OF LINCOLN TO A JUDGESHIP OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS AND AN EARLY EDITORIAL WRITER ON THE "NATION," JUDGE NOTT, NOW IN HIS EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR, TELLS OF HIS INTIMACY WITH GODKIN.

By CHARLES C. NOTT.

It would give me great pleasure to contribute reminiscences of my connection with the *Nation*, were it not that I have played editor for the *Nation* so much that I am afraid I may feel bound as such to reject my own contribution.

I had a club acquaintance with Mr. Godkin before the *Nation* was established, and had reviews in it almost from the beginning. In 1871, as the great conflict was approaching for the overthrow of Tweed, I wrote an editorial intended to accompany the meeting at Cooper Institute which began the campaign. Mr. Godkin accepted it for that purpose, and gave it its title, "The Bottom of the City Difficulty." A few weeks later Mr. Garrison wrote asking me to contribute an editorial every fortnight, and thereby alternate with Mr. Godkin in the leading editorials.

This went on for several years. Mr. Godkin and I were in close agreement, such close agreement that it was not necessary for us to confer by writing to each other. Occasionally an editorial was tentative, *i. e.*, it was written some time before its publication, where there was a doubt in my mind as to the course the paper would take. The only one I can recall at the moment is the one on the Second Presidency of Gen. Grant, published immediately after his reëlection. The *Nation* had been handling his first Administration without gloves for some time, but with his reëlection there came a belief and hope that he would be less under the control of his "wicked partners." The difficulty with me was to say all that the paper could say, and at the same time not say too much.

Once in a while Mr. Godkin or Mr. Garrison would telegraph a request that I furnish the editorial on some unexpected subject: and sometimes the subject was one which I did not feel equipped for. The editorial on the death of Mr. Sumner was such a one. I knew that my own admiration for Mr. Sumner was not as warm as Mr. Godkin's, and very far below Mr. Garrison's; and I knew that the *Nation* could not go off in bursts of laudation, as some papers would, but must present Mr. Sumner to its readers for what he was worth. Yet this editorial, which I did not wish to write and which I thought would disappoint both Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison, was, I think now, the most successful editorial I ever wrote.

But the close accord in which Mr. Godkin and I were editorially prevented the accumulation of material for biography. When Mrs. Godkin was collecting material for his Life, I was obliged to tell her I could find but two letters, and they were unimportant. The *Nation* in those days was at war: war against slavery; war against the reconstruction iniquities; war against the Freedmen's Bank robbery; war for civil-service reform; war against the District of Columbia ring; war against the Republican bosses; war against the Democratic party; war against the abuses in the departments. There were battles all the time, and the paper stood unsupported and almost alone, an authority among the intelligent few, and an influence among newspapers, but without a powerful circulation or a remunerative advertising patronage. I wonder now, more than I did then, at the unswerving resolution with which Mr. Godkin could break with anybody, even with men who had helped to establish the *Nation*, and hold unswervingly to his own course. But with all the warfare and doubts and difficulties, there was little correspondence. In all these years I can recall but three letters relating to my part of the work. In one he said briefly that an unexpected editorial upon a department abuse had been a bomb in the enemies' camp. In another he said that a review of a horse book (Col. Dodge's "Many Riders in Many Lands") had made him laugh so that he had to hold his sides. In a third letter he said that an article of mine, a letter on an economic subject, "A Good Farm for Nothing," was so pathetic "that it brought the tears into his eyes." The horse review had not been intended to be humorous, and the farm letter I regarded as strictly economic, and it puzzled me why they affected Mr. Godkin as they did, and so much so, that he took the trouble to write and tell me.

In 1884 I was driving from Washington to Williamstown. In a remote part of Pennsylvania, I ran into a wayside telegraph office to inquire whether the Republican Convention had nominated its candidates. On returning to the wagon I asked Mrs. Nott to guess who they were. She said that she could not; I told her to guess the two men whom she would regard as the worst possible candidates, from the *Nation's* point of view. She promptly replied, "Blaine and Logan"; and they were the men. A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, I drove up to Minnewaska Lake and found that the new hotel had been opened only two hours, and that there were only two guests in it. At the supper table we confronted those two guests across the table and found that they were Mr. Godkin and his bride.

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Mrs. Nott's guess of the Republican candidates was, of course, told to Mr. Godkin. We laughed, but it brought up what was a sore subject to him. The next day Mr. Godkin and I spent together in the surrounding woods. We were uninterrupted for hours in our communings, as we had never been before and were never to be again. After talking over the new discord of Blaine and Logan, Mr. Godkin reverted to the many discords which were behind us, to the constant warfares in which we had been compelled to fight. Each of us, he said, was by nature inclined to be constructive rather than destructive, to build up rather than shoot down. He spoke sadly; he had been hoping for better things, but it seemed to be his fate that he must always fight something, and that the *Nation* must always be on the negative side, and that now, after all these years of effort, the best we could hope for, and the thing we must fight for, was the success of the Democratic ticket, which was something we did not wish for.

After many hours spent together in the summer day, and a long tramp in the wild woods, we returned to the hotel "late for supper," *i. e.*, our wives had finished theirs. Mr. Godkin was in fine appetite, notwithstanding our political disaster. The young lady of the mountains, who waited on the table, happened to come to him first. He gave his well-considered order with clearness and emphasis. "Tell the cook," he said, "that I want a porterhouse steak; tell him I want a good sized one, rather thick if he has such a one, and not overdone; to be careful not to overdo it; and I want——" and he ran on with his wants. My eye had chanced to fall on the young lady when Mr. Godkin said "tell the cook"! She was rather small; rather a pretty girl, bred in the free air of the mountains, and "as good as anybody." I saw a happy, disdainful smile light her face as she stood there, with her head cocked a little on one side, and (as she would have said) "let him talk all he wanted to."

When Mr. Godkin had talked all he wanted to, and his order was as complete as good English could make it, the young lady spoke.

"No cooking in this hotel on Sunday after two o'clock, except tea and coffee," she said. "No, you can't have an egg cooked, nor bacon, nor nothing. No cooking in this hotel on Sunday after two o'clock, 'cept tea and coffee."

This was the only time in our long acquaintance when I ever saw Mr. Godkin quail. He gave up the fight, the only fight I ever knew him give up. But his defeat did not take away his appetite; he had a good manly appetite, which could make a good supper on cold roast beef and hot English breakfast tea; and he did. But the next morning he told Mrs. Nott that he thought that the most virtuous half hour of his life was the half hour at the supper table last evening.

The memory of that girl comes before me now as a picture. She was a little thing, pretty, and tricked out in her Sunday finery. Her day's work was over, and in a few minutes her beau would be there. She was a picture of feminine superiority as she looked down on Mr. Godkin and "let him talk"; and she brought out her, "No cooking done in this hotel on Sunday after two o'clock, 'cept tea and coffee," with oh! such a triumphant air! Oh, if she had only known who the man was that she was putting down, how the little minx would have disdained all men.

The Hazards of Reviewing

THE FOUNDER OF THE "AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY" RELATES THE INNER HISTORY OF REVIEWING FOR THE "NATION."

By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

Fifty years ago the *Nation* was born. It bore a prophetic title. The nation was not yet. What purported to be the nation stopped at the Potomac, for those of us who lived south of the river refused to recognize in our hearts the "wards of the nation" as fellow-citizens. We were conquered provinces governed in large measure by persons whom in our pseudo-classical Southern style we called "satraps." We were living among the horrors of the reconstruction period, of which no true American nowadays can think without a blush of shame or a flush of resentment. The editor of the *Nation* was an alien critic of American life and institutions, a man of rare powers, of singular charm to those who were admitted to his intimacy. The early contributors bore famous names, names that abide among the glories of American literature, but they represented then for the most part the advanced school, the advocates of the liberation of the slaves, triumphantly anti-Southern.

Among the Southern men there were those who had been trained in the best Northern schools, in the best European schools. They did not recognize any hopeless mental or moral inferiority to the men of the new order, and they set to work to create a Southern literature, to make textbooks for the rising generation. It was, as we look at it now, a pitiful business. We were a breed of politicians and fighters. Of professional literary men there was but a handful, and there was a sting in the story—a pure invention—that at a meeting in Charleston a resolution was passed that the South have a literature of its own, and that the Hon. William Gilmore Simms be requested to produce that literature. A Northern business man who had published an *Army and Navy Journal*, or something of the sort, during the war, when he found his occupation gone, tried to exploit the local patriotism of the South by getting up a series of Southern textbooks, with results that will not be forgotten by those who invested their money or their time in the venture. Magazine after magazine was started. For some of them I myself worked diligently. We indited scathing reviews of bad Northern textbooks. We should have been better employed in improving our own. But the new generation of Southern men recognized the true state of things. To win a hearing among our own people, it was necessary to seek a wider public. It was not until Southern men with a turn for literature invaded the North and began to contribute to Northern magazines that the South became a factor in the literary life of the country.

Whatever we Southerners might think of the politics of the *Nation*, the high literary standard it set up, the excellence of its reviews, could not be denied; and my first connection with the *Nation* began in an attempt to gain access to the columns set apart for Notes and Correspondence. It so happened that in the early seventies I received from the publishers an edition of a famous Greek author, at that time not overedited, an especial favorite of mine, an admirable test of one's appreciation of what may be called the lean beauty of Greek. The editor, a pioneer, transcended everything that I had ever known or imagined in the way of incompetence. Up to that time I had emitted my growls at our American performances in local journals, but this time my indignation rose to a white heat, and I prepared what I considered a blasting review for publication in some periodical of wider circulation. I bethought me of some English weekly, but finally I determined to send my performance to the *Nation* as a test of its impartial attitude towards the great universities of the North, into which, according to the publishers, this scandalous manufacture had been introduced as a textbook—"which supplied a long-felt want." But a counter-blast was not long lacking. The Grecians who had heedlessly accepted the book rejected it with scorn. The publishers took alarm, and asked me to return my copy, to be replaced by a revised edition; and when I declined to relinquish the precious document, entreated me at least to surrender the title-page, which I weakly did, and so robbed myself of a priceless unicum. Meanwhile I received a letter from Mr. Garrison—a charming letter—in which he informed me that the book had been withdrawn, and expressed the hope that my ire had been sated, so that the publication of the review would not be necessary.

This was the beginning of my correspondence with Wendell Phillips Garrison. The combination of two such names as Wendell Phillips and Garrison was not calculated to make music in the ears of an old-fashioned Southerner, but of all the many things that I have missed in my long life I shall never cease to regret that I was not privileged to know personally the literary editor of the *Nation* of my time. That time was not very prolonged, nor were my contributions to the *Nation* very frequent. The establishment of the *American Journal of Philology* in 1880 made heavy demands upon such time as I could spare from my exacting duties as a teacher. Sometimes I could manage to di-

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vide the matter of a review between the *Nation* and the *Journal*, as in my reviews of Robinson Ellis's "Ibis" and Riemann and Goelzer's "Syntaxe Comparée," the technical part falling to the *Journal*, the wider aspect being represented in the *Nation;* but it is many years since my name figured in the list of contributors, and I was surprised at the reminder of the present editor that I belonged to a significant past, the formative period of the *Nation*. I cannot take credit to myself for any notable contribution to the good work—the great work, as it may be called. In earlier days I used to keep an account of my little articles as they appeared in newspapers and magazines, but I have no record of what I have written for the *Nation;* and I must trust to a faulty memory for details. In one of his essays, Philip Gilbert Hamerton dwells on the artistic value of forgetting. As an etcher he knew the meaning of shade and shadow, and so I am going to jot down the history of some of the articles that I can recall, and proceed to verify if I can, for verification is part of my profession.

In the main I kept to my special line of study, and can barely recall one or two little things outside the classical domain. The first important commission I received from the *Nation* came, I believe, from Mr. Godkin himself. In 1880 I went abroad for the summer, and sent to the *Nation* an account of my visit to Mill Hill, the seat of the scriptorium presided over by Dr. Murray—now Sir James Murray, as our English friends never fail to add. It was the first account published, and as a trip to Mill Hill was in the nature of a pilgrimage, I was heartily welcomed by the illustrious editor, who accompanied me on my way to Hampstead, where I was to dine with another celebrity, Sweet. As we walked across fields, Dr. Murray (now Sir James) confided to me that the only people that took an interest in the English language were Scotchmen and Americans. Twenty-five years afterwards the Scotchman and the American were to meet at Oxford as old friends. While I was at Oxford, in 1880, I witnessed the performance of the "Agamemnon" at Balliol College, of which I volunteered a report to the *Nation*, and this led to the commission just mentioned, to give an account of the Harvard "Œdipus" (1881), an account which was afterwards reproduced in the volume dedicated to that performance. The preliminary article—there were two—was prepared at leisure. The report proper was written at finger-speed on the Fall River steamer, to catch the day of publication. I have had some little experience as a writer for the newspaper press—scarcely any as a reporter. To write under pressure is exciting for a novice. The result is not necessarily slipshod. The best words often come to the front, if one has any best words, and generally it is a wholesome exercise for a scholarly man to face in imagination an audience that will not tolerate what has been called the worst of styles—the allusive style. One may flatter one's self that it is perfectly legitimate to use a phrase that makes absolutely clear sense in itself, while it conveys to those who know the Free Mason sign an esoteric meaning. But no average reader is fooled by that process, and the resentment abides, as I have learned from an experience of many years. The world insists more and more on being born anew every day, according to Goethe's dictum; and no range of literature is supposed to be familiar to anybody. Academies are set to preserve such traditions, but academicians themselves, if they wish to reach a wider public, must forget their academic business. I have often meditated on the future of traditional culture, but as anything I might write on the subject would be interpreted as a plea for the classics, I am content to die in my nest.

Whatever may be the fate of the classics, Greek plays have of late years developed a remarkable vitality, of which the Berlin "Antigone," the Balliol "Agamemnon," and the Harvard "Œdipus" were the harbingers. Sophocles interpreted by Mounet-Sully, Euripides as rendered by Gilbert Murray, hold the stage, and that masterpiece of art and indecency, as it has been called by a French scholar, the "Lysistrata," has proved to be a success in France, Germany, and England. The eternal human in Greek cannot die. Far less ambitious than the Harvard "Œdipus" was the Philadelphia performance of the "Acharnians" of Aristophanes (1886), in anticipation of which I prepared a rather hasty outline of the play for the *Nation*.

A diligent search through the tablets of my memory might reveal other contributions of similar compass, but it seems rather egotistical to call especial attention to things that were expected to perish with the using. If in any degree I have done my part as a specialist to prepare the way for other and more elaborate performances, I have had my reward. Nothing that I have written for the *Nation* deserves reproduction, and I am more than willing to pronounce on all my contributions the doom with which a critic in the *Nation* recently dismissed a little volume of lectures entitled "Hellas and Hesperia," as utterly unworthy of preservation in book form: "These lectures seem, on the whole, hardly to present the 'fresh aspect' of the subject which the terms of the foundation lead the reader to look for; nor do they possess as a series the unity that under these terms would entitle them to publication in book form." In the eyes of that Rhadamanthus no plea for mercy availed. No such combination as confession and avoidance existed in his vocabulary. The tone of the notice is in striking contrast with the *Nation's* many kindly appreciations of my later work, and I cite it to show that there is no favoritism in the court of America's chief critical review. Every old slave of the press knows how what may be called the commercial review is got up. If unacquainted with the subject, the reviewer skims the introduction, and reproduces it in other words, with occasional irrelevances and pregnant hints of defective treatment. One of my books on which I had bestowed much toil was dismissed with a few slighting words, the bulk of the notice consisting of the list of errata with which I had furnished the readers.

As I have already intimated, my political sympathies with the *Nation* were not close in the beginning. Of later years there has been a certain accord at points, but only at points. Once in my long career I overleaped the bounds of my classical paddock, and at the express request of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Horace Scudder, I wrote an article begun as mere literature and finished under the pressure of strong emotion. It was entitled "The Creed of the Old South," and was widely noticed. This is what the *Nation* had to say of it: "A poetical view of the Southern cause in the Civil War." I made no protest against the criticism. I make none now. Perhaps, after all these years, poetry may appear more philosophical than history.

Some little byplays, some little humors of journalism, come up to my mind as I review my connection with the *Nation*. The *Nation* has an army of watchful readers. The editor must do his best in selecting his contributors, and he cannot tell when some specialist will pick a hole in the critic's coat. It is not good policy to call attention to slight mistakes, and in my capacity as editor I discourage "anti-criticism" and the publication of lists of errata.

I have just recorded an instance of the sad use that may be made of them by a malevolent critic. To be sure, in my own journal, I call attention to my own slips with somewhat persistent regularity, but it is only because I can make copy of them. Mr. Garrison once sent me a caustic note by a noted scholar, in which he demonstrated my incapacity for writing a review which fell more properly within his domain than mine. My great blunder, it seemed, was the omission of the *h* in "svarabhakti." But I kept to myself my amusement at the severity with which another reviewer denounced the typographical error of an ι subscript in θνῄσκω, the ι subscript in θνῄσκω being at that time the last agony of Greek exactness. Another curious mistake I did not withhold from Mr. Garrison, but no public recantation was made. Every one who has been in the Duomo at Florence will remember the effigy of the famous English condottiere, Sir John Hawkwood, whose name appears now as Aguto in Italian, now as Acutus in Latin—as close an approximation to the English form as was convenient for the Florentine tongue. The writer for the *Nation*, a native Italian, by the way, had some misty notion as to the change of the name, and in a review of some book on Machiavelli incidentally referred to the famous free lance, John Sharp. A private correspondence ensued, with polite regrets on both sides.

One editorial trouble is the failure to remember the name of the reviewer to whom the review of the first part of a book is entrusted. So it fell to my lot to notice the first half of that classic translation of the Odyssey by Professor Palmer (1884). The second part was assigned to another hand,

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and the tone of the two reviews differed greatly.

One more reminiscence out of that now somewhat distant time and I have done. One of my articles for the *Nation* dealt with a translation of one of the airiest of Greek authors, admirably done with a feminine deftness few men can equal. The translation bore a woman's name, but I protested against the uncertainty in which the reviewer was left because of the failure to indicate whether the translatrix was maid or wife. Certain risky passages of the original were rendered with an uncanny dexterity that left a Grecian in doubt whether the happy result was due to intimate knowledge or rare good luck; and in the absence of personal information I could only guess at the solution of the perilous egg-dance. Some years afterwards I met the translatrix, who at once taxed me with the authorship of the review. Finally she said: "I am grateful to you for attacking my morals, of which I am positively certain, and sparing my Greek, of which I am not so confident." This is one of the many by-products of my work for the *Nation*. I only wish that these reminiscences were worthier of the honor the editor has done me in associating my name with the earlier stages of the high career of the *Nation* as an organ of independent criticism—literary as well as political.

An English Scholar's Appreciation of Godkin

By A. V. DICEY.

Forty-five years have passed since I wrote my first article for the *Nation*. One of the happiest results to myself of my connection with that paper was the creation of a friendship with E. L. Godkin which remained undisturbed to the day of his death. I will not, however, write of my personal reminiscences. My wish is to dwell wholly on my estimate of Godkin's work and on the causes which made him one of the most successful and influential of newspaper editors. Such an appreciation of the career of a very remarkable man may have some interest for the readers of the *Nation*, just because it proceeds from an Englishman, who must from the very nature of things have stood outside American politics. My deep respect and affection for Godkin provides some security that I shall speak of the first editor of the *Nation* in that spirit of perfect sincerity which was one of Godkin's many high qualities and was a virtue which he expected to find in every contributor to the pages of his newspaper.

No critic of Godkin's work can fail to be struck with its extraordinary success and with the many circumstances which, in 1865, seemed to make it all but certain that his attempt to create at New York a newspaper which should be perfectly independent of any political party, and which should within the course of a few years make its editor a leader of public opinion throughout the United States, would end in complete and rapid failure. Yet the undeniable results of his effort may be thus summed up: Godkin, aided, as he would have been the first to tell you, by allies of high intellectual power and of great energy, created a weekly newspaper which certainly stood on a level with and, as some Englishmen would say, rose above the best weekly journal to be found, during the Victorian era, in London, or indeed in any part of the British Empire. Year by year, the influence of the *Nation* extended far and wide. One has often heard it said that, wherever throughout the United States there existed a college, however small, there you were certain to find at least one copy of the *Nation*, and wherever the *Nation* was read, there Godkin was sure to exert influence. He aroused either firm faith or strenuous opposition. He never failed to arouse discussion. His words were certain to tell upon opinion. The editor of the *Nation* had, before sixteen years had passed, become a power in the land.

The obstacles which seemed to make the attainment by Godkin of moral authority among the men who were fifty years ago the youth of America an impossibility were many and formidable. He had indeed lived and worked for some years in the United States. He had obtained the warm friendship of some among the wisest of American citizens. He was in 1865 already known to a limited circle of acquaintance as an effective writer in English newspapers. But to ordinary American citizens he was a stranger. He had but recently been an alien. He was not the representative of any one American party. The *Nation* itself could not from the nature of things possess any of that prestige which in England at any rate has, at different periods, belonged to an established newspaper, and notably to the London *Times*, between, say, 1853 and 1865. Then, again, Godkin pretty rapidly acquired a sort of personal authority differing in kind from the influence which has occasionally been gained by a powerful English newspaper. The impressive "we" of the English periodical press has a real meaning. It is the outward and visible sign of a mystery almost as curious as some of the important fictions, or semi-fictions, of the British Constitution. It signifies that the power of a successful English newspaper belongs to the paper, and one supposes ultimately to its owners, rather than to its editor. As time passes and memoirs or letters reveal the secrets of the past, we come gradually to know that the editors of the *Times* have at certain crises influenced to no small degree the course of English politics. But this fact has been combined and even connected with the ignorance of the readers of newspapers of the name and the character of the man by whom a paper is edited. Any one who carries his memory back to 1865 will recollect that not one in a thousand of its readers at that date knew or cared to know who was the editor of the renowned periodical. Editors came and went, but these changes were not known to the public. The public were guided, or thought they were guided, by the impressive "we" who reuttered to the public the current public thought of the day.

The editor of the New York *Nation* at the same date was known and felt to be Godkin. His followers knew who was their leader; his opponents had not the least doubt who was the foe by whom their follies, errors, or crimes were denounced. Then, again, Godkin was by nature a fighter. He thoroughly liked a fight. He fought for good causes, but when he fought he struck hard and gave very telling blows. It is impossible that such a man should not arouse vigorous opposition, but the difficulties of the contests in which Godkin was engaged were increased by the fact that he was often opposed to popular sentiment, which he was apt, often quite rightly, to identify with popular folly; and then, too, the wholeheartedness with which he fought in favor of any principle which commanded his intellectual and moral assent occasionally led him to confound adherents who, either from wrongheadedness or under the unconscious bias of self-interest, failed in strict adherence to a true principle, with fools or knaves who opposed a cause which they knew in their hearts to be good. It is in reality the plain truth, though it is a truth which Godkin's success itself conceals from critics who have never studied with care the conditions under which Godkin in 1865 founded the *Nation*, that his success as an editor appeared to his friends and to himself to be doubtful, and was achieved in the face of great and, it seemed, all but insuperable obstacles.

What, then, were the causes of his success? One cause was the possession by Godkin of certain definite talents. He was endowed by nature with all the gifts of a pamphleteer, and these he had improved by the whole course of his education and life. He possessed a clear and vigorous style, and his power of expression was the natural result of his mode of thought. He reasoned logically and delighted in coming to sound and practical conclusions. Vague ideas and vague ideals were intellectually and morally repulsive to him. He had early perceived that vagueness of thought led to unwise conduct, and vagueness of expression might often cover courses of action which were morally ambiguous. He used fair and vigorous argument for the confutation of fallacies relied upon by political adventurers, and for the exposure of the follies into which selfish leaders may conduct an ignorant or an enthusiastic people. And he constantly attained his end. His power, further, of reasoning was set off by great command of language. He had, indeed, made himself a true man of letters, who, by the way, ought never to be confounded with that very inferior person, a literary man. He was no ardent admirer of journalism. He has warned the Ameri-

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can public that newspaper reading is apt to be the death of the taste for reading books.

A little study of Godkin's writings is quite enough to prove that his knowledge of the matters on which he wrote, in so far as it did not arise from his observation of life, was due to the careful perusal of books, and of good books. Then he had a talent absolutely essential to the success of a pamphleteer. It is the gift of "appositeness," or, in other words, a writer's habit of interesting himself in the matters which are passing before every one's eyes, and which at a given moment occupy the thoughts of his neighbors. It will be found that men of considerable intellectual power are sometimes disqualified from gaining influence as pamphleteers or journalists, because such men have a tendency to turn their minds at a given moment towards subjects which, whether important or not, have no interest for the ordinary public or the so-called general reader. An illustration best shows the nature of this error. Vain, indeed, would be the labors of a man who in this year 1915 addressed the English public about woman suffrage or proportional representation. Englishmen who care about the conduct of public affairs are thinking about the war, and nothing but the war, and probably they are right in turning away their minds from every subject not connected with the conduct of the war. But whether they are wrong or right, no born journalist will ever waste his skill in trying to force upon the English world topics to which that world will pay no attention. It was one proof of Godkin's genial nature and common-sense that he always brought his powers of thought and his capacity for lucid exposition to the examination of questions which at a given moment both concerned and interested the citizens of the United States.

But let no one suppose that the gifts of a pamphleteer are enough to insure his success as a leader of opinion. Cobbett was at one moment the leading journalist or pamphleteer of his day. He possessed shrewd sense, homespun eloquence, and independence of judgment. He is still credited by admirers with a genuine interest in the welfare of the poor. But as a leader of public opinion his career was a failure. He lacked the virtues which in England, as in America, transformed an active agitator into a trusted leader of men.

The second cause of Godkin's success was of a quality which, where it exists, every man perceives, but very few of us can define. It is best described by the term "character." Instead of attempting definition, I propose to enumerate some few of the traits by which Godkin convinced all men of sound judgment that the editor of the *Nation* was a man of character. From the very opening of his career as a journalist, and years before the *Nation* was founded, he had shown the capacity for acquiring the trust of every man who really knew him. Very soon after his arrival in the United States he gained the esteem of a body of friends mostly connected with the University of Harvard, who formed the glory of Boston. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the *Nation* was originally created in order that the men who trusted Godkin might find for him a field in which his genius could be best employed for the advantage of the whole American commonwealth. It soon then became apparent that Godkin, besides his trustworthiness, was endowed with a gift which does not necessarily fall even to an able and a perfectly honest pamphleteer. Though he gained his influence by his pen, he was by nature a man of action as much as a man of letters. It may well be that an eminent writer and a man inspired with high public spirit is by nature nothing but a critic. Such a man may well play an important part in the formation of public opinion. He may warn the country against the acceptance of popular fallacies. He may denounce politicians who are undeserving of trust, but he will hardly be numbered among the leaders of a people or a party. Criticism, after all, for the most part, deals with negations. It warns men against errors; it does not tell them how to act on some critical occasion. Now, Godkin was no mere critic. His thought lay very near to action. He was a good adviser; he had the capacity for pointing out in a time of difficulty the right course of action. If he was once convinced, say, that a judge of New York was guilty of judicial misconduct, Godkin could never stop at exposing the offender's errors. Godkin was not satisfied till he had driven the corrupt judge from the office he disgraced. If a statesman was accused of conduct which morally unfitted him for high office, Godkin was certain to press the accusation home, and, until it was disposed of, was ready to move heaven and earth in order to prevent a political leader of fame and of influence from obtaining a position of which Godkin deemed him unworthy.

This capacity of making action the immediate result of thought is so closely connected with the highest statesmanship that admirers of Godkin may occasionally regret that he had not the opportunity of playing a direct part in the public life of the country whereof he ultimately became a citizen. It also suggests a last feature in Godkin's character and in his views of public life on which it is worth while to dwell with emphasis, just because it will hardly be noted, except by the body of men, now rapidly dying off, who have been, speaking broadly, Godkin's contemporaries. When he came to the United States, Godkin was a mid-Victorian who thoroughly shared and sympathized with the liberalism or radicalism which from, say, 1845 to 1880 colored the whole public life of the United Kingdom. And Godkin, be it remarked, accepted the political creed of the mid-Victorian era in its wisest and in its noblest form. He accepted the maxim then adopted by almost every Liberal that the object of rational government should be the attainment of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." He was no pacifist. He sympathized, like most Liberals of the day, with the Crimean War, which was popularly held to be an attack on European despotism and certainly did facilitate the liberation and the unification of Italy. But he maintained throughout life that, though war might be sometimes a necessity, peace was the necessary condition of progressive improvement, and he has been heard to argue, not without force, that Roman success in war was at bottom grounded on the discipline imposed by severe training in the virtues of civil life.

Retrenchment, or the cutting down of unnecessary expenditure by the state, was to the best of my belief always with Godkin desirable, because the lightening of taxes both relieved the pressure of taxation upon the poorer classes and in effect increased the area of individual freedom. Reform, lastly, was with mid-Victorian Liberals, and certainly with Godkin, a matter of wider significance than any mere improvement in the constitution of Parliament. It meant the gradual, the considered, and therefore the effective, removal of every demonstrated evil which could be curable either by legislation or by the improvement of social habits or sentiments. It also was the rejection no less of the dull conservatism which aimed merely at keeping all things, or at any rate all things not absolutely evil, exactly as they were, than of the revolutionary schemes which, even if unconnected with lawless violence, assumed that even the best institutions existing in the civilized world ought to undergo a fundamental change. No one can doubt that Godkin, whose knowledge of life was wider and far more varied than that of many statesmen, and whose Irish birth and education had in many directions extended his sympathies, gave a very wide sense to reform. Still it is perfectly plain that, like a true mid-Victorian Liberal, he was neither an obstructive Conservative nor in any sense a revolutionist. He was in short a mid-Victorian reformer.

I shall be told, as all surviving mid-Victorians daily are told, that our political creed was a narrow one. Personally I am not prepared to plead guilty to this charge. I venture absolutely to deny its truth as regards Godkin. In him at least were strongly developed two virtues which will ultimately be admitted to be characteristics of the Victorian age. The one was the stern belief that reform, and constant reform, was the law of progress, and that reform must be based upon the dictates of enlightened common-sense. The other was an intense hatred of injustice, and especially of injustice which, being committed by mobs, is the odious parody of judicial punishment. Godkin at any rate might at all times use the words to be found somewhere in the works of the wittiest as well as the most sensible of English pamphleteers: "I am an enthusiast for common-sense; I am a fanatic for common justice."

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The "Nation" and Its Ownership

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

At the outset let it be said that into no journalistic enterprise did ever commercial considerations enter less than into the launching of the *Nation*. It was not, and never has been, in the *Nation's* half-century of existence, a question of profits, but of presenting certain definite literary, political, and social ideals and of urging them with all the power of righteous, patriotic purpose as expressed by such able pens as Mr. Godkin's and those of a long list of brilliant contributors, on both sides of the Atlantic. It is true that when J. Miller McKim, the Philadelphia Abolitionist, father of a son, Charles F. McKim, whose genius will never be forgotten in the history of art and architecture in America, gave the final impetus which made it possible for the new venture to take its initial plunge into the literary ocean, his prospective son-in-law, Wendell Phillips Garrison, was ready for a position as executive officer of the new craft. But what Mr. McKim and his associates wanted was primarily an organ to fight on for the principles which underlay the long and successful struggle for freedom in America.

The *Liberator*, a militant organ for a specific purpose, had ceased publication on December 29, 1865; the *Nation*, with a younger Garrison, fresh from Harvard and his service on the *Observer* and *Independent*, was to busy itself, second only to "the maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government," with the "earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South . . . with a view to the removal of all artificial distinction between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race for life." The Federal Government was content to free and enfranchise the blacks, to scratch the surface of their material and educational needs by the Freedmen's Aid Bureau and schools—and then to turn them adrift and let them sink or swim, survive or perish, as best they might. Whatever else may be said of the *Nation*, no one can deny that it has never lost its interest in this still vital problem, or failed to devote much space to the championship of the least understood and the worst treated of our fellow-citizens.

As Mr. Rollo Ogden has pointed out in his life of Mr. Godkin, it was not an easy task to carry on the *Nation* under the ownership of the group of forty men who supplied the first $100,000 of capital. With the chief stockholder, Major George L. Stearns, Mr. Godkin soon had serious but needless trouble, involving groundless charges of bad faith or worse. At the end of the first year the bulk of the capital had disappeared, despite a considerable revenue from advertising and subscriptions, and a reorganization followed, with "virtual liquidation." To the original Nation Association there succeeded E. L. Godkin & Co., which comprised some of the original stockholders, others being bought out. Thereafter the new craft remained afloat, but always in rough waters from the business point of view. While it started off with 5,000 readers and grew with considerable rapidity thereafter, it made a fortune for no one, at best assuring a comfortable living to its small staff of editors and employees.

This was partly due to the difficulties inherent in the problem of maintaining a weekly entirely without popular appeal and conducted upon the very highest standards of literary taste and sound scholarship, and partly to the fact that neither Mr. Godkin nor Mr. Garrison was deeply interested in the business side. Indeed, when the *Nation* was amalgamated with the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Godkin's interest in the financial success of the enterprise faded away almost entirely. His like as a brilliant and sound and farseeing leader writer we are not likely to behold again; but his very qualities and the bent of his mind precluded his being both a great editor and a great publisher. The combination, if not an impossible one, is of the rarest. The same was also true of Mr. Garrison, whose absorption in the weekly grind of editing left no room for concern as to the business management of the *Nation*, which never attracted to itself a business manager commensurate with the ability of its original editors. When E. L. Godkin & Co. sold out in 1881, the *Nation* had receded from the high-water mark of its chief success—a subscription list and weekly sales aggregating 12,000—and was again in difficulties. Since then, under the shelter of the *Evening Post*, it has gone its way calmly and equably, attracting of late years a steadily widening readership, until it is in most respects stronger to-day than ever before.

To both Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison financial profits could naturally make no appeal. Their lives were devoted to things spiritual and intellectual; their rich rewards came in the appreciation and gratitude of men of light and leading, which was theirs in the beginning and in the end, and in the consciousness that they had profoundly influenced the thought and conscience of their time. That was the success they aimed at—to make the *Nation* the monitor and the mouthpiece of intellectual America, and in this they succeeded. The high praise early won by them from such men as Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow, George P. Marsh, Charles W. Eliot, and a host of others in America and England, particularly in the academic world, compensated them richly for much abuse and misunderstanding, of which perhaps the most trying was the oft-repeated charge that because they criticised America in order to help her, they were thereby disloyal Americans. Never were there more single-minded and devoted patriots than these, nor men who more ardently clung to and cherished and upheld every fundamental democratic doctrine which underlies our institutions and our organic law.

With the *Nation* again nearing a lee shore, there came to its rescue in 1881 Henry Villard, another loyal American. A native of Germany, the fervor for republican institutions which animated him was partly inborn and partly due to the German idealism of 1848—so different from that controlling the Germany of to-day. Himself a reporter and war correspondent of twenty years' experience, he had long cherished the idea of establishing a great daily which should be perfectly free to speak the truth and be independent politically, as were then but one or two journals of the day—so slavishly worn were the bonds of party. An extraordinarily rapid success in the business world made possible the carrying out of this plan by the purchase of the *Evening Post* and of the *Nation*, and the combining of both, with the *Nation* somewhat in the position of the weekly edition of the *Evening Post*—a condition not now obtaining, since the *Nation* is again developing along its own lines. This afforded Mr. Villard the additional satisfaction of providing editorial positions for Mr. Godkin and for his warm personal friends, Carl Schurz and Horace White, as well as assuring to his brother-in-law, Mr. Garrison, the control of the *Nation*. With Mr. Godkin's advancement within a year to the position of editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Schurz retiring, Mr. Garrison became the editor and the soul of the *Nation*. From 1881 until his retirement the *Nation* was precisely what Mr. Garrison thought it should be, both on the editorial and the business side, and no man ever gave his life more happily, more earnestly, or more completely, to the object of his daily labors.

It is true that both newspapers suffered on the business side from the self-abnegation of Mr. Villard, who placed the control of both publications entirely in the hands of the editors. When his advice was sought he gave it freely, but had the properties had the benefit of his close personal supervision and of that unusual news instinct which made him so distinguished a war correspondent, and also the aid of his sagacious business judgment, both must have profited greatly. Mr. Garrison, it goes without saying, was as free in his editorial chair as if he owned every dollar of stock of the *Nation*. His was an enviable position in that he had all the privileges of ownership and none of the responsibility. Few editors have been as completely free from the harassments of the business office or as able to speak their minds about anything and anybody, precisely as they saw fit without the slightest regard for any consequences. If this was a rare privilege it is on record in the words of the many friends and contributors who gave him so handsome a testimonial on his retirement in July, 1906, that he knew how to live up to it, to preserve it from abuse, and to honor it.

As to the future, it can only be said that as long as the present ownership continues, the *Nation* on its business side will be conducted in strictest conformity to the standards and ideals of Wendell Phillips Garrison and Henry Villard.

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The "Nation's" Critics

A RESTATEMENT BY AN EARLY MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF THE AIMS WITH WHICH THE "NATION" WAS FOUNDED AND OF THE CRITICISMS WHICH THEY EVOKED.

By ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK.

My first connection with the *Nation* as a contributor was when I was living in Cambridge and practicing law in Boston, and editing with Oliver Wendell Holmes (now Justice Holmes) the *American Law Review*. For a year, I think, I wrote continuously for the paper, sending an article every week from Cambridge, in 1868 or 1869. I made the acquaintance of its editor—a source of lifelong friendship and instruction—through my brother-in-law, Charles Eliot Norton, who, as editor of the *North American Review*, had encouraged me to try my hand at writing, and who was one of the most interested promoters of and contributors to the *Nation* from the beginning. Afterwards, from 1872 on, in New York, I had a much closer connection with the *Nation*, being in the office for several years with W. P. Garrison and J. R. Dennett. It was during this period that Mr. Godkin, after the death of his wife, went to live in Cambridge, remaining there for some two years. From 1881, for some three years, I was connected, as assistant editor of the *Evening Post*, with both papers at the same time. During one summer at a later period I went back, at Mr. Godkin's request, for a number of months to the office of the *Evening Post* to assist editorially while he was away. From 1865 to 1895 there were years when I wrote nothing, and periods when I may say that I wrote rather voluminously, not merely political and legal editorials, but social articles, paragraphs for the Week, literary notes, and book reviews.

It was understood from the first, of course, that the *Nation* was to be essentially different from any of those publications of which America had been and continues to be prolific, in which devotion either to an established party or to a cause, be it abolition, temperance, peace, female suffrage, or the importance of not eating meat, or of drinking water only between meals, is the breath of its life. Its tone was not to be that of the clarion which inspired the generation awakened to battle by "Sartor Resartus." Its object was to be the cultivation of reasonableness. The onset sounded by it was that of the critical, the scientific, the enlightened, the sound, the cosmopolitan, the rational. The promises of the prospectus, indeed, were very moderate and restrained. It chiefly promised "greater accuracy and moderation" than were then to be found in the daily press; "the maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles"; "sound and impartial criticism"; and that it would not be the "organ of any party, sect, or body."

The force and significance of this quiet programme lay in the fact that nothing but very courageous and independent editing could carry it out, as it involved independence not only of party, but of any sinister influence or interest of any kind. Such a paper honestly conducted, having disinterested criticism in view as its aim, would have neither patronage nor puffery to profit by, so that its prospectus was an avowal of the belief that it could make its way without these aids to success. Could any newspaper so succeed? The prevailing belief in the newpspaper world of America at the time was that it could not; that it was an idle dream.

Mr. Ogden, in his "Life and Letters," has, I think, given a remarkably correct account of the launching of the *Nation*, and the impression produced by it, and the sequel. At any rate, it tallies closely with my observations, both as an outsider before I began to write for it, and afterwards. On the whole, the impression produced by the first number was good, though, as Mr. Godkin is quoted as saying somewhere, the town remained strangely quiet when the event took place.

Then suddenly the *Nation* was discovered to be English—English like the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. The editor was also discovered to be English, and, if I remember right, grave fault was found with him for making, on one occasion in the early history of the paper, the Queen's speech a leading topic in the Week. I think if any one will take the trouble to compare dispassionately the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and the *Nation*, he will be surprised to find how utterly different the first two were from the last. Indeed, in England no one found any substantial likeness even between the first two, still less all three. Those who took the *Saturday Review*, who really enjoyed it, often detested the tone of the *Spectator*, or were amused by it. Those who succeeded in rising to the heights of the *Spectator's* editor must necessarily feel themselves to be soaring above the *Saturday Review*. But the gulf which separated both from the *Nation* was the substantial gulf which separated, in those days how widely, England from America. Godkin, with his essentially English education, had adopted America as the country of his second birth, just as he had adopted democracy as his political faith. He was at the same time at home in both orders of thought, and penetrated with extraordinary clearness the errors and fallacies underlying and producing international prejudice and misunderstanding. Once clearly perceived, he laid them bare. This was one of the things that made him so accomplished a newspaper man in that day, when the ends of the earth were beginning to be rapidly brought together. The errors which Englishmen in those days inevitably fell into in looking at America, and *vice versâ* those which Americans fell into in looking at things English, he seemed able to perceive and discard intuitively.

Nowadays, greatly through him, this matter is comparatively an open book for critics. Newspaper articles, novels, speeches, and even sermons bring it within reach. We know what singular mistakes Americans make about the English way of looking at Church and State in Ireland and elsewhere, and why, just as we have recently seen how the Germans, with all their thoroughness and penetration, are fond of thinking of the English as too much occupied with the threatened "Irish revolt" and the "Indian mutiny" to go to war effectively abroad. In private life the unravelling and dissection of international prejudice and conflicting national characteristics has been an amusing study for novelists, but in this whole field the editor of the *Nation* was an early master. This species of insight was no doubt then European rather than American. We had lived remote from the rest of the world for so long that we had but a faint idea of how the peculiarities of our civilization struck others. The pith and point with which the *Nation* analyzed these was only matched by the wisdom and irony with which it exposed to view both sides of the shield. A good instance was Mr. Godkin's success in dealing with the difficult question of the Alabama claims, when, first all Americans, and then a good many Englishmen, seemed to be on the point of taking leave of their senses. It was not merely the capacity for holding a just balance; it was the faculty for seeing and exposing the absurdity of the fallacies underlying the extreme view on either side—the faculty for seeing through "Idols of the Tribe," of which only highly trained minds are capable.

In turning over the pages of the first numbers, one is struck with the solidity of the literary criticism, and, at the same time, with the remoteness of the world in which it was produced. In the first number an article on Matthew Arnold's Essays at once fixes the attention. It is what would now be called arresting, but it is as good as anything ever written about him. Carlyle, Henry Kingsley, White's Shakespeare, all are discussed with a fulness of knowledge and grasp that remind us very little of the hack criticism of either that day or this. There is in the literary part of the paper more variety than in the political, though the difference is less perhaps than one would expect in view of the fact that the political part was so much the work of one man. However it may be nowadays, at that period the United States was far better supplied with contributors capable of writing critically on letters or art than on politics. Why was this? It certainly was not so in England. The *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Spectator* all found it possible to get any amount of good political writing, neither partisan nor personal. Partly perhaps it was because the political writing which at that day had been cultivated here was neither non-partisan nor independent. The early list of contributors to which the publisher of that period, Mr. Richards, drew attention, bears witness to the paucity of writers accustomed to deal with the political

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topics of the day in a critical manner. It contained many names deservedly famous, beginning with Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier, but there is hardly a political "leader writer" among them. There are probably a good many reasons—not a single one—why the breed of political journalists, at once critical and anonymous, has never flourished greatly in America as it has in England, but whatever the explanation, the fact remained that so few hands could be relied on for this sort of work. In the same way, it was difficult to get what was one of the staples of English weeklies of that day, social articles. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that in both these fields we recognize the hand of Godkin, who, it should likewise be remembered, was not only distinguished as an editor, but was conspicuously an extraordinarily productive writer. I remember at one time trying the experiment of seeing how nearly in quantity I could approach him, with results disastrous to my self-love. I forget exactly how many pages of the *Nation* he could do, week in, week out, but the only literary "output" with which I recall having been able to compare his was the prodigious feats of Walter Scott recorded in his diary. Scott's writing, being narrative, was in kind more easy to produce. Critical editorial writing of the first order is not usually produced *currente calamo*.

In this respect, second to Godkin himself, I should mention J. R. Dennett, born a poet, and made over into a journalist of very great powers. Everybody who was near him in time at Harvard knew him at least by the reputation his class ode made in 1862—Lowell speaks of it somewhere as having made a marked impression. He had very wide knowledge, both in literature and all "humane" reading, an incisive, and at the same time delicate, humor, and great fertility. His "South As It Is" remains his most enduring monument, likely, I fancy, to be referred to, as time goes on, as the most valuable contemporaneous picture of the South after the end of the Civil War. This was his smallest contribution to the *Nation*. He really *wrote* the *Nation* in enormous quantities, paragraphs for the Week, political editorials (he had an extraordinary amount of knowledge of the details of contemporary politics, and also that exact memory for them which is so rare and valuable), social articles, and book reviews of remarkable originality. I am told that his work in great part cannot be identified—the often inevitable fate of anonymous writing. His conversation was as good as his writing, and I should call it as companionable talk as any I have ever known. It was he, I think, who got to the bottom of the eternal question of woman's equality; at any rate, to the entire satisfaction of those who had had it called to their attention for the first time, by declaring that, in the nature of things, it was impossible that a woman should have the feelings of a gentleman.

The *Nation* was not only found fault with for being English in tone; it was accused of being the organ of those in the pay of British gold—an accusation which, I am told, has again been brought against it in certain quarters during the past year. At the same time, its unwillingness to join what was at that time the Free Trade Crusade was imputed to it for a sin by the crusaders. Referring to the promise of impartiality made by the paper, and the results in the way of objurgation, we find a neat reply in an early number (Vol. II, p. 481, April 19, 1866):

> The difficulties of starting such an enterprise as that in which we are engaged, and which in some ways breaks through the most sacred traditions of the newspaper world, are greater than most people imagine, and if we had not during the nine months of its existence received a good deal of hearty abuse, we should have been greatly surprised.

In writing of 1865, we must always bear in mind the remoteness of that period—the great Victorian period. We had not yet learned to call it so here. Many knew and deplored it in America as the age of Barnum and Humbug. One of the early numbers of the *Nation* bears witness to this in an article on Museums. It begins: "Barnum's Museum is gone at last" (it had been destroyed by fire), and is a plea for a real Museum, such as we now have. We pause in reading it, and smile when we reflect that fifty years ago, to most Americans, a museum signified a place such as Barnum's, with its Happy Family, or the memorable Boston Museum, which served also as an asylum for the drama against still surviving Puritan prejudices. In New York the opera was an "Academy of Music." "We ask," says the *Nation* with emphasis, "for a real museum." As we read the article, we recall the period also as one of a general and suddenly awakened vast conception of the American future. We were a great and victorious democracy, and we must have everything that aristocracies and monarchies had. We were American, and must have whatever Europe had. We were a land of undeveloped richness, and we must produce a new kind of millionaire who would be the most wonderful benefactor the world had ever seen. In fifty years the dream was to be extraordinarily realized. The *Nation* saw the vision clearly.

Another charge constantly brought against the *Nation* was that of cynicism. The true test of cynicism is whether the object is cynical. Do you wish to make the good cause triumph? Then you are not a cynic, though you may employ the method of one in satire. Because it employed irony, satire, and ridicule, it was declared cynical; and, of course, the sequel to this was that, the *Nation* being cynical, it made sport of what was fine and noble, and opposed causes which it should have supported. This accusation was one to rankle, and, if I remember right, those who resorted to it were effectively challenged to prove their case. If the fact were so, let them make a list of the fine and noble causes which the *Nation* might have supported but had derided.

Looking back at the journalism of that day, nothing is clearer than that the *Nation* helped the good cause on by stoutly maintaining the canon of unsigned contributions and absolute editorial control. All expressions of opinion were avowed as those of the paper itself, and all articles and reviews were paid for to be published by the paper, and to be revised and amended both for style and occasionally for matter. This rule we used to regard as the secret of good and responsible journalism, as it once was of quarterly reviewing. The opposite view, whether practiced in the French daily press or in the American magazines, leads and is meant to lead to a diminished responsibility.

There was another reason at this time for a rigid rule of anonymity, which is very convincingly stated by the editor in Vol. II, No. 61, p. 822 (June 28, 1866):

> An article of which the author is known is hardly ever judged on its merits. If he is still obscure, most people will not take the trouble to read what he says; if he is famous, they will devour the veriest twaddle that comes from his pen, and insist on fresh supplies every day.

To submit to being an anonymous contributor to the *Nation* required a good deal of self-sacrifice. The ideas governing the conduct of the paper were essentially those of the editor; the style, by a constant influence and association, more and more his; and the editorial contributor had to learn to write under him—valuable training, no doubt, for the youthful writer who feels in him that he is an unrecognized genius of the first rank, but sometimes galling for such as actually had made names for themselves.

The following paragraph from the Week is to be found in Vol. I, No. 1, p. 2. It is a good illustration of the sort of critical writing introduced into American journalism by the *Nation*, and of its early "paragraphing" at its best:

> Mr. Jay Cooke has been seduced into authorship by his success as a broker, and has written a pamphlet to prove that the national debt is a clear addition to the national capital. Considering the amount of nonsense which has been written about national debts for the last hundred years, there is nothing very wonderful in this; what is wonderful is that several of the morning papers, in spite of the pressure on their space, should have thought his disquisition worth publishing. Mr. Cooke's success as a seller of government bonds no more qualifies him to instruct the public on the nature and uses of a national debt than success as an engine-driver would qualify a man to lecture on the nature of elastic vapors. There is a very simple antidote for his really mischievous delusion. It consists in remembering that what has been lost to the Government during the war was really not the money, but the things that the money purchased—the powder, land, iron, forage, and other stores, as well as the labor of a million of men, all of which has been destroyed, and the national capital has therefore been diminished by the exact amount of this value. The individuals who supplied them have lost nothing, but the community has—a distinction which Mr. Cooke has failed to perceive.

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This paragraph is said to have caused indignation in Philadelphia.

It is not too much to say that this sort of critical writing, the essence of civil, restrained analysis which is satirical chiefly by force of its completeness and incisiveness, is not very commonly met with at any time. Any man who knows how to employ it is a man of mark, and his paper will always be a paper of mark. He is a trained and equipped man.

I am inclined to think that, as time goes on, the manner in which satire made itself felt in the *Nation* will be considered one of its most convincing claims to lasting repute. There are those who think that a successful use of satire is in some way connected with an aristocratic state of society. To flout the mob, the *hoi polloi*, with a mixture of irony and wisdom is for the privileged—the supermen. One can certainly imagine with difficulty a great socialistic, equalitarian cultivation of satire, except perhaps by George Bernard Shaw, who is an exception to all rule. Nor will much great satire be found in the literature of the extension of the suffrage, or the development of the "new freedom." But however this may be, one would not like to think of English or American literature or journalism desatirized! What should we do for Swift, Poe, Thackeray, Junius, Cobbett, Franklin, Lowell, and Arnold?

If I do not attempt in these random notes an "appreciation" of the principal person in the office of the *Nation*, it is because it might lead me too far in the expression of an admiration which deepened with years and was at the root of friendship of which I cannot speak as an entirely cool critic. Nevertheless, one or two things may be worth calling to the attention. One is that the severity of manner which many people noticed in Godkin was in great part due to a seriousness of character which ran through everything and did not spring either from arrogance or a sense of importance. Most of those visitors to whom editors are "exposed" are, it must be confessed, bores, if not, indeed, something worse—applicants for favors, often such as they know themselves to be anything but entitled to. The politic editor learns to treat them with suavity, with a kindly indulgence; but Mr. Godkin was not politic. Democracy has made such havoc with old notions of manners that anything like distance or coldness is resented as an affront. To be all things to all men is the ordinary journalistic rule; but then to be all things to all men was not what the *Nation* undertook to be. Through this attitude he hurt the feelings of those whom he had not the slightest desire to offend and to whom he desired to listen properly. I remember a case in point. A man of standing, whom I knew, wrote an article, or letter, to which he wished to call the attention of the *Nation*. I knew him to be somewhat sensitive, and, having introduced him, withdrew, leaving him alone with the editor. Afterwards I found that he had had an interview, but never brought up the subject he had in mind at all, apparently because he thought his reception chillier than it need have been.

As I came to know Mr. Godkin very well and see that his manner was connected with deep-seated peculiarities of character, and to perceive how free he was from the superficial or histrionic, I grew to think that he was more severe, perhaps, with himself than he was with others. Notoriety he hated; posing he knew nothing of. When all is said and done, we must recognize his disposition English, his aims American, his character his own. His sense of humor (he loved absurdity at one end of the scale, as he loved wit at the other) was as genuine as it ever was in anybody. He was by no means incapable of enjoying a joke at the expense of the great venture itself. The list of literary names advertised in the first number of the *Nation* to give it weight struck a good many people as giving too much. It was decidedly a list of contributors to give one food for thought. The editor of a lighter publication well known at the time immediately published an announcement in his columns consisting of the list, introduced by the statement that "None of the following writers contribute to the columns of the ———" (his paper). This delighted Mr. Godkin as much as if it had not concerned him in any way.

That he was very sensitive to imputations on his integrity, or good name, or independence, has been, oddly enough, made a cause of complaint against him, *e. g.*, that he was improperly influenced in the cause of free trade; that before the war, when writing for the *Daily News*, he had been "employed" in the interest of the Government of the United States; that he did not observe the terms of the trust by which the *Nation* was founded. But had he not been thus sensitive, what would have been said? Without its integrity, its good name for impartiality and independence, what would the *Nation* have been? The idea of those who derided his sensitiveness seemed to be that he, being an editor who attacked right and left, ought not to mind being attacked in turn. He would have agreed cordially to this view, but he would have said: "Exposing a humbug, or a charlatan, or a swindler, or any other kind of a rogue, does not involve an obligation to pretend to enjoy it heartily when I, not being any of these things, am denounced as a humbug, charlatan, swindler, or rogue. Sensitiveness under these circumstances is exactly what an innocent man always shows. If the press in America has reached that point that editors and their friends, when accused of villany, laugh, then so much the worse for America and its press." This was undoubtedly the view taken of the subject in former times.

The editorial rooms of a "critical weekly" like the *Nation* are, of course, very different from those of a daily newspaper. Not only is the number of persons actually at work small, but there is no daily hurry and writing against time. News is not continually coming in which has to be instantly made public and also commented upon editorially. Contributors are not continually bringing in copy, and mysterious callers are not forever asking for audience about something of great importance to themselves, if to themselves only. One can write with a feeling of leisure—write and reflect. But for these very reasons the life is not one of daily incident, and it is difficult or impossible to recall constant crises of great interest, when momentous news was coming in over the wires and thousands were gaping up at the bulletin board to find out what it might be.

But the *Nation*, for a critical weekly, was more effectively combative than any other we can just now think of. We do not recall in connection with it constantly manufactured crises of half real, half unreal journalistic interest. What presses itself on the memory is the pleasure of taking part in contests—appeals to reason stoutly fought out and often fought out more than once, such as the desperate struggle over the Ring, the Alabama claims, the Hayes-Tilden dispute, the great anti-Butler campaign in Massachusetts, and the long controversy over the regulation of railway rates. When it is said that these debates had a most important effect in clearing up the issues before the country, I think the true cause must be held to be the remarkable generalship displayed in them by the most skilful and keen species of journalistic control that I have ever known. Then there were particular articles which for one reason or another attracted attention or animadversion. I remember one such of my own with mingled satisfaction and regret on the subject of the "Emma Mine." It cost the *Nation* a good deal of trouble, time, and expense, through an oversight which may be worth recalling as a warning to writers for the press, though it really only shows that almost anything may be overlooked by those who have every reason to be careful.

The Emma Mine was a venture in which Gen. Schenck's name became involved. It took in many people and created an international scandal. An unfortunate stockholder issued a pamphlet giving an account of the mine and his connection with it. I undertook to make an article out of this pamphlet, and had neither desire nor temptation to make it libellous, or to exaggerate it in any way, because the narrative was inherently striking, amusing, and edifying; nor was it libellous to embody the narrative properly in an article. The statement was made in the pamphlet, however, or perhaps put into the mouth of some one connected with the matter, that those who had floated the shares had previously "plastered and ingrafted" the walls of the mine with silver ore for the purpose of getting a favorable report on the ore from an eminent mining engineer. It will be readily perceived that, true or false, such a statement would be exceedingly difficult to substantiate. Unluckily, I simply copied the statement, and no one in the office who read the proof perceived that I had involved myself, or rather

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the *Nation*, in a highly libellous statement, if not true, and one which, if true, it would be practically impossible to get witnesses to prove. It entailed, I remember, a long litigation and a large expense, and in the end it was, I think, settled by a vindication which consisted of what amounted to an admission that the *Nation* had no means of proving the mine to have been plastered and ingrafted with silver ore. The public verdict, however, on the Emma Mine was very different.

An early article which caused a great commotion and was considered by "hostiles" (critics of the *Nation* came to be divided by the editors into "Hostiles" and "Friendlies"—the white man's division of the Indians) as proof positive of the evil animus of the *Nation*. This was an article describing the United States as a "Paradise of Mediocrities." The author of it was no doubt one of the best friends and stanchest and most courageous supporters of the *Nation*, and an American who never flinched. If I remember right, the authorship was not really secret, but the odium entailed by the publication of the "Paradise of Mediocrities" fell as usual upon the *Nation*. I doubt if American self-esteem, then far more sensitive than now, had ever been more wounded by anything published since "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes" than by the appearance of this article. The "muckrakers" have destroyed sensitiveness. *"It is hard to say it, but there are very few first-rate things in America, and scarcely any first-rate work done here."* The writer of the article was willing to admit that the Croton Water Works, Central Park, and the new Academy of Design at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, were exceptions. Another exception, curiously enough, was the *thoroughness expressed in four years of civil war*. Moreover, we were not always to remain as we were. Our scholarship and learning were mediocre, and we worshipped the great goddess Mediocritas, but we had the germs of good in us, and our democracy was not to end in mediocrity. But the sting of the article was in its title. Here was a new paper just started, inviting subscriptions of Americans, deliberately writing down America, or rather the United States, as a "Paradise of Mediocrities." Was this impartiality? Was this disinterested criticism? Then, for Heaven's sake, let us have no more of it, nor of the *Nation*. The outrage was keenly felt. Can it be that in that distant day we were "parochial"? Read these early numbers to-day and ask yourself whether the *Nation* was, after all, anything other than it promised to be—a really conscientious organ of disinterested criticism. Later, when it discussed the great "nose-pulling case" in Massachusetts, it was accused of supporting an estimable Bostonian who was trying to "establish caste" in New England. From treason and "incivism" to snobbishness, there was no sin or crime of which Godkin did not stand accused. The Athenians had not been told that Socrates was more wicked.

The "Nation" and Its Contributors

By GUSTAV POLLAK.

Few periodicals in the history of journalism can claim, like the *Nation*, to have preserved their original features essentially unchanged during fifty years of continuous existence. The *Nation* of the present day may safely challenge comparison with the number which, on July 6, 1865, was issued by Edwin Lawrence Godkin, as editor-in-chief, and Wendell Phillips Garrison, as literary editor. Perhaps not many subsequent issues have surpassed the initial number in solidity, maturity of judgment, and attractiveness of style. Then, as now, the leading editorials and the book reviews appeared anonymously. The imposing list of contributors, which in the course of time came to include the foremost names in American literature and science, was represented in the first number by half-a-dozen men, the most conspicuous of whom was Charles Eliot Norton. To him, to Frederick Law Olmsted, and to James Miller McKim, the founding of the *Nation* is principally due. Olmsted's connection with the incipiency of the *Nation* was the closest. He had elaborated with Mr. Godkin the scheme for a journal such as actually emerged in 1865, and he was, until the firm of E. L. Godkin & Co., in the following year, assumed control of the paper, its temporary proprietor. He died, famous as the landscape architect of Central Park, in his eighty-second year, August 28, 1903.

It is difficult to overestimate the aid rendered to the *Nation* by Charles Eliot Norton during the years when the experiment of conducting a journal of its character in this country was on trial. "If the paper succeeds," wrote Mr. Godkin, in one of his letters to Norton (July 6, 1866), "I shall always ascribe it to you"; and when the success of the *Nation* was assured, Mr. Godkin could say: "Its existence is largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me."

Norton's contribution to the first number of the *Nation* was a review of Richard Grant White's first volume of his edition of Shakespeare, followed, in the second issue, by a memorable essay on "The Paradise of Mediocrities"—more hopefully patriotic, as we now see, than was conceded at the time. From among Mr. Norton's contributions during the early years of his active connection with the paper, one recalls a few whose very titles show the variety which his pen lent to its columns: "Draper's Civil Policy of America," "Tuscan Sculptors," "Waste," "The American Lectureship at Cambridge, England," "Sir Alexander Grant's Ethics of Aristotle," "Mr. Longfellow's Translation of the Divine Comedy," "Mr. Emerson's Poems," "The Harvard and Yale Memorial Buildings," "Female Suffrage and Education."

Among the other contributors to the initial number of the *Nation* were Prof. E. W. Gurney, of Harvard ("Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism"); the essayist, Charles Astor Bristed, better known by his pseudonym of "Carl Benson" ("Critics and Criticism" and "Club Life"); G. P. Marsh, the philologist and diplomat ("Were the States Ever Sovereign?"), and Henry James, father and son, the former of whom, well-known as a Swedenborgian philosopher and a gifted essayist, wrote on "Carlyle's Frederick the Great," the latter on "The Noble School of Fiction." Prof. Gurney held the chair of history at Harvard, and for a time taught Roman law. As Dean he was President Eliot's principal adviser in the extension of the elective system. He was for a year editor of the *North American Review*, after Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton withdrew from it. His contributions to the early numbers of the *Nation* were marked by his extensive knowledge of the classics, modern as well as ancient, and his wide reading in the fields of philosophy, law, and politics. George Perkins Marsh, for more than twenty years United States Minister to Italy, was one of the foremost American scholars of his time. Equally interested in matters of philology and the natural sciences, he published a "Compendious Grammar of the Icelandic Language" and a remarkable work on "The Earth as Modified by Human Action." Besides his striking series of articles on the subject of State sovereignty already referred to, he contributed to the early volumes of the *Nation* a number of papers, entitled "Notes on the New Edition of Webster's Dictionary," and wrote on such subjects as "Pruning Forest-Trees," "Agriculture in Italy," "The Mont Cenis Tunnel," "Physical Science in Italy," and "The Proposed Revision of the Bible." At the age of eighty he still contributed to the *Nation* a charming "Biography of a Word" and a letter on Lanciani's "Aqueducts of Ancient Rome." He died in July, 1882, at Vallombrosa, in his eighty-second year.

Other writers were probably represented in the first number of the *Nation*, but their identity can no longer be established. A comment, under the heading of "A Strange Story," on a letter written to the *Evening Post* by a chaplain of the First New York Volunteers, foreshadows the campaign against Gen. B. F. Butler waged by the paper for so many years with extraordinary skill and effectiveness. Mr. Godkin's own article on "The Essence of Reconstruction" and his paragraphs in the Week sounded the keynote of the *Nation's* campaign on the Southern question. And with the initial number began the *Nation's* long fight for civil service reform, in a paragraph on the need of protecting the President against the assault of "office-seekers, pardon-seekers, delegations and busybodies of both sexes, who threatened to make an end of him."

It is lamentable [Mr. Godkin wrote] that some way cannot be hit on of sifting the President's business before it comes before him. This is done to a certain extent with his letters, but the men and women who want to see him reach him,

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chaff and all. The easiest way of doing it would be to render access to him more difficult. Whether this could be arranged without raising doubts of his "democracy," we must leave it to others to determine.

It took fifty years and the determination of a latter-day President to realize Mr. Godkin's prophetic hope.

The second number of the *Nation* introduced, in a review of Praed's poems, a new member of the staff, John Richard Dennett, who for nine years, with the exception of a short period spent at Harvard as assistant professor of rhetoric, devoted his rare talents entirely to the *Nation*. Like Mr. Garrison, he was only twenty-six when he became connected with the paper, and his maturity was as remarkable as that of the literary editor. The experience gained by Mr. Dennett, shortly after his graduation from Harvard, on a cotton plantation in South Carolina, and his thorough familiarity with all the phases of the Southern question, enabled him to act as the *Nation's* correspondent in the Cotton States, and he wrote in this capacity for the first two volumes of the paper a series of articles on "The South as It Is," which attracted wide attention. The first of these letters appeared in the third number. Through the whole of his short career the shadow of the disease to which he finally succumbed was upon him. "Of what he might have accomplished with a constitution better adapted to his surroundings," wrote the *Nation*, "one got an idea, however faint, from his extraordinary powers of apprehension, which we have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed."

Two other writers, whose connection with the *Nation* as more or less frequent contributors was lifelong, appeared in the second number—Daniel C. Gilman and Octavius B. Frothingham. It is interesting to notice that the future president of John Hopkins, in discussing the projected Cornell University, unconsciously outlined his own plans for the founding of a university, which he was later to carry into effect at Baltimore. He said in the number of the *Nation* referred to:

> The new university, we presume, will not be fettered by precedents, but will mark out for itself a new path, enlightened by the past, but adapted to the present. . . . It may be intrusive for us to offer a suggestion to the managers of the new university, but we cannot refrain from doing so when we reflect how constantly in this country one error is repeated. It is not bricks and mortar, but men and books, which constitute a university. We delight in appropriate and decorated architecture. . . . But we trust that a desire for suitable edifices will not prevent a supply of higher wants. Let first-rate teachers be first secured. Let no expense be spared to secure the highest educational ability which the country will afford. Then, as the scholars assemble, as the courses and plans of the university are developed, let such buildings go up as will best provide for the wants which have been created.

Besides Mr. Frothingham, widely known as the head of the First Independent Liberal Church of New York, another clergyman of great scholarly attainments, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, contributed to the second number of the *Nation*. Dr. Thompson, in addition to filling the pastorate of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York city from 1845 to 1871, was, successively, editor of the *New Englander* and the *Independent*, and was recognized as a profound student of Oriental literature. His connection with the *Nation* lasted until his death, in Berlin, in 1879. Dr. Noah Porter, president of Yale from 1871 to 1886, also began to write for the *Nation* with the second number.

The name of Arthur G. Sedgwick, whose association with the *Nation* and Mr. Godkin was probably closer, and certainly more continuous, than that of any other member of its staff, and whom, fortunately, the paper may still claim among its occasional contributors, occurs in the annotated file before me as early as the third number. The mere quantity of matter contributed by Mr. Sedgwick to the columns of the *Nation* for more than forty years was prodigious; the style of the youthful contributor impressed one, in his very first article, as unmistakably the *Nation's* own. What was true of him, was true of the *Nation's* contributors in general. It was observed, early in the history of the paper, that a peculiar literary flavor and a certain uniform elevation of treatment, no matter what the subject, were among its chief characteristics. Mr. Lowell, in a letter to E. L. Godkin of September 25, 1866, remarked: "Every Friday morning, when the *Nation* comes, I fill my pipe and read it from beginning to end. Do you do it all yourself? Or are there really so many clever men in the country?"

With the third number of the *Nation*, Russell Sturgis, an authority on architecture and kindred subjects, began to write on the fine arts, his contributions continuing until his death, February 11, 1909. In the same issue appeared the first of three notable papers by Henry Villard, entitled "Army Correspondence."

The list of "regular or occasional contributors," published in that number, contained the names of Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, and James Russell Lowell. Whittier wrote a poem, "To the Thirty-ninth Congress," for the issue of December 7, 1865, but it does not appear that either Longfellow or Lowell, interested as they were in the new venture, felt moved to contribute to the first volume. Lowell, with characteristic humor, and with his equally characteristic inclination to procrastinate, wrote to Mr. Godkin under date of January 10, 1866:

> I have got something half written for you and hope to finish it to-day—some macaronic verses on the editorial sham-fight at Richmond, under some such title as "Kettleo-Pottomachia." I am not yet sure whether it is not dull. However, I will send it, and you can use it or not, as you like. I had begun an essay on "Autographs" when I was drawn off by this. Meanwhile, I have raked out of my desk a little poem which I wrote for an autograph for the St. Louis Fair two years ago. (The Muse doesn't come often to professors!) I do not know that it has ever been printed, and don't think it has. I send it merely to justify my name on your list of contributors. I will send you the macaronics in a day or two, and you may put them in the fire if you like.

Evidently, the "macaronics" referred to are identical with the poem printed in the *Nation* of January 25, 1866, under the title of "A Worthy Ditty. Sung before the President his Excellency at Washington, to a Barrel-Organ Accompaniment." The "little poem," entitled "What Rabbi Jehosha Said," appeared in the previous number.

Mr. Lowell's poetic contributions to the *Nation*, though infrequent, were well-timed, and always produced a telling effect. They were generally on the political subjects of the day, such as his caustic "The World's Fair" and "Tempora Mutantur," both printed in August, 1875, and his "Campaign Epigrams," in the number of October 12, 1876. In a different vein were his touching tributes to two of his friends—the great physiologist, Jeffries Wyman (*Nation*, September 10, 1877), and Edmund Quincy (May 31, 1877), himself a valued contributor to the *Nation* from its foundation. Of Mr. Lowell's prose writings in the *Nation* only a few can now be identified with certainty, such as a review of Henry James, jr.'s, "Tales and Sketches" (June 24, 1875), two essays on "Forster's Life of Swift" (August 5 and 26, 1875), and a review of White's "Natural History of Selborne" (April 27, 1876).

The fourth number of the *Nation* marked the advent of two writers who were among the most important and prolific of all the contributors to its columns—William Francis Allen and Michael Heilprin. Allen was an historical scholar of rare attainments, who held the chair of ancient languages and history in the University of Wisconsin from 1867 until his death, in 1889. The *Nation* said of him, in its obituary notice, that he was perhaps the most constant, if not the most voluminous, contributor in the quarter-century of the journal's existence. Scarcely a number had appeared without something from his pen. His first essays were political, and connected with his visit to South Carolina in 1865. On that journey he noted down the old slave songs—words as well as music—which he afterwards embodied in a volume ("Slave Songs of the United States") that has remained the best work of its kind. The range of his interests was remarkable. He wrote in the *Nation* on minority, personal, or proportional representation, on civil-service reform, on city government, village communities, etc., and he reviewed, with competent knowledge, books on ornithology, political economy, English literature, and ancient and modern history. His character was in keeping with such mental endowments.

There was a certain intellectual and moral kinship between William F. Allen and Michael Heilprin. The extent of Mr. Heilprin's scholarship, as revealed in his contributions to the *Nation*, was during his lifetime known to comparatively few. On his death, in May, 1888, the editors wrote of him:

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How great is the loss sustained by American scholarship through the death of Mr. Michael Heilprin, the general public, owing to the man's invincible modesty, cannot know. To this journal and its readers it may fairly be pronounced irreparable, so largely has he contributed during the past twenty years to whatever reputation the *Nation* may have acquired for literary accuracy or breadth of information.

From the day he furnished in his first article—on "The Crisis in Austria"—a comprehensive sketch of the political history of the Empire since the revolution of 1848, Mr. Heilprin gave the *Nation*, in the words of the editors, "the benefit of his extensive command of all the leading tongues of modern Europe, besides the Latin and Greek classics, the Hebrew, and other Oriental speech." And as in his articles on European affairs, so in his critical reviews, Mr. Heilprin set an encyclopædic standard for the *Nation* to which few literary periodicals in any language have been able to conform.

With the appearance of such writers, the work of creating a *Nation* public was now well under way. From the beginning, and until they laid down their pens, Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison had, in their conduct of the paper, only one aim in view—to make it representative of the most enlightened American opinion. That they felt it necessary, in the beginning, to "educate their writers" (as Norton wrote to Lowell), as well as their readers, merely added zest to their task. But the paper was fortunate enough to have among its early contributors several who possessed something more than the art of "weekly journalizing." Young in years, but with all the maturity and grace of the master of the craft, James and Howells wrote sketches and essays for the *Nation* which have long since passed into literature. The first volume contains, from Mr. Howells's pen, such reminiscences of his Italian days as "A Pilgrimage to Petrarch's House at Arquà," "A Visit to the Cimbri," "A Day in Pompeii"; and for the second he wrote on "Certain Things in Naples," on "Massimo d' Azeglio," "Men and Manners on the Way from Ferrara to Genoa," etc. In addition, Mr. Howells contributed in 1865 and 1866 editorial articles to the columns of the *Nation*. Henry James, jr., was barely twenty-two years of age when he wrote his article for the first number. Among his contributions to succeeding volumes of the *Nation* were critical papers on Miss Braddon, Walt Whitman, Eugénie de Guérin, and Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend."

Until a few months ago there was still among the living one of the most valued of the contributors to the first volume of the *Nation*—Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, who utilized his experiences in the Civil War in an editorial on "The West Point Military Academy" (December 28, 1865). He subsequently gave the *Nation* the benefit of his insight into military matters, in such papers as "Ought Soldiers to Vote?" and "The Militia System"; among his contributions to literary criticism were reviews of "Dowden's Shakespeare," "A Dictionary of English Phrases," and "Mrs. Oliphant's England."

Gradually the foremost American authorities in many fields gathered to the support of the editors of the *Nation*, solicited or unsolicited, most of them to remain true to the paper throughout life. Among these earliest friends—to mention only a few—were the scientist and philosopher, Chauncey Wright; the philologist, William Dwight Whitney; the jurist, Francis Wayland; the diplomatist and student of Russian history, Eugene Schuyler; the philanthropist, Charles Loring Brace, and the art critic, W. J. Stillman, widely known as the United States Consul, during a memorable period, at Crete and Rome. His relations with Mr. Garrison were of the most intimate.

Chauncey Wright gave a course of university lectures on psychology in Harvard College in 1871, and three years later conducted there a course in mathematical physics. Prof. William James wrote of him in the *Nation* at the time of his death, in September, 1875, at the early age of forty-five: "If power of analytic intellect pure and simple could suffice, the name of Chauncey Wright would assuredly be as famous as it is now obscure, for he was not merely the great mind of a village—if Cambridge will pardon the expression—but either in London or Berlin he would, with equal ease, have taken the place of master. . . . As little of a reader as an educated man well can be, he yet astonished every one by his omniscience, for no specialist could talk with Chauncey Wright without receiving some sort of instruction in his specialty." Wright's contributions to the *Nation* included articles on "Speculative Dynamics," "Sir Charles Lyell," "McCosh on Tyndall," and "German Darwinism."

Eugene Schuyler's varied diplomatic career was interestingly reflected in the articles and reviews furnished to the *Nation* during the quarter-century of his connection with it as a frequent contributor. He began to write for the paper with its ninth number, and a week before his death, on July 16, 1890, as Consul-General of the United States at Cairo, the *Nation* had a brief contribution from his pen. He wrote on "The Progress of Russia in Asia" not long before he was made Consul at Moscow, and during all his subsequent changes of residence—at St. Petersburg, where he was Secretary of Legation; on his travels in Central Asia; at Constantinople, where he was Consul-General; while holding the Consulship at Birmingham, and as Minister-Resident to Greece, Servia, and Rumania—he continued to write for the *Nation*. His most important work is his two volumes on Turkestan.

The foreign correspondence of the *Nation* assumed from the beginning the character it has ever since maintained. Edward Dicey, for many years editor of the London *Observer*, sent his first letter to the *Nation* in August, 1865, and Auguste Laugel, a noted contributor to the Paris *Temps* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, began in December of that year a series of letters which ranged for a period of forty years over a vast field of French literature and political history. Laugel's connection with the United States dated from the Civil War, during which he accompanied the Orléans princes who served on McClellan's staff. He died in November, 1914, at Paris, at the age of eighty-four. Friedrich Kapp, one of the most prominent of the German patriots who sought our shores after the Revolution of 1848, and whose works on early German-American history are of lasting value, acted, after his return to Berlin in 1870, for many years as the *Nation's* Berlin correspondent. His connection with the paper began with the first volume, to which he contributed articles on Bismarck and the Prussian constitutional crisis. Dr. von Holst, the eminent author of the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," who first began to write for the *Nation* in 1869, became one of its foreign correspondents after his return to Europe in the seventies. Jessie White Mario, a noble-souled Englishwoman, married to one of the Idealist leaders of the *risorgimento*, was for forty years the principal Italian correspondent of the *Nation*. Another valued writer from Italy for many years, after his withdrawal from Cornell, was Willard Fiske, widely known for his Petrarchan collections. The polyglot Karl Hillebrand wrote occasional letters from Florence, outdone in absolute mastery of a foreign idiom by the Pole, E. Gryzanowski, whose comments on Italian events and philosophic discussions of certain aspects of the Franco-German war ("International Ignorance," "Popular Notions of Prussia," etc.) are among the most brilliant pages of the *Nation*. Conspicuous among the correspondence from the British Isles were the London letters of Lieut.-Col. Robert D. Osborn, who had made India and Afghanistan his special province, and the first-hand discussion of Irish matters, as keen and far-sighted as it was patriotic and humane, sent by Alfred Webb from Dublin. Leslie Stephen also wrote much, for a number of years, on British topics. That the *Nation* is still privileged to retain on its list of London contributors the names of Lord Bryce and Prof. A. V. Dicey is one of its chief distinctions. It is more than forty years since the *Nation* printed the first contributions of James Bryce and Professor Dicey. The number of June 18, 1874, contained the former's review of Cleasby and Vigfusson's Icelandic Dictionary—possibly not the first of his contributions to the paper. It is safe to say that few important contemporaneous events in British public life and the deaths of few British leaders in politics, literature, and science have been left uncommemorated in the pages of the *Nation* by its distinguished English contributors.

It is not possible, within the space at my disposal, to do more than allude to some of the important events in our own country of which the *Nation* for fifty years has been the spectator and—as must be conceded—one of the most influential of commentators. Mr. Godkin, in his "Retrospect," on the twenty-

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fifth anniversary of the paper, touched upon the great political and social changes that had taken place within that quarter of the century. Surely not less remarkable has been the transformation since then. It is profitable to recall some of Mr. Godkin's comments on the events of the earlier period. The bare facts stated emphasize the share which the men who spoke through the *Nation* had in promoting political progress. What Mr. Godkin said, as to the passing away of the military spirit, is of peculiar interest at the present day. In the issue of July 3, 1890, he wrote:

In the year in which the *Nation* was started there was hardly any political observer who did not look for the permanent retention among us of the military spirit, for a considerable increase in the standing army, and for an increased disposition to use it either for purposes of foreign aggression, or for the more complete and peremptory assertion of a strong central authority. All did not go as far as Wendell Phillips when he declared in that year, in a speech in Boston, that our old farming and reading republic was at an end, and that a strong military and perhaps predatory republic was to take its place. But certainly few looked for the rapid disappearance of the army, and the almost abrupt banishment of military topics from the forum of popular interest, and for the eagerness with which a community which had just been throwing all its powers into a fierce military struggle, diverted its energies to the business of money-making. There was something very fine, as well as unexpected, about this, and it called forth the admiration, as well as the surprise, of the civilized world.

Mr. Godkin did not have to quote from the early columns of the *Nation* to remind his readers what part the paper played in the dark days of Reconstruction, and what share it had in ushering in a new era in the South, with justice to both the negro and the whites. Nor did he allude, in his "Retrospect," to the services rendered by the *Nation* during so many years to the causes of sound money and of civil service and tariff reform. Five years earlier, on the completion of its twentieth year, Mr. Godkin had spoken of some of the difficulties which beset the *Nation* at a very early period, and had dwelt with pardonable pride on some of its achievements:

Almost in the first number it questioned the wisdom and soundness of a plan then in favor among many of its friends for having the Supreme Court do the work of reconstruction, by deciding what was or was not "a republican form of government." At a somewhat later period it questioned, amid much obloquy, the necessity and value of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, on the success of which a large proportion of the Republican party had set its heart. It maintained that even if Johnson were impeachable, his conviction might work mischief by throwing the Government into the hands of extremists, among whom Benjamin F. Butler was the most influential, and that his acquittal would simply be the end of a piece of elaborate and expensive folly. In one month after the failure of the trial the whole country, including its chief promoters, was ashamed of the undertaking. The *Nation*, too, undertook to expose the pretensions of Butler to be considered an honest and useful politician in 1867, or many years before his party found him out, and while criticism of him still, in Massachusetts at least, seemed an expression of indifference to the results of the war. In fact, it was nearly ten years in advance of popular opinion about this particular politician, and has had the satisfaction of seeing its very earliest diagnoses of him accepted by all Republicans at last. . . .

The *Nation* opposed the greenback theory from the first moment of its appearance, and when it had such very respectable Republican champions as the late Oliver P. Morton; and advocated a return to specie payments when a large number of leading Republicans doubted whether a return would ever be practicable, and, if practicable, desirable. It was, if not the first journal to engage in regular and persistent advocacy of civil-service reform, after Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, had brought it up in Congress, certainly the first to place it in the front rank of public questions. The first foreign complication, its discussion of which attracted any attention, was the Alabama case, in which it, from the opening of the negotiations, attacked the theory of consequential damages, then in much favor with the public, and continued to attack it amid some obloquy, until it was rejected as an absurdity by the Geneva Tribunal. The silver craze it opposed from the beginning, and has had the satisfaction of seeing the correctness of most of its positions as regards the use of silver in the United States acknowledged by most of its opponents.

The political course of the *Nation*, after its consolidation with the *Evening Post* in 1881, is properly part of the history of the latter journal. In Mr. Garrison's hands the *Nation's* literary reputation was secure, while Mr. Godkin was engrossed by his daily labors on the *Evening Post;* and after he had laid down his pen, and Mr. Garrison assumed entire editorial control of the *Nation*, it suffered no loss of prestige. The men who conferred on the *Nation* part of their own scientific and literary lustre continued to write for it, and a new generation worthily filled the gaps caused by death. Of the giants who have passed away, and who, with their services to the paper, had given their friendship to its editors, during the first twenty-five years of its history and a good part of the second period, only a few can be commemorated in this place. One of the foremost, who did not quite round out the first quarter-century of his important contributions to the *Nation*, was Asa Gray, the great botanist, who died in January, 1888. Some of his articles, such as "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" (*Nation*, March, 1868), "Evolution and Theology" (January 15, 1874), his summing up of the conclusions concerning insectivorous plants (April 2 and 9, 1874), "What is Darwinism?" (May 28, 1874), and his review of "Darwin's Insectivorous and Climbing Plants" (January 6 and 13, 1876), have become permanent parts of the literature on their subjects. Professor Gray's last contribution to the *Nation* was an exhaustive review of Darwin's "Life." His expositions of Darwinism and kindred philosophical matters were not the least of his great services to science. In his letters to Sir Joseph Hooker and to Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin frequently expressed his deep appreciation of Gray's approval and criticism. He wrote to Lyell in 1860: "No one, I think, understands the whole case better than Asa Gray."

Several of William James's brilliant papers on philosophical and physiological subjects first saw the light in the columns of the *Nation*. One recalls, among others, his "Moral Medication"—a review of Liébault's "Du Sommeil et des Etats Analogues" (*Nation*, July, 1868)—his paper on Taine's "Intelligence" (August, 1872), his discussion of "Vivisection" (February, 1875), his "German Pessimism"—a review of Pfleiderer's "Der moderne Pessimismus" (October, 1875)—and his article on Maudsley's, Ferrier's, and Luys's treatises on the Mind and Brain (June, 1877).

To the manysidedness of the great mathematical astronomer, Simon Newcomb, the pages of the *Nation* bear ample testimony. The titles of some of his contributions to the earlier volumes speak for themselves: "Bowen's American Political Economy" (*Nation*, May, 1870), "Proctor on the Moon" (October, 1873), "The District Investigation" (June, 1874), "Price on Currency and Banking" (December, 1875), "Walker on the Wages Question" (July, 1876), "Who Are the Friends of Negro Suffrage?" (January, 1877), "The Life-Insurance Failures" (March, 1877), an obituary article on Prof. Joseph Henry (May, 1878), "Education at the Naval Academy" (June, 1878), "The Signal-Service Succession" (December, 1880). That even in his later years Professor Newcomb continued to be stirred by the practical questions of the day, was evidenced by such articles in the *Nation* as his "Shall We Raise a Statue to [Boss] Shepherd?" (October, 1902), "The Functions of the Senate" (November, 1903), "The Cost of Life-Insurance Business" (July, 1905), and "What the Navy Needs" (December, 1905).

Particularly intimate were the *Nation's* relations with Gen. J. D. Cox, Grant's high-minded and ill-used Secretary of the Interior. "For a generation," Mr. Garrison wrote in his obituary article, "we have enjoyed with him an intimacy characterized by entire mutual esteem through all vicissitudes of opinion; enlivened by constant intercourse by letter, in connection with that attached and cordial collaboration which has lent so much weight to the reviews of this journal." A few of the subjects treated by Gen. Cox in the *Nation* were: "General Joseph E. Johnston's Narrative" (May, 1874), "General Sherman's Memoirs" (June, 1875), "The Army of the Cumberland" (December, 1875), "The House of Representatives" (an editorial, April, 1878), "Parliamentary Procedure" (editorial, September, 1878), "Howard's Nez-Percé War" (August, 1881), "Van Horne's Life of General Thomas" (October, 1882).

Henry C. Lea, the historian of mediæval

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Europe, author of the monumental "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages," often chose the *Nation* as a medium for expressing his views on some of the many subjects that engaged his attention.

Charles Francis Adams, jr., kept up an active connection with the *Nation* and its editors during all his life. The first of his contributions, as nearly as can be traced, was an article on "The Secret of the Rise in Steel" (*Nation*, March, 1870). In subsequent issues he treated, among many other subjects, "Railroad Subsidies" (October, 1870), "The 'Pooling' of Railroad Receipts" (November, 1870), "Railroad Investments" (August, 1872), "The Farmers' Clubs and the Railroads" (April, 1873), "The Experience of a Great Corporation" (October, 1874), "The Railroad Usury Law" (April, 1881), and "Sewall's Diary" (a book review, July and August, 1882).

It would be an interesting task, did space permit, to follow in the pages of the *Nation* the development of American thought during the fifty years of the journal's existence. That the work of the editors and the writers of the *Nation*—many of whom had so largely aided in the country's progress—was constructive in the best sense of the word, will, after the lapse of so many years, be readily conceded. The story of an important epoch in our economic history is told in such contributions as David A. Wells's luminous comments on matters of internal revenue and on the enormous discretionary powers of the Secretary of the Treasury (October, 1872), and his article on the absurdities in American local taxation (February, 1873); in Edward Atkinson's papers on the contraction of the currency, and in Prof. W. G. Sumner's discussions of the tariff and bimetallism. To enumerate the most noteworthy articles in the *Nation* on subjects connected with the natural sciences, philosophy, jurisprudence, history, Biblical criticism, philology, and a large field of belles-lettres, is to tell the great names of the last fifty years. A few may still be added to the list of the warmest friends of the paper from its early years. None, perhaps, was closer to Mr. Godkin than Francis Parkman, of whom he said: "He impressed me, of all the men I have ever known, as the most of an American." Parkman was not a frequent contributor to the *Nation*, but what he wrote was generally on the subjects nearest to his heart. One recalls his reviews of "Découvertes et Etablissements des Français dans l'Ouest et dans le Sud de l'Amérique Septentrionale" (September, 1876), "Montcalm et le Canada Français" (May, 1877), and "The Chronicle of the St. Lawrence" (July, 1878). Francis James Child, author of the classic "English and Scottish Ballads," and one of the men whose achievements in letters and devotion to the highest interests of the country have made their university illustrious, was from the inception of the *Nation* one of its most valued contributors. Few of the literary men of New England wrote more constantly for the *Nation*, or were more in sympathy with Mr. Garrison's ideals, than Thomas Wentworth Higginson. With him may be linked, as holding all his life a message for freedom, in thought and action, John White Chadwick, for forty years pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. His connection with the *Nation* began in Volume I, with a notice of the life of Edward Irving, and his last review was printed shortly before his death, in 1904. Col. George E. Waring, who by his work as a sanitary engineer placed New York city and the whole country under deep obligations, began in the early seventies to write for the *Nation* on the subjects which he had so thoroughly mastered. Another specialist of high renown, who for thirty years gave the *Nation* the benefit of his extensive knowledge, was Prof. W. W. Goodwin. The most notable of his contributions to the *Nation* were the articles on Schliemann's discoveries. One who did much important work for the *Nation* in its early years should be remembered—Earl Shinn, who, while studying art in Paris, wrote some graphic letters to the paper, and for a number of years was its principal art critic. The editors said of him that he employed a vocabulary of remarkable scope and originality, and delighted as much in the strokes of his pen as of his brush. One of his early *Nation* letters from Paris attracted the attention of Lowell, who wrote to Mr. Godkin (July, 1869): "I haven't seen a better piece of writing than that French *atelier*. It is the very best of its kind. Cherish that man, whoever he is."

Not the least important part of the *Nation's* work was done by men who cultivated a restricted specialty with life-long devotion, content with the appreciation of the discriminating few. There leap to one's mind two writers on military affairs, Gen. Francis W. Palfrey—"as fine an example of patriot and Puritan stock as this generation has seen," Mr. Garrison said of him—who wrote admirably on Antietam and Fredericksburg and other campaigns of the Civil War, and John Codman Ropes, an eminent student of military history in general and the admirer and authoritative historian of Bonaparte—and yet no imperialist. Robert Traill Spence Lowell, the elder brother of James Russell, enriched the columns of the *Nation* with articles, written in a peculiarly racy style, on his favorite subject—Newfoundland. The Rev. Samuel Beal, professor of Chinese at University College, London, wrote learnedly and agreeably on Buddhism, and Lieut.-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, remembered for his semi-naval exploit in bringing to these shores the Alexandrian obelisk, treated of the Interoceanic Canal, the North African Inland Sea, and other gigantic projects around which his fertile mind played. And there was the stanch American, Fitzedward Hall, many years of whose romantic life were spent in England, teaching Sanskrit, Hindustani, and Indian Jurisprudence, who sent to the *Nation* the fruits of his minute studies in English lexicography. But I must resist the temptation to speak of so many more, who ought to find a place in the list of *Nation* friends and writers.

Some of the earliest contributors, fortunately, remain with us, a few still to labor on in the pursuit of ideals identified with them and the *Nation*. Charles W. Eliot's pen is as tireless to-day as when he began to write on scientific subjects for the *Nation* in 1866, and Basil L. Gildersleeve still graces any subject he touches upon, as in the days when—thirty-four years ago—he wrote his inimitable letters in the *Nation* on the performance of "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Harvard. One of the most important and most prolific of the writers for the *Nation* survives in the person of C. C. Nott, born in 1827, President Lincoln's appointee as Judge of the Court of Claims, who enlightened the earlier generation of *Nation* readers on some of the weightiest aspects of Constitutional law. It is a pleasure to include with these living witnesses of a bygone period contributors like Gen. A. A. Woodhull, who has furnished the *Nation* with so many valuable papers, during so many years, on climatology, modern theories of infection, and other medical subjects; Prof Charles H. Moore, long identified with American art and art criticism; Prof. C. H. Toy, equally prominent at Harvard in another domain, that of Hebrew and other Oriental literatures; the eminent botanist, Prof. George L. Goodale; Horace White, whose important discussions of economic subjects cover almost the entire period of the *Nation's* existence, and the bearer of a name forever associated with the founding of the *Nation*, herself a cherished contributor to its columns, Miss Grace Norton.

While thus dwelling, with not unpardonable satisfaction, on its past achievements, the *Nation* faces the new tasks before it with new hope. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Godkin, looking forward as well as backward, wrote:

> The leading colleges of the country have been almost transformed since the *Nation* was started, and a class of advanced students have come into existence who were unknown and unexpected at the close of the war. The schools of political science which the principal universities now contain turn out yearly both writers and thinkers whose contributions to the literature of political philosophy, history, archæology, political economy, and administrative law are extremely important, and have placed the country in the very front rank in fields of inquiry in which it was, five-and-twenty years ago, almost wholly unrepresented. Not only have they made the task of conducting a critical journal like the *Nation* increasingly easy, but they carry on periodicals of their own, in which the best thought of the time on political and economic questions finds adequate expression.

The history of the twenty-five years now closed has borne out Mr. Godkin's prophecy. With its old traditions and the impulses of a new life stirring throughout the land, the *Nation* of the future may hope to be worthy of the *Nation* of the past.

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Fifty Years of Books

A SKETCH OF BOOK PUBLISHING IN THE UNITED STATES IN THE HALF-CENTURY SUCCEEDING 1860.

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

The year 1860 was for the United States one of general prosperity. The crops, both in the South and in the North, had been above the average, and in most divisions of business there had been substantial recovery from the depression that followed the financial disasters of 1857. The political contests, which turned in the main upon the fight for the restriction of slavery, and which had brought out from the South threats of the dissolution of the Union, were bitter; but the people of the North were not actively impressed with any threat either of the breaking up of the Union or of civil war. They could not free themselves from the feeling that in 1860, as in previous decades, the threats of disunion were part of the political game and did not call for serious consideration. In the South, the belief was prevalent that whenever the slave States might decide that it was necessary, for the purpose of maintaining their peculiar institution, to withdraw from the Union, their independence could be obtained without war. The Southerners had no thought that the men in the North would be ready to fight rather than to see the republic destroyed. It seems probable, therefore, that the threats made throughout the South, during the spring of 1860, of separation from the Union, and of war in case that separation should be opposed, were not permitted to interfere very seriously with the business undertakings and investments throughout the country.

The publishing trade, which had suffered severely during the disasters of 1857 and in the years succeeding the panic, had fairly recovered its normal status and its hopefulness for the future.

In 1860, as had been the case for the preceding quarter of a century or more, Boston might fairly be considered as the chief centre of literary and of publishing activities, particularly in connection with the production of books by American authors. Philadelphia, while maintaining the traditions dating back to the printing press of Benjamin Franklin, and sending out from year to year an increasing group of books of importance, had lost ground relatively. The productions of its presses represented in the main the work of local writers. Philadelphia was not attracting to itself the literary workers of the other States. New York, already taking assured lead in the general business of the country, was, during the years succeeding 1860, making large strides in the developing of its printing and publishing business. Its presses were not, like those of Philadelphia, in the main dependent upon the productions of the writers of the neighborhood. The city was, like a magnet, attracting to itself from all parts of the continent not only the active-minded men who were concerned with trade, with finance, and with commerce, but hundreds of those who had intellectual ambitions and who hoped in coming to the great city on the coast to find or to make opportunity for the expression of their thought and for a literary career.

New England, which loyally accepted Boston as its metropolis, could, however, during this period lay claim to much the larger number of authors whose works possessed a national importance and in not a few cases a transatlantic reputation.

Hawthorne, whose first writings were printed in New York in 1849, had won immediate fame for himself by his romance, "The Scarlet Letter," issued by Ticknor & Fields in Boston in 1850. With the name of Hawthorne, these enterprising publishers were able to associate those of Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Whipple, and many other active-minded New Englanders. Early in the sixties, Ticknor & Fields took over from the firm of John P. Jewett & Co. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe. This book had not only crystallized anti-slavery sentiment throughout the English-speaking communities of America and of England, but had done much to shape, in regard to the anti-slavery fight in the United States, the opinion of the whole world. Mr. Jewett, who had been fortunate enough to obtain the publication, ought to have been able to make from this book the foundation of a successful business.

In the years following 1860, Mrs. Stowe followed up "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a long series of volumes accepted as belonging to the best literature of the age. At about the time when Ticknor & Fields were securing the writings of Mrs. Stowe, they took over from the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. the recently established *Atlantic Monthly*. In those years, the *Atlantic* served chiefly as an expression of the thought of New England. Widening its sources of contributions and extending its influence, it has now won recognition as the leading literary monthly of the United States.

The publications of the firm of Ticknor & Fields were in later years taken over by the firm which is at this time doing business under the name of Houghton Mifflin Co. With the advantage of the foundation of the group of American authors brought together by their predecessors, and with additions to the list of authors, American and English, of the later generation, Houghton Mifflin Co. have retained a position in the very first group of the publishers of America and of the world.

Little, Brown & Co., whose firm dates back to 1837, were in 1860 leaders among the publishers of New England, as they are today among the publishers of the country. Their principal interest had been in the production of authoritative law books, but they had in their hands in this period the important historical works of George Bancroft and Francis Parkman. Parkman's first book, like that of Hawthorne, had been published in New York, and he had been so far discouraged with the result that he had doubted whether he would continue work as an author.

The firm of Roberts Bros. began in the later sixties a publishing business which, largely through the efforts of its literary manager, Mr. Niles, won prompt reputation for its recognition and effective management of good literature, English and American. The firm obtained early prestige and business connections through the enormous success of the "Little Women" and later books of Louisa Alcott. Mr. Niles came into personal relations with English authors and, years in advance of the beginning of the system of international copyright, he arranged to make payments to these authors for the American editions of their books. The death of Mr. Niles, after some twenty-five years of publishing service, brought the activities of the firm to a close, and its business was taken over by Little, Brown & Co. After the annexation of Roberts's list, this firm widened out its undertakings in general literature. It continued for many years, as the representatives of A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, to publish in imported supplies the successive editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The work found an increasing sale, which finally warranted the production in 1889 of an edition printed on this side of the Atlantic, and the control of this American edition came over to the New York house of Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the reasons, in addition to the increasing demand for the work from American readers, for bringing into print an American edition was to include certain articles by American authors. The English contributions could not, under the copyright conditions prior to 1891, obtain protection in the United States. It was the hope, however, of the Scotch publishers and of their American representatives that it would be possible to protect, at least in their entirety, volumes which were made up in part of American material. To further such protection, these American articles were, before being issued in the Encyclopædia, brought into print in separate copyrighted volumes. The attempt on the part of the Blacks and their American representatives to protect their great undertaking from appropriation by American reprinters in Philadelphia and in the West brought about a long series of litigation beginning with 1879. The earlier decisions given in the United States Court in Philadelphia were adverse to the claim of the producers of the Encyclopædia for the control in this country of their material as connected with the Encyclopædia title. One of these Philadelphia judges went out of his way to specify this attempt as an impudent interference with "a legitimate American industry" (namely, that of printing unauthorized editions of British books).

In the twenty years succeeding 1879, there came about a steady development of judicial opinion connected with, if not based upon,

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a like development on the part of the opinion of the whole literary community, in favor of such interpretation of the principles of common law as would enable the producer of a work to maintain the good-will property that had been built up for the title of such work as a result of efforts and investments extending over a series of years. The later editions of the Encyclopædia were able, therefore, to obtain protection not only because the material was in part American in origin, but on the simple ground that a great good-will property had been built up by the producers of the Encyclopædia, and that it was to the interest of the American community that investments in undertakings of this character should be encouraged. The series of decisions which have brought to a close undertakings constituting "unfair competition," and the establishment of protection for "good will" connected with a title, date from the fight to prevent fraudulent issues of the Encyclopædia Britannica from being sold in this country. The management of the American editions of this work has, therefore, been of first importance in connection with the history of international publishing undertakings.

The great educational house of Boston, with a second house in New York and branches all over the country, during the last quarter of a century, is that of Ginn & Co. Ginn's list of textbooks has done much to maintain for Boston a substantial proportion of the book output of the country.

The publication of books for young people constituted the chief interest during this decade of the firm of Lee & Shepard, of Boston, with which in later days was consolidated the house of D. Lothrop & Co., which had also been active in the production of children's books. "Oliver Optic" and Martha Finley, the author of the Elsie books, were writers whose volumes obtained the largest popularity with the children of this generation.

New England had at this time several publishing centres outside of Boston. In Andover, the interests of orthodox theology, under which heading were classed Congregational and Presbyterian writers, were taken care of by W. F. Draper. His business closed only as late as 1910, after the Andover Theological Seminary had been merged into the Theological School of Harvard University.

The publishing house in Springfield, which might be considered also as a publishing house for the country and for the whole English-speaking world, was that of Merriam, which had developed from decade to decade the famous dictionary first compiled by the New Englander, Noah Webster.

Hartford was carrying on a business important in bulk, if not perhaps in literary quality, in the production and sale of subscription books; that is to say, of books that were distributed by canvassers throughout the country. In later years the publication of subscription books was developed to greater proportions in New York and in Philadelphia.

In New York, at this time, the leading publishing houses were the Harpers, the Appletons, Charles Scribner, G. P. Putnam, Sheldon, Hurd & Houghton, Randolph, and Carter.

The Harpers, whose book-publishing business was begun in 1832, were carrying on their two periodicals, *Harper's Monthly* and *Harper's Weekly*. They had an important educational list, which years later was transferred to the American Book Company. They were adding from year to year noteworthy books in general literature from American authors; and they had what was probably the most considerable list of that day of American editions of books originating in Great Britain. Some of the British fiction, such as the stories of Thackeray, and later of Thackeray's daughter, Anne, afterwards Lady Ritchie, Miss Mulock, Charles Reade, etc., came into print first in the pages of the magazine. In the absence of international copyright, a firm which, like the Putnams, the Harpers, and others, had direct correspondents in London, while not in a position to obtain exclusive control in the States of the books of English authors, was able to make an early market for such books and frequently to crush out any competing editions. The payments to English authors were not large, but in the greater number of cases at least they were all that the market would afford for books that could not be protected.

Partly with a view of reaching a wide general public, but chiefly, I imagine, for the purpose of making effective the fight against other publishers who were reprinting books asserted by them to be "Harper authors," the Harpers started a little later than the time now in question the publication of the Franklin Square Library of fiction. The numbers in this series of paper-bound quartos sold at 15 cents, and the library came to include the names of many of the most popular of the British fiction writers of the day. The reprinters, who were not prepared, in the absence of any copyright protection, to accept the claim of the Harpers to the control of English authors to whom they had made courtesy payments, were flooding the market with similar cheap paper-bound issues of these authors. But few of these reprinters succeeded in maintaining even for a brief term any remunerative business in the publication of unauthorized reprints. John Munro, a capable Canadian, who had gone early into the reprint business, did, however, make a success with his ventures. Munro and the other printers of such unauthorized issues were naturally the most vigorous opponents of the various attempts to secure international copyright, which finally resulted in the act of 1891.

The house of Appletons, whose business had been organized a little later than that of the Harpers, had an important educational list which was transferred later to the American Book Company. They published successive editions of "Appleton's Encyclopædia," which was the best literary work of reference as yet produced in this country. The scientific lists of the Appletons, selected largely under the counsel of Dr. E. L. Youmans, came to possess distinctive importance. It was Dr. Youmans who brought the house into correspondence with British writers like Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and others; and it was also through Dr. Youmans that was instituted the International Science series. This series had importance not merely on the ground of the value of the material prepared by writers of authority on the several subjects considered, selected from all parts of the world, and presented at a very moderate price for American readers, but because it helped to constitute an important precedent in international publishing. It was the contention of Dr. Youmans, a contention which had been maintained for years before by George P. Putnam, that publishing undertakings ought not to be limited by political boundaries. Literature and science and art were the property of the whole world. Dr. Youmans took early advantage of the method, the importance of which had also been emphasized by George P. Putnam as far back as 1848, of the lessening of the cost of good books by dividing among a number of markets the amount of the compensation due to the author and of the cost of production of illustrations, maps, etc. Under such a plan, the International Science series, or the later similar Putnam international series, the "Story of the Nations" and the "Heroes of the Nations," could be produced in several national editions, from which the author obtained full compensation based upon the widest distribution; while it was possible to give to the final consumer, the reader or student, a large amount of authoritative material suitably printed, at a very much more moderate cost than would ever have been possible in the case of the same work produced for one market only.

The practice that was maintained by such houses as the Appletons, Scribners, Roberts, Putnams, Holt, and others, in advance of an international copyright law, of making payments to transatlantic authors, helped to develop on both sides of the Atlantic public opinion in behalf of an international copyright system. It became possible to refer to these international series as examples of books which, while making due recognition of the rights of the author, gave inexpensive material for the needs of the American public.

The house of Scribner had been founded by Charles Scribner in the early fifties. The firm took from the beginning of its operations an important part in international relations. In these earlier years, as in later times, its group of theological publications, comprising works from both sides of the Atlantic, had been of distinctive importance; but its managers had also been interested in coming into early relations with English writers. In coöperation with English houses, they brought out the American editions of many important series, such as the works of Froude, the "Epochs of History," the Hibbert Lectures, and the writings of Stevenson. Their list of American authors includ-

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ed some of the most popular writers of the half-century from Marion Harland and Frank Stockton to Thomas Nelson Page. The connection of the firm with the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has already been referred to. Among the popular Scribner authors of this earlier period may be mentioned Dr. John G. Holland, who interested himself later in bringing into existence the earlier *Scribner's Monthly*. The heads of the house of Scribner had from an early date been active with the Appletons and with the Putnams in the work for international copyright.

The list of George P. Putnam included during these years the works of Washington Irving, Bayard Taylor, Susan Warner, and a number of other American authors. It included also an increasing list of the authorized American editions of English books. Mr. Putnam originated and carried on during the years of the Civil War the "Rebellion Record," which has since proved an indispensable quarry for the work of historians of the war. Mr. Putnam was the first American publisher to invade England, and he carried on publishing business in London from 1841 to 1848. Since 1848, the Putnams have maintained close publishing relations with Great Britain, and their books bear the imprint of New York and London. Up to the time of his death, in 1872, George P. Putnam gave unremitting effort to the work of obtaining international copyright. It was his belief that an international copyright relation was not only essential for the good repute and ethical standards of the book-reading communities of the United States, but that it would prove of essential service for the interests of publishers, of authors, and of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. During the last quarter of the century, the Putnams brought into print authoritative editions of the series of the Writings of the Fathers of the Country from Washington to Lincoln.

Anson D. F. Randolph, who was also interested from an early date in the international copyright undertaking, had given his energies chiefly to the development of a retail business. He had brought together upon his list a number of religious authors, most of whom were his personal friends, and he also had some books of a popular character, such as the "Stepping Heavenward" of Mrs. Prentice.

M. W. Dodd, the founder of the firm later known as Dodd, Mead & Co., had given his attention largely to books of a religious character. Even such fiction as the Schönberg-Cotta books was largely of this nature. Under the management of Mr. Dodd's son and successor, Mr. F. H. Dodd, the business of the firm was widened out with undertakings of large importance. The most noteworthy of these was the International Encyclopædia. After some twenty-five years of development, a reshaped, one may perhaps not venture to say a final, edition is now in the press. Dodd's literary monthly, *The Bookman*, is rendering excellent service to the interests of authors, publishers, and readers.

The house of Sheldon concerned itself partly with educational books, and largely with popular religious literature. The Sheldons made a great success with the American editions of Spurgeon's sermons, from which, notwithstanding the absence of copyright protection, the author obtained important returns.

Robert Carter & Bro. controlled a large part of the business of supplying the books for Sunday-school libraries, Presbyterian and others. They had on their list a number of wholesome popular books for young people, such as the "Rutherford Children," by the Warner sisters. The firm brought its business to a close after the death of Robert Carter in the early eighties.

Ivison, Blakeman & Co. and A. S. Barnes & Co. were during this period probably the largest educational publishers in the country. It was, I believe, under the direction of Henry Ivison that the great combination was made between the New York educational publishers and two houses of the West, which resulted in the organization of the American Book Company.

The interests of the medical profession were supplied in New York by William Wood and by the medical department of D. Appleton & Co. The authoritative publishers of scientific and technical publications were John Wiley & Son, whose house dates back to 1837, and David Van Nostrand. The most important production, speaking commercially, of Van Nostrand, was Casey's "Tactics," which was put together rather hurriedly in 1861 in order to meet the urgent needs of the newly constituted volunteer army. The "Tactics" was printed in three volumes, and in the years between '61 and '65 Van Nostrand placed "in the field," so to speak, no less than 300,000 sets.

Nearly every youngster who went into the ranks during these years was impressed with the thought that he might wake up any morning and find himself a brigadier, and that it was important to have the necessary preparation. He was, therefore, not content to purchase the first volume, which provided the Manual of Arms and the routine for the soldier, but he put into his haversack also the two volumes giving the principles of regimental and brigade drill and of larger military movements. These books were scattered over every battlefield of the Confederacy.

The firm of Henry Holt & Co. was founded in 1866 under the style of Leypoldt & Holt. From the beginning its undertakings, outside at least the list of textbooks, were all to be classed as belonging to literature with a high literary standard. Among the transatlantic authors whose books were issued (before the copyright law of 1891) in authorized editions, the most noteworthy were Mill, Maine, Taine, and Symonds. One of their latest publishing undertakings, the *Unpopular Review*, represents a personal interest of its editor, the founder of the house. The issues for the first two volumes have been described, and with justice, as presenting the most noteworthy collection of essays that have thus far been brought into print in the United States.

The Century Company, which began business in 1870 with the publication of the *Century Magazine* (a development of the original *Scribner's*), succeeded in the course of a few years in building up a valuable list of hymn-books and a group of important works of reference, of which the Century Dictionary was the most noteworthy.

Funk & Wagnalls, a house under Methodist management, had obtained a circle of readers throughout the country for their religious publications. Their most important undertaking was, however, the great Standard Dictionary. Their well-edited periodical, the *Literary Digest*, has been of noteworthy service in furthering the circulation of books.

The imprint of the firm of F. H. Revell & Co., of New York and Chicago, has been associated with a series of popular religious works and of fiction largely religious in its character.

After the year 1870 New York became more and more the centre of the publishing activities of the country. Authors found in New York, first in magazines and later in the larger book-publishing facilities, better opportunities for presenting their productions to the public than were offered in any other city. A country made up of many communities, with diversified interests, with local pride, with great variety of local characteristics, will never, however, accept the domination, or even for long the assured preëminence, of any literary centre. By 1880 the city of Chicago, which had long been an important centre for the distribution of books, began to take charge also of their production.

The firm of S. C. Griggs & Co., succeeded by that of A. C. McClurg & Co., brought into publication various series of textbooks, largely prepared by Western educational workers and, therefore, particularly addressed to Western interests; to which has been added a group, becoming in these later years of increasing importance, of works in general literature.

Among the New York firms whose operations do not date back further than the past twenty-five years, but whose undertakings are assuming increasing importance, are to be included F. A. Stokes & Co. The Stokes imprint has been associated with a long series of books on art and with popular and successful fiction by authors from both sides of the Atlantic.

The firm of Doubleday, Page & Co. has within a few years' time built up a great publishing and manufacturing business. The most successful divisions of the Doubleday list are the books on rural science and noteworthy works of American and English fiction.

In the early eighties the publishing activities of Indianapolis were initiated with the publication of the first volume by James Whitcomb Riley. This book obtained at the

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outset but a local fame, but in the succeeding quarter of a century the poems of Riley have found increasing circles of readers throughout the entire country. The publishing energies of Indianapolis, under the direction of such enterprising houses as Bowen, Stewart & Co., and their successors, Bobbs, Merrill & Co., have steadily developed.

The publishing activities of San Francisco may be said to date from the issue in 1875-76 of the historic study by H. H. Bancroft of the "Native Races of the Pacific Coast of North America." In 1883-90, Mr. Bancroft brought into print his great "History of the Pacific States of North America," a work which is a magnificent example of initiative and of executive capacity in combining under one general control the contributions of a great group of investigators. The Bancroft house, whose imprint appears on both of these works, has not, however, been able to continue its publishing activities. The most important of the books printed in San Francisco during the past quarter of a century belong to the department of law. In this department should be mentioned also the magnificent series of law publications issued during the past thirty years by the West Publishing Company, of St. Paul, Minn. The operations of this firm began with the printing of local law reports, but have widened out so as to include the shaping of law material for the use of the profession in all the forty-eight States of the Union.

The publishing undertakings carried on in Cleveland by the firm of Burrows Bros. & Co. call for mention. In the course of the four or five years succeeding 1895, the firm brought into print a series of authoritative works on the history of the early explorations of the Territory of the Northwest. To Cleveland is also to be credited the important series of "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846," edited by Professor Thwaites, and issued with the imprint of the Arthur H. Clark Co.

The publishing undertakings of Ohio include the important lists of textbooks published in Cincinnati by two educational concerns which joined afterwards in the organization of the American Book Company, with headquarters at New York.

As a result of the interest of certain of the great British publishing houses in obtaining their share of the American market, branches were established of Macmillan & Co. and of Longmans, Green & Co. The enterprising managers of the New York houses were not content to bring their English productions into competition with the lists of the American houses, but have succeeded during the half-century in getting the control of a number of works by noteworthy American authors. A similar course has been followed by certain of the American houses which have, in like manner, established branches in London. The business of the Putnam house in London goes back to 1837. During the past twenty-five or thirty years the Harpers, the Appletons, and the Lippincotts have carried on in London branch houses under their own names.

In Philadelphia, one of the most important divisions of publishing has for many years been that of medical books. The firm of Henry C. Lea, succeeded later by Henry C. Lea's Sons and by Lea & Febiger, has associated its imprint with some of the most noteworthy productions in medicine from both sides of the Atlantic. Other important medical lists are those of Presley Blakiston & Sons and of J. B. Lippincott Company. With the last-named house, however, the medical books constitute but a small division of the publishing undertakings. The house has brought into print during the past half-century a very important group of standard works of reference, of which perhaps the first in point of date was the "Dictionary of Authors," by S. Austin Allibone. The firm of Henry Carey Baird & Co. has for nearly three-quarters of a century given attention to technical works and to science applied to manufactures.

The interests of the book trade in the United States have been admirably presented, and, one may say, directed, by the *Publishers' Weekly*, which during the past twenty-five years or more has been under the direct management of R. R. Bowker. The *Publishers' Weekly* represents, in my judgment, the highest standard of trade journalism that has been reached on either side of the Atlantic.

The publishing business during the past half-century has, of course, been affected by the general conditions which control all business, and by such influences, favorable or adverse, as have a special effect on business in luxuries, to which class books must be considered to belong. Its conditions have further been very materially modified by the establishment in 1891 of international copyright relations with Great Britain and with the principal cities of the Continent, conditions which have been modified by the later statute of 1909.

The publishers took an important part in the work which brought about the international copyright relations of 1891. The Publishers' Copyright League, which was practically a reconstitution of an association originally organized by G. P. Putnam as far back as 1837, worked through its executive committee, in coöperation with a similar league of authors, composers, and artists, and after efforts which had extended back for more than half a century, the two leagues finally succeeded in effecting the enactment of the statute of 1891. Under this act, copyright protection was accorded to transatlantic authors whose states extended reciprocal protection to American authors. The Act of 1909 gave more liberal conditions for the works of transatlantic authors the original issues of which were produced in languages other than English. The international copyright relations which were established as a result of the Act of 1891 practically brought to an end the old-time practice of piratical publishing, that is to say, of the production of unauthorized editions of works for which no payments were made to the authors. The statute is not in line with the copyright statutes that have during the same half-century been put into force in Europe. The European states had combined in 1887 in the Berne Convention, under which authors could obtain throughout the territory of the states belonging to the Convention, and free from any restriction of local legislation, full protection for their productions.

In order to secure the enactment of the American statute, it had been necessary to accept the restrictions imposed by the labor unions, and approved by the protectionist majority in Congress, which made necessary the manufacturing in the United States of the editions of the works, whether transatlantic or American in origin, which were to have protection of American copyright. The objection was naturally raised that the matter of protection ought to be considered in a tariff act, and was not properly germane to copyright. The rejoinder, however, on the part of the protectionists was simply to the effect that, unless the bill conceding copyright to foreign authors should carry this manufacturing condition, it could not be brought into law. Even with these restrictions, the international copyright arrangements marked a decided advance in literary relations and in the standard of national action; but both the act of 1891 and that of 1909 present serious inconsistencies and inadequacies. It is only in the United States that a copyright statute gives protection with the one hand and undermines this with the other. In every other state which possesses a system of copyright, the producer (in the case of books, of course, the author) and his business representative or assign, the publisher, has given to him under the law the full control of his production. He has a right to place the work in the market or to withhold it from sale. The author or publisher is placed in a position to fix such selling price as may be thought wise or desirable, and the publisher is free to make advantageous arrangements for the control of selling conditions.

The American statute, on the other hand, after in form giving to the producer and to his assign the full copyright control, in later provisions undermines the home copyright market by giving to institutions, associations, and individuals the privilege of importing, without reference to the restrictions of copyright, any transatlantic books or transatlantic editions that they may desire to purchase. One result of this breaking down of the American market has been to hamper the production of the international series. The American publisher is naturally unwilling to assume any large share of the investment in international publishing undertakings when he is able to secure not the control of the market of his own country, but merely the privilege of competing within that market with the European editions of the same work. The further result has been the lessening of the production of American editions of books originating on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the impression of Congressmen that if you will

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only remove restrictions and prevent "monopoly," you will further production. With books, the exact opposite is the case. A publisher will not assume the risk and investment for an important publishing undertaking, the American edition, for instance, of a transatlantic work, unless he can be assured of the control of his own market. If an American edition is not produced, the American reader who needs the book must content himself with procuring a copy of the transatlantic edition, which will in a large number of cases be much more costly than would be the book produced to meet the special requirements of the American market.

The American publishers have, during the past few years, been working under increasing difficulties in connection with the decision that the Sherman Act (the framers of which had, of course, very different purposes in view) must be construed by the courts as applying to the production and distribution of books. In the United States, alone of all the book-producing countries of the world, the book trade, representing the joint interests of authors, publishers, and booksellers, is not permitted to maintain regulations for the conduct of its business. In Germany, for instance, since the organization in Frankfort, in 1523, of the book producers and dealers, there has been a scientific regulation of book-distributing methods. As a result of the authority left in the hands of the central organization, book-buyers in Germany have been able to obtain in all German-speaking communities, at the lowest possible prices, and prices which are absolutely uniform, the writings of the authorities on their several subjects. The same has been true for nearly as long a period in France, Spain, and Italy, and during the past twenty-five years in England. The confusion that comes into the minds of Congressmen, and of many thousand citizens behind the Congressmen, in regard to the term "monopoly," is now standing in the way of the maintenance throughout the country of intelligently managed book-shops, and unless Congress can be brought to a better understanding of the nature of the problem, there must be a serious undermining of the book trade throughout the country. The increasing use of books sold at cut prices as advertisements for other goods, brings, of necessity, a crushing disadvantage upon the operations of legitimate booksellers. The hope of authors, publishers, and booksellers, and of all citizens who are concerned with the production of patented and other "standardized" articles, is for the enactment of legislation permitting, for the advantage of the community no less than for that of the producer, the regulation of the prices of standardized articles. The Stevens bill, now on the calendar of the House, has the support of a number of concerns producing standardized articles, which have organized the Fair Trade Association. If some such legislation can be enacted, and a consistent copyright system be secured, the business of publishing in the United States should be assured of satisfactory development.

Historical Writing

ITS TREND DURING THE YEARS 1865-1915 AND THE OPPORTUNITIES WHICH THE PRESENT HOLDS FORTH.

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

The *Nation's* half-century of vigorous existence bridges what is popularly regarded as a complete transformation in the principles which govern the writing of history. In 1865 the doctrine of evolution had taken hold of the younger historians as a gospel to be followed joyously, trustfully, triumphantly. Almost every other field of intellectual activity was being cultivated by the "scientific method." Taine, with his wonderfully clarified gift of exposition, had popularized the idea that the history of the fine arts or of literature, of institutions and of religions, could be explained by the formula of development, which ran its inevitable circuit in each from birth to death. Man was a part of material nature; material nature was governed by fixed laws, the investigation and codification of which was the task of Science; therefore, man's most intimate self, his will power and his acts, his intuitions and the products of his imagination, could all be brought within the formulas of natural law.

The method of scientific investigation in history had been elaborated long since by the Germans, who, under the lead of Ranke, professed to write history as they would write a treatise on chemistry or medicine or philology. The historian must make himself as impartial as a photographic plate. The earlier ideal made him a judge, whose duty it was, in commenting upon historic movements and personages, to render an impartial verdict: but the scientific historian held himself above good and evil, and in describing the past he regarded it as none of his business to let you surmise that he had any preference between, say, the acts of St. Francis of Assisi and those of the Duke of Alba. True to his rôle of sensitized plate, he took whatever was in front of him.

It is late in the day to say that every one worthy of the name of historian long ago accepted the scientific method of investigation; but perhaps it is not too late to assert that this method was not invented by the Germans. Gibbon practiced it; so did Thucydides—to mention no others—and as both Gibbon and Thucydides possessed other qualities which have not been vouchsafed to German historians, and as they wrote in English and in Greek—languages which, as vehicles of prose, the German cannot approach—their histories are more, much more, than examples of the scientific method.

The attempt so to dehumanize yourself that you study with equal insensibility the doings of atrocious monsters and of beneficent heroes, has never really succeeded. Let the fanatic possessed by that delusion try never so hard, the very human nature which he denies, and which he thinks he has stripped off, will glide back into his work. To narrate human history, you must be human, intensely human, and not pretend that you are *sub*human, or *un*human or *super*human.

The historian uses, as a matter of course, the scientific method, just as the judge uses it, who hears all the evidence before forming an opinion. But let us not delude ourselves into supposing—as so many who discuss this subject do—that the mere use of that method qualifies a man as an historian. Method is only machinery, a tool, an instrument, a key; but what results from its use depends upon the individual user. A hundred surgeons, all taught by the same method, pursue their profession with very different achievement.

I may remark in passing that of the two modern German historians who are generally ranked at the top—Mommsen and Treitschke—although both are masters of the scientific method, neither has succeeded in hiding his personal equation. You cannot read ten pages of Mommsen's "History of Rome" without perceiving that you are dealing with Theodor Mommsen and no other—with a vigorous mind and a broad scholar who, whether consciously or not, interprets the story of Rome according to his preferences and beliefs; and Treitschke is a vehement special pleader, undisguised and unashamed, who makes no more pretence that his doctrines are not the only true doctrines, than Macaulay pretended that Whiggism was not by nature superior to Toryism.

Fifty years ago, when the *Nation* came into the field, Macaulay had recently died; Carlyle, though still vigorous, had long since delivered his message and revealed his methods; and Grote had completed his "History of Greece," a work which, conceived in the "pre-scientific" days, still embraced all the special learning that bore on his subject. Except that Grote is the better writer, you could hardly tell now that he and Mommsen were not writing according to the same canons—Grote making the story of Greece an example of Republicanism, and Mommsen making the story of Rome a glorification of Imperialism.

Midway between this older group and the younger stood Froude, born in 1818, a disciple of Carlyle in aims and methods, the possessor of a remarkable pictorial gift, but lacking certain qualities, moral rather than intellectual, which have tended, in the long run, to diminish his fame.

With Freeman (1823-1892), Stubbs (1825-1901), and Gardiner (1829-1902) "scientific" historical writing in England reached its height. They exerted a deep influence on historical students in the English-speaking world, and reinforced what were supposed to be the special glories of their German models. Freeman, intellectually restless, opinionated and disputatious, not only loaded his "History of the Norman Conquest" with a ponderous ballast of footnotes which a German dryasdust might envy, but threw out controversial articles on particular points; and, when he came to the "History of Sicily," he decanted his fermenting erudition in in-

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numerable appendices—up to XX, YY, and ZZ—which must astonish the latter-day readers—if there still be any of that elephantine fragment.

In his "Constitutional History" Stubbs had a subject which, like a treatise on jurisprudence, was peculiarly fitted to a depersonalized treatment. But when he came to write his lectures and other works, his personality had free play, and, in his own account of how he prevented John Richard Green from reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," we have first-hand evidence that he was, for all his "scientific" training, fundamentally dishonest. For any historian who deliberately tries to prevent another from reading arguments opposed to his own view cannot be called honest.

Samuel Rawson Gardiner reached, it seems to me, the highest level that this school of historians can ever hope to reach. He was precise as to facts, unbiassed in judging persons, thorough in collecting material, and sober in discussing it. But can a history truly represent life if it leaves on you the impression of monotony? If it hardly differentiates, in its attempt to be minutely accurate in events, between the important and the negligible? If it never glows or throbs? Perhaps among some of the seventeen volumes of Gardiner—I have not read them all—these defects may be remedied; but when I look at the shelf on which those seventeen volumes repose, and remember that had Gardiner lived, he would have gone on, to the end of time turning out a volume every sixteen months—so that we can compute how large the output would be by now, and how much larger in 1950—I feel as one does who stands on the brink of a glacier and learns from the guide-books where, at its unchanging rate of speed, it will be at any given date. Every student of historical writing should read in Gardiner's work; but he will imitate it at his peril.

Separated by only a decade from the three supposedly "scientific" historians, came John R. Seeley (1834-1895), John Richard Green (1837-1883), John Morley (1837), George O. Trevelyan and James Bryce (both born in 1838). The last three are the veterans of to-day, bred in their historical work at the moment when enthusiasm for the evolutionary treatment of history was in spate and the scientific method was revered as infallible. Is it fanciful to say that these three men exemplify in their works the happy balance, the desired union of qualities without which historical writing must be doctrinaire? Mr. Bryce's earliest book, "The Holy Roman Empire," shows the most patient erudition in the assembling of material, together with critical finesse in examining and objectivity in presenting it; his later works, such as "The American Commonwealth," are not less erudite and critical, but they gain immensely in value because of their subjective presentation. The conclusions arrived at are James Bryce's; had a sexless, soulless, impersonal quiddity uttered them, they would have left us indifferent or unimpressed.

Mr. Morley also began his career in authorship with biographical studies, in which, although he displayed complete detachment as to facts, he still allowed himself freedom as to interpretation. In him, the critic, especially the literary critic, has always competed with the historian; and, indeed, no man can be a penetrating historian who does not know the literary background of his chosen period. The "Life of Gladstone" is a masterly synthesis, enfolding not only the political, but also the intellectual and religious elements of his subject—an interpretation of a very high order. If Mr. Morley in his youth trusted to formulas as to how history should be written he long since rose above them.

So, too, Sir George Trevelyan illustrates how the true historian, absorbed in his passion to see life and to interpret it livingly, forgets the rule of thumb. It is forty years since he wrote his "Life of Macaulay," the best biography, as I think, of any man of letters, except Boswell's "Johnson"; and now he has just completed his notable history of the American Revolution, in which there is surely no lack of scholarship, no neglect of "sources," no carelessness, no haste.

Of Seeley it must be said that, although educated according to "scientific" rules, he also showed the same tendency to be human rather than to be consciously abstract. A life of Stein might be a noble contribution to biography, but Seeley failed in sense of proportion and in the art of selection. So the life he wrote has large humps and hollows, superfluities and skimpings, as if an artist should set out to draw a horse and achieve a Bactrian camel.

John Richard Green, on the contrary, possessed a fine talent for perspective; but what distinguished him still more was his gift of narration. *History*—let us never forget—is five-sevenths *story;* and a story must have unity and consecutiveness; it must flow on as the stream or river flows; it must be varied by the alternations of sunshine and shadow, of night and day, but still preserve its oneness. No amount of erudition in a narrative historian will ever make good defects in the story-telling quality.

One historian, who belongs chronologically with the earlier group, must be classed, by his product, with the later. This is Goldwin Smith (1823-1910), a man of amazingly rich equipment, who passed through the successive stages of intellectual experience from the fourth to the tenth decade of the nineteenth century, and then, at the age of seventy-six, published "The United Kingdom," a work written without reference to any school or *ism*—the fruit of a lifetime of study and meditation, shaped by a keen and sometimes savage wit.

Of the younger British writers of history I will not speak in detail. Each school has its champion among them. The learned Professor Bury insists that history is "scientific" or nothing, while the versatile and vivid Mr. George M. Trevelyan, standing in the opposite camp, teaches by example the futility of cramping any representation of life into the straitjacket of doctrinaire formulas. In the main, however, contemporary British historical writers start with the assumption that they must know their subject thoroughly, and then they aim at producing works which have, as the best English histories have always had, strong human interest and pertinence.

In the United States, the course of development in historical production has resembled that in England, but with one striking difference. Most of the college professors of history here during the past fifty years got their final education in Germany; and in characteristic American fashion they have run to an extreme. They have worshipped the German method, as if it were everything, forgetting that the German historians themselves—Droysen, Sybel, Treitschke, and the rest—made history a vehicle for their national propaganda. Our professors have for some time had the machinery: but it is noteworthy that the three leading American historians of this period—Francis Parkman, Henry Adams, and James Ford Rhodes—were not, so to speak, machine-made. Parkman, whose "Pioneers of France in the New World" came out precisely in 1865, and who combines in so many respects the chief requisites of an historian, taught himself. Mr. Henry Adams, although he served as assistant professor of history at Harvard for seven years, is the last man in the world to be anybody's disciple; his methods are his own, just as his extraordinary gift of expression is his own. Mr. Rhodes had no formal training; and, while he seems sometimes to hold the "scientific" formulas in such respect as they might claim if they were the *end* instead of merely the *means*, the traits which stamp his history—poise, sympathy, insistence on being just—never came from formulas.

The time appears to be at hand when, through a clear understanding of the purpose of history, its subdivisions and collaterals will not be mistaken for the great subject itself. If a law school should teach its students nothing more than to run down the titles to deeds, or to draw a will, it could hardly be more restricted than those American history departments have been which made the tracking of original sources the beginning and end of history. Conveyancers are indispensable in the ordinary business of life, but they do not take the place of the Marshalls and Storys and Choates; nor is the "original researcher" equal to or a substitute for the historian. This is coming to be seen.

And with this realization the conviction is spreading that it is not what principles or method the historical writer professes, but what he writes, that counts. The writers of fiction are classified as realists or romanticists, impressionists or veritists, but the label is no guarantee of the worth of the novel. So likewise the great historian will be great not because he embodies the doctrines or mannerisms of a school, but because of his own inalienable and untransmissible qualifications.

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Former Editors of the "Nation"

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

Edwin Lawrence Godkin, founder and first editor of the *Nation*, to whose gifts and influence many articles in this issue have paid tribute, was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, on October 2, 1831. Both his parents were of English ancestry, and his father, the Rev. James Godkin, a Presbyterian minister with a marked gift for writing, after being forced from his pulpit on account of his espousal of the cause of Young Ireland, became a journalist of some distinction. Thus, the young Godkin, the eldest child of his father, came legitimately by his birthright.

Mr. Godkin received his early education at a preparatory school at Armagh, and later, at the age of ten, was sent as a boarder to Silcoates School, Wakefield, Yorkshire. At school, where the fine old-fashioned system of a little Latin and perhaps less, perhaps more, Greek seems to have prevailed, we find no record of any particular distinction, save that in his day there was a mania among the boys for bringing out magazines, and that competition was finally discouraged by the unapproachably lofty tone established by the organ for which young Godkin was responsible. A delicate boy, Godkin, after leaving school, pursued his studies for some time at home under the tuition of an uncle, the Rev. John Edge, thereafter entering the classical department of the Royal Institution, Belfast, under Dr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas W. Moffett. In 1846 he entered Queen's College, Belfast, where, although he won a scholarship, his biographer, Mr. Rollo Ogden, remarks, "his academic career was rather promising than distinguished," for we are told that "he was fond of dancing parties and amusements." After graduating at Queen's College in 1851, he went to London to study for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Almost immediately, however, he found employment with Cassells, a house with which his father had been connected, and for a time he was sub-editor of their magazine.

In 1853, at the tender age of twenty-one, he published his first book, "A History of Hungary," a work of considerable merit, of which years later, writing to Charles Eliot Norton, Godkin said characteristically: "I am forced to admit that the philosophical reflections scattered through it are fearfully profound. Indeed, on looking through it, I am surprised that the production of so much wisdom at that early age did not exhaust me more." The stress of daily and weekly journalism leaves but little time for the writing of books, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Godkin was never able to finish the "Memoirs" which he had planned. "Reflections and Comments" was, however, published in 1895 by the Scribners; "Problems of Modern Democracy" by the same house in the following year, and "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy" by Houghton Mifflin in 1898. In addition, Mr. Godkin was the author of numerous articles in American and English magazines, and contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

In the same year in which he published his first book, Godkin may be said to have definitely commenced his journalistic career with his correspondence from the Crimea to the London *Daily News*. A connection was thus begun that lasted through many years of Mr. Godkin's life. Of the Crimean letters and of those which he wrote later from the United States it is sufficient to say that they set a standard for foreign correspondence which has seldom been equalled, hardly ever surpassed, and that the memory of the author is cherished to this day in the office of the *Daily News* with scarcely less respect than is accorded to it in the American offices with which his connection was so much more intimate.

Mr. Godkin returned from the Crimea to England in 1855, and for some months of the next year was on the editorial staff of the Belfast *Northern Whig*. In November, 1856, he came to America, finally obeying the call which he, like many another Irish youth, had long been hearing. After undertaking a tour of the South, in the course of which he contributed a series of remarkable letters to the *Daily News*, he settled down in New York to read for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1858. In 1859 he gave further pledges to the land of his adoption by his marriage with Miss Frances Elizabeth Foote, of New Haven.

A tour abroad followed which lasted for some two years, and in the course of which Mr. Godkin did signal service to the cause which he served for forty years thereafter—that of promoting mutual understanding between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption—by setting before English readers the American point of view of the Trent affair. After his return to America he was for a short time on the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. On July 6, 1865, the ambition of his life was realized and his real career commenced when the *Nation* was founded and he was installed as first editor.

Various incidents of Mr. Godkin's subsequent career have been recorded in this issue by the pens of his contemporaries and associates. It remains only to make note here of a few outstanding dates. In 1881 Mr. Godkin began his editorship of the *Evening Post*, at first sharing the responsibility with Carl Schurz and Horace White, but after two years becoming editor-in-chief, still, however, enjoying the coöperation of Mr. White. On June 14, 1884, he married for the second time, his bride being Miss Katherine Sands. In the autumn of 1899 Mr. Godkin, who for some time had been in failing health, resolved to retire from the editorship of the *Evening Post*, after eighteen years of strenuous service, instead of the ten which he had fixed as the maximum of his labor when he originally accepted the position. In the spring of 1901 he made his final trip to England, for which through some months of ill-health he had had an intense longing. He never returned to America, but died at Greenway, Devon, on May 21, 1902. It was appropriate that the finely worded inscription over his grave in the old churchyard at Hazelbeach, Devon, should be written by James Bryce, his friend of thirty years, who more than any man of our time is comparable to him for loyal service rendered to two countries.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

Wendell Phillips Garrison joined the staff of the *Nation* at its inception as literary editor, and soon by a natural process undertook the general supervision of the editorial side of the paper, relieving Mr. Godkin of the details of management and correspondence with contributors and leaving him more free to devote himself to editorial writing. On the amalgamation of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* in 1881, Mr. Garrison became general editor of the former, a position which he continued to fill with conspicuous ability and distinction until his retirement, after forty-one years of devoted service to the paper, in 1906. Mr. Garrison was also for many years literary editor of the *Evening Post*.

The third son of William Lloyd Garrison, the Liberator, and Helen Eliza Benson, Wendell Phillips Garrison was born at Cambridgeport, Mass., on June 4, 1840. He was educated at the Boston public schools, the Quincey, the Dwight, and the Latin, and entered Harvard in 1857. After his graduation in 1861, he was engaged for two years in private tutoring. In January, 1864, he joined the staff of the *Independent*, at that time edited by Theodore Tilton. The following year he came to the *Nation*, and to trace his career thereafter would be largely to trace the history of the *Nation*. The distinguished services which he rendered to literature and to criticism in America were fittingly recognized when, on July 6, 1905, two hundred contributors of the *Nation* entered into a conspiracy, as he afterwards termed it, to present to him a memorial on the fortieth anniversary of his connection with that periodical. The dedicatory inscription was written by Goldwin Smith, and ran: "Presented to Wendell Phillips Garrison as a token of gratitude for the service rendered to his country by his forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*." The secrecy with which the arrangements for the presentation were made was the best tribute that could be paid to Mr. Garrison's modesty and self-effacement, which, next to his high intellectual integrity, were the most outstanding qualities of his nature. It was characteristic of him that in the beautiful acknowledgment of the honor which he penned in the *Nation* of the following week he should seek to transfer the whole credit for the results of his forty years' labor to Mr. Godkin.

It is on his work as an editor that Mr. Garrison's chief reputation rests, but in addition to the numerous critical articles and reviews which he contributed to the *Nation*, he published some books and wrote occasional verse, distinguished for its literary grace and felicity, in which the sonnet form predominated. Among his publications may be mentioned: "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," four volumes, in coöperation with his brother, Francis Jackson Garrison; "What Mr. Darwin Saw on His Voyage Around the World," and "The New Gulliver."

Mr. Garrison was twice married, the first time to Miss Lucy McKim, in 1865, and the second time to Mrs. Anne McKim Dennis, in 1891. He received an honorary A.M. from Harvard in 1895. He died on February 27, 1907.

HAMMOND LAMONT.

Hammond Lamont, third editor of the *Nation*, was born at Monticello, Sullivan County, N. Y., on January 19, 1864, the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Lamont, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that town. He attended the local schools at the various places to which his father was called, finally preparing for college at the Albany High School. He entered Harvard in the autumn of 1882, and graduated with the class of 1886. The following year, after a winter of private tutoring in New York city, Mr. Lamont began his newspaper career as a reporter on the Albany *Argus*, serving subsequently as editor of the Albany *Morning Express* and

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Albany *Evening Journal.* In the spring of 1890 he went to the Pacific Coast, and in the succeeding two years gained a considerable reputation in the newspaper field at Tacoma and Seattle. In 1891 he married Miss Lillian Mann, of Nyack, N. Y.

During the eight years from 1892 to 1900 Mr. Lamont relinquished his increasingly brilliant journalistic service for that of teaching, in which he was no less successful. In 1892 he returned to the East, to become instructor in English at Harvard. After three years there he accepted the associate professorship in English at Brown University, three years later becoming full professor. He remained at Brown until 1900, when he returned to the newspaper profession, as managing editor of the New York *Evening Post.* In 1907 he succeeded Wendell Phillips Garrison as editor of the *Nation,* continuing in that capacity until the day of his death in May, 1909.

Mr. Lamont was distinguished by extraordinarily wide general information, and by unusual clearness, accuracy, and vigor of English style. As an editor he was conspicuous for his unflinching scrupulousness of conscience and the firmness of his professional standards. Joined with these qualities were warmth of human sympathy and an almost unerring sense of justice, which won for him the personal affection and the highest respect of his associates, both at college and in the editorial room.

He was editor of several textbooks in English, especially well known being his "Specimens of Exposition" and "Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America," and author of an "English Composition."

PAUL ELMER MORE.

Hammond Lamont was succeeded in the editorship of the *Nation* by Paul Elmer More, who, in addition to being literary editor of the *Evening Post,* had served as assistant editor of the *Nation* during Lamont's brief editorship. Mr. More was born at St. Louis on December 12, 1864, the son of Enoch Anson and Katherine Hay (Elmer) More. He graduated from Washington University, St. Louis, in 1887, and received his A.M. there in 1892, and his A.M. from Harvard in the following year. Washington University bestowed on him an honorary LL.D. in 1913. He was assistant in Sanscrit at Harvard from 1894 to 1895, and was associate professor in Sanscrit and classical literature at Bryn Mawr from 1895 to 1897. In 1901 he went to the *Independent* as literary editor, a position which he held until he joined the staff of the *Evening Post* in the same capacity in 1903. He became editor of the *Nation* in 1909, retiring from the office in March last year, that he might find more leisure for his own writing.

Of Mr. More's great services to the *Nation* it is not appropriate to speak in this formal notice. Happily, they were not discontinued by his retirement. He remains a frequent and valued contributor, and in an advisory capacity the wide scholarship and the discriminating taste which have given him front rank among American critics are still put freely at the disposal of, as they are warmly appreciated by, his associates of the *Nation.*

Mr. More is the author of a number of volumes of critical essays—which must now be approaching, if they have not already achieved, double figures—known as the "Shelburne Essays," the title being taken from the country town in New Hampshire, where for two years the author lived a kind of Thoreauesque life, and where he conceived and began to put into execution the plan of his literary work. Among his other published volumes may be mentioned "A Century of Indian Epigrams," "The Judgment of Socrates," and a translation of Æschylus's "Prometheus Bound." Since his retirement, apart from his work in the *Nation,* Mr. More has contributed principally to the *Unpopular Review.*

Two Valued Contributors

On this occasion, when links with the days of Godkin and Garrison are especially cherished, it is fitting to commemorate the services of two devoted employees of the *Nation,* who, more fortunate than the present editors, remember the old régime and were trained to its precepts. Both were associated more particularly with Mr. Garrison, whose fine considerateness and conscience and loyalty they still vividly reflect. That neither has since known a man quite Mr. Garrison's equal may, perhaps, explain their solid Toryism. Averse, for whatever reason, to *novis rebus,* their presence in this office should give comfort to older readers, who may have feared that certain tendencies in modern journalism would blind the eyes of younger men to the *Nation's* original vision. In James Hamilton and Howard Anderson the *Nation* has a strong anchor to windward.

In length of service, Mr. Hamilton takes precedence. Coming to the *Nation* in October, 1868, he has remained ever since its clerk of subscriptions, and may be seen in the Counting Room by day, and often by night, jealously guarding his sheets from withdrawals. That these sheets happen to be a vivid yellow is one of the ironies in the life of a man so opposed to sensationalism. Another is the preoccupation with vacations by one who will never take a vacation himself. Though he is constantly busied these summer months with changing the addresses of others, his own address remains, summer and winter, 20 Vesey Street.

Howard Anderson has been for twenty-nine years superintendent of make-up. A soldier under Gen. (then Major) Woodhull, he was brought by the latter to the attention of Mr. Garrison, who divined the character of the young man and promptly employed him. Though Gen. Woodhull has frequently bestowed friendly services upon the *Nation,* this one act, no less than others, stands out at the present time as invaluable. For "Andy" has the soldier's precision and neatness, and, quite apart from any soldierly training, an inflexible conscience, which demands that even what is Greek to him shall be Greek to a Grecian, too; and nothing could better reveal the man than his care in setting up, always by hand, the excerpts which the *Nation* not infrequently publishes from this ancient tongue. Much more considerate of Greek accents than Jowett, he is chagrined if the galley proof shows a mark awry. It is in itself a tribute to him that, though he is in a position to retire to less exacting work, his loyalty to the *Nation* and his love of intellectual interests still hold him to his present responsible post.

The *Nation* is glad to bear witness to the rare qualities of both men, and trusts that for many a year they may continue to perpetuate in this office the personality of Garrison, who was in every way a most powerful influence in their lives.

Book Notes and Byways

BEGINNINGS OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

EARLY RECORDS OF THE "LONDON GAZETTE."

Some isolated facts regarding the *London Gazette* seem sufficiently valuable to deserve presentation collectively. The journal has had perhaps the longest continuous existence of any periodical in the language, and during all these years it has been the official organ of the English Government. To-day, as in the time of Charles II, its announcements are considered the most authoritative statements available in matters of state.

The present article deals with some facts regarding the early history of the paper, and more particularly with the conditions affecting its publication during the reign of Queen Anne. Before 1700 the *London Gazette* had a comparatively uneventful career; in spite of a growing interest in political journals after 1650, it remained for years merely the medium for domestic and foreign news of an official nature. Later its importance became greater, especially when the political groups began to organize their news agencies more thoroughly, so that during Queen Anne's reign the *Gazette* may be said to have served the Government as earnestly as any periodical then serving a party.

This journal appeared first as a bi-weekly, and was issued at Oxford. At the time the court of Charles II was in residence there because of the prevalence of the plague in London, and for the same reason Oxford was the seat of the 1665 Parliament. Under the press of such circumstances a court journal became a necessity. The first issue consequently appeared on November 14, 1665, as the *Oxford Gazette,* and this name was used until the court returned to London shortly after. Then, on February 5, 1666, the twenty-fourth edition came out bearing the heading still in use, and at the same time publication from Oxford was discontinued. Meanwhile the *Oxford Gazette* had been reprinted regularly in London as well, so that the court news was current in the metropolis even though the city was under plague restrictions. Thomas Newcombe, known as a printer of Commonwealth organs, brought out the reprints "for the use of some members and gentlemen who desired them."*

Shortly after the *London Gazette* had been well established, there appeared in the city a French edition, called *La Gazette de Londres.* From the existing copies of this journal it appears that the French version was issued first near the close of 1666.† As the evident intention was to send this edition to the Continent, one is not surprised at finding some changes from the matter in the English form of the journal. Variations appear among the earlier issues, but copies issued during 1703 have proved to be literal translations. This peculiar phase of its development cannot be studied at all carefully with so few numbers as remain of the

*H. R. Fox Bourne, English Newspapers, etc. (1887), I, 39.

†See *Notes and Queries,* Series VIII: V. 309, for a different date. The British Museum has copies of *La Gazette de Londres* for May and June, 1682. The earliest of these copies, that for May 15, is No. 1,621; consequently the first issue must have come out during the month of October, 1666.

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French journal. It apparently ceased to appear in 1705.

An interesting matter is the extent to which the *London Gazette* was under control of the court party through so long a term of years. At the time of its establishment Joseph Williamson, Under-Secretary of State to Charles II, chose Charles Perrot, an Oxford Master of Arts, as editor, and contemporary accounts prove that he held the office as late as January 12, 1669-70.* This appointment at once stamped the paper as a Government organ, and after the turn of the century further developments made it more definitely recognized as the property of the ruling political party. In 1706 it was determined that "the two under-secretaries on each side [North and South] have the supervision of the news to be inserted in the *Gazette* which came from any place within their respective provinces."† Under this plan of divided duties the officials of the State Department continued to promote the *Gazette* in efficient fashion, so that at the end of the eighteenth century Edmund Malone commented upon the remarkable continuity of the control from the time of Charles II until his own day.‡ Malone noted, too, that the State Office made all appointments of gazetteers, frequently revised proof of articles in the press, and directed completely the financial affairs of the journal. More specific evidence of these facts will appear from other contemporary records.

Among the State Papers of Queen Anne's reign exist some accounts of the *London Gazette* for the first half of June, 1710.§ These records show what disposal was made of all copies issued during the half month, what were the receipts, and what the disbursements. Issues 4,698 to 4,703, six in all, came from the press between June 1 and June 13, 1710, and in each case except the last, 8,500 copies were printed: only 8,250 copies were in the issue for June 13. At each issue 1,087 papers were given away. Of those remaining the number sold, in order of date, was as follows: 5,382, 5,287, 5,366, 5,488, 5,358, and 5,530. The total number of copies sold was therefore 32,411, and the average number per issue was 5,402. Such a circulation was remarkable for that time—at least according to the traditional notions of the condition of periodical literature in that period. The income from these sales amounted to £64 16s. 6d., while the publishers also got from advertisements £38 10s.—over half the sum gained through the public sales. From these two sources, therefore, they realized a gross income of £103 6s. 6d. for the half month.

The account-book contains also an itemized list of payments made during this period, so that it is a simple matter to determine the net profits of publication. Charges for paper stock, type-setting, and printing amounted to £40 12s., and thus a sum of £62 14s. 6d. remained available for payment of editors and correspondents. The next demand met was that of the gazetteer, Richard Steele. The sum paid him, £11 12s., was his full salary for the two weeks, inasmuch as he received annually for his services £300 according to the terms of his appointment. Mr. Delafaye was paid £2 0s. 2d. for some cause not recorded, and fifteen shillings went for "Corr[espondence] to Whitehall, Judges, &c." These deductions having been made from the gross profits, the administrator of funds still had £48 7s. 4d.

Further entries indicate that this administrator was the Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State for the Southern Department. The account-book bears no signature, but the form of entry and the fact that the *Gazette* had previously been in the control of the State Department lead one to believe these were Sunderland's own records. Since the Earl was merely the paymaster of minor members of the *Gazette* staff, one should not charge him with peculation simply because the largest payment during the two weeks went to him* under the entry, "The Right Honourable the Earl of Sunderland's Moiety of the Profits of the *Gazette* from the first of June to the 15th of June inclusive, 1710, £24 3s. 8d." This sum is half of the total remaining after the payment of all accounts related to editing and publication. The natural conclusion from this is, that the two Secretaries divided equally the gross profits in order to pay the salaries of their assistants. The Honorable Henry Boyle, Secretary of the Northern Department, must therefore have had a sum equal to Sunderland's so as to pay correspondents throughout his section of the country.

The following items in this account (which is concerned only with Sunderland's portion), seem to prove that the Secretaries supported several news-gatherers. The entry to Sunderland's credit precedes a heading, "Out of which sum paid," and following this is a list of small payments ranging from sixteen shillings to £3 17s. The individuals named as recipients are Mr. Paizant, Mr. Bo[rr]ett, Mr. Brocas, Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Newcomer, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Marlow. These items, with one of ten shillings for "office cleaner," and a bill of some sort for £2 10s., brought Sunderland's expenditures up to £15 8s. 6d. It seems, therefore, that he retained £8 15s. 2d., the remainder of his "moiety," after satisfying all claims against the *Gazette* from within his district.

The men listed as recipients of these payments were of such slight importance as to be entirely ignored by contemporary writers—at least no names of the list (excepting that of Smith) appear in the standard biographies of the time. But the small sums are on a level with the payments made to correspondents for other journals, and this perhaps is fair evidence that the present record is the account of Sunderland and his correspondents. Apparently Mr. Paizant received a trifle less than thirty-four pounds per annum, while others of the group got as little as seven pounds during the same time.

Our most authoritative record of circulation for the *Spectator*—that of Steele himself—shows that during its best days the daily issue was about thirty-two hundred copies, or a total per week of nineteen thousand and two hundred. A comparison of this total with the sixteen thousand copies of the *London Gazette* issued weekly as early as June, 1710, proves the existence of a large and intelligent reading public before the *Spectator* had developed its own clientèle. Reluctantly or not, therefore, we must revise our opinions of Addison and Steele as pioneers in the work of popular journalism. We cannot presume that through their help "the people of England really learnt to read,"* when confronted with such records of paid circulation as these of the *Gazette*.

Politically the *Gazette* accounts are interesting as proof of thorough party organization. The modes of distribution show better than anything else how sedulously the Government sought to influence public opinion through the columns of this paper. As early as 1688 a news-letter reported to its readers that a Government order had been sent forth to keepers of coffee-houses and public inns forbidding them to keep "any written or any other news, save the *Gazette*."† This was curtailing the freedom of the press with a vengeance, for the coffee-houses were the most important news centres in London. As an offset to this drastic treatment, publishers of opposition newspapers had their journals distributed free of charge, sometimes to the public-houses and often throughout the residence districts. But they were at a great disadvantage in such work, for the Government was able to outwit them through its general organization. When necessary, papers were suppressed at the post-office and Government journals went out to the addressees in their stead; excise commissioners in country districts disseminated government literature; and inn-keepers under state pay used their influence for the administration party.

The most comprehensive scheme of the sort is revealed by still other unprinted state papers.‡ The document referred to contains six pages of entries dated from June 12, 1703, to December 12, 1711, and all of the sixty-five items refer to newspaper distribution. The accounts seem to be those of a father and his son, whose business was to pay the keepers of coffee-houses for gathering news for the Government. This was done partly through cash payments, partly through the regular gift of newspapers. Twenty-two different coffee-houses were thus kept subject to the will of the Government, and the effect of such control upon the circulation of news can easily be imagined. The landlord could unsuspected act as an informer, and he could determine completely what reading matter should fall into the hands of his patrons.

David Harrison Stevens.

University of Chicago.

*Letter of Dr. T. S[mith] to D. F. *Fleming MSS.*, p. 67.

†Proposals dated March 18, 1705-06. *Portland MSS.*, VIII, 216.

‡The Windham Papers (1750-1810), ed. by Lord Rosebery (1913): 1, 89-90.

§*S. P. Dom. Anne*: Vol. 16, fol. 89.

*It probably is only a coincidence that the end of Sunderland's term of office and the date (June 13, 1710) when these *Gazette* accounts come to a close, coincide exactly. As this seems to be the only itemized account of the sort in existence, one might argue that it is the work of another set to investigate Sunderland's methods. Some color is lent such an assumption by the fact that the account is unsigned. But no outward evidence connects this record with the known devices of the Duke of Somerset, which presumably led Queen Anne to dismiss Sunderland as one step towards a reconstruction of the government.

†The *Spectator* for Saturday, December 6, 1712, reads: "An edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book is already sold off, and the Tax on each half-Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above £20 a-Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually Printed before this Tax was laid." This means, then, that after August, 1712, the six issues per week averaged 1,600 copies, and that before that date the average issue had been 3,200.

*Henry Morley (1891) edition of the *Spectator*, p. xx. Any number of similar assertions might be collected elsewhere.

†News-letter for October 11, 1688. *Fleming MSS.*, p. 214.

‡*S. P. Dom. Anne*: Misc. 217.

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Correspondence.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR'S SATISFACTION OVER THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your letter of May 13 you ask me my opinion as to the sinking of the Lusitania. Well, I will give you my opinion: I regret the loss of so many lives, but I find the sinking of the Lusitania was *just, necessary,* and *useful,* and I may add that the whole German nation has the same opinion.

(1.) Just, because the Lusitania was a cruiser of the British navy. In Whitaker's Almanack, 1915, p. 255, you find the Lusitania mentioned as a merchant-cruiser at the disposition of H. M. Admiralty. I think that a cruiser of the British navy can be sunk even without warning.

(2.) Necessary, because the Lusitania carried large stores of ammunition. Many thousands of lives of our brave soldiers were saved.

(3.) Useful, because the world sees that the war of the submarines is not a "bluff," but very serious.

I regret that many passengers were killed; but (a) the passengers, and especially the Americans, were warned; (b) their lives would probably have been saved if there had not been such large stores of explosives, in *violation of the American laws.* When American citizens go to Dunkirk or to Verdun, they go there at their own risk and peril. It is quite the same when they cross the war zone under the British flag.

That is my opinion.

Paul Darmstaedter.

Göttingen, Germany, June 2.

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your readers might like to know of the following, written at the time of the Crimean War, by Ernest Jones, the Chartist poet, and included in his "The Emperor's Vigil and the Waves and the War," published in London in 1856. It appears singularly appropriate at the present time, sixty years after.

Henry Gray.

London, June 2.

BROTHER-LANDS.

The Englishman to the American.

No hostile stranger-nations we,
To war with impious hands:
One land around a common sea;
One people in two lands.

In vain our kindred shores to part
Are waves between us thrown,
The tide that warms a British heart
Is that which fills your own.

No beacon ranged on either beach
But like an angel stands,
To call new hopes from each to each,
And link our loving hands.

No ship that sails from either shore,
While to and fro it plies,
But weaves the thread of friendship o'er
The gulf that 'twixt us lies.

No pilgrims from our harbours part,
Or come with eager oars,
But give you more of England's heart,
And more to us of yours.

No song that soothes our children's rest,
But unto yours is dear;
No lay that stirred our soldiers' breast
But yours have glowed to hear.

No fame that flashed on Britain's brow,
But gleams on yours alike;
Then, if ye can, abjure us now,
Forget it all—and strike!

A RECORD OF NON-MILITARISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I was looking over some files of the *Nation* for Germany's record on a certain occasion, I ran upon some interesting comments upon another matter pertinent to phases of the present pro-German discussion. First, that Germany is as free as we are, is an argument constantly urged; in fact, one professor has recently declared that Germany is the freest country on earth. Secondly, on the one hand we are told that our belief that Germany is militarist is entirely erroneous; on the other hand, three thousand German university and high-school teachers "are filled with indignation" to see that the enemies of Germany, with England at their head, make a distinction between German knowledge and that which they call Prussian militarism; and a Dr. Grävell writes: "Militarism is the outward manifestation of inner intellectual force, morality, and prosperity."

The following summaries of paragraphs which appeared in the *Nation* in the years 1903 and 1904 seem pertinent to the arguments cited above:

March 19, 1903 (p. 221):
Emperor William pardons a convicted army duellist who killed a civilian. He had been sentenced by a military court to two years.

May 21, 1903 (p. 407):
Emperor William has once more placed himself upon the side of the military reactionaries by accepting the resignation of his brother-in-law, Prince Saxe-Meiningen, because he published a humane order to his army corps, encouraging the private soldiers to report ill-treatment on the part of officers, stating that it was not the Emperor's wish that men should suffer in silence.

June 4, 1903 (p. 447):
Huessner, German ensign, recently killed his lifelong friend Hartmann, private of artillery, for failure to salute him properly. Lieutenant Brüsewitz, who stabbed a civilian for similar offence, got four years; pardoned in two years.

June 18, 1903 (p. 487):
Two ensigns, while out walking recently, met some drunken sailors, and passed to a side street to avoid them. A drunken sailor followed, and struck Ensign von Abel on the back of his head. He at once reported the case to his superiors. What was said to him is not known, but he went directly to his rooms and there killed himself.

February 4, 1904 (p. 81):
Killing of a Saxon lieutenant by a brother officer, whose family honor had been betrayed—the same reason which recently led another lieutenant in Pirna to fight nine others of his regiment. In Dresden, on the same day, an officer who fought a duel with the well-known novelist, Georg von Ompteda, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had eloped with the novelist's wife.

September 8, 1904 (p. 189):
German newspapers abound in horrifying tales of the ill-treatment of soldiers by brutal officers. . . . In Pillau, an artillery lieutenant has been punished for making a soldier carry a heavy part of a breech apparatus around the drill ground in his mouth. In Glogau the military court has been investigating the death of a soldier who was so barbarously treated that he threw himself before an express train to escape his tormentors. It was proved that a sergeant had ill-treated him no less than one hundred and thirty-seven times. In nearly every case the brute struck his victim, and now and again starved him altogether. The sergeant was punished for two hundred and fifty-one offences by imprisonment for only a year and a half. . . . This feeling of dissatisfaction has been increased by a remarkable order (published by the *Vorwärts*) in which the Emperor ordered secrecy in trials similar to that of Lieutenant Bilse.

W. E. Swift.

Indianapolis, May 30.

THE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The centenary of the Prince de Ligne, that brilliant cosmopolite of the old régime, was announced for celebration last year. A prospectus was issued, appropriately bearing at its head, in fraternal collaboration, the names and medallions of the Emperor of Austria and the King of the Belgians. A distinguished Comité d'Initiative was prepared to honor in the usual manner the name of the Prince. What remains for our interest is the republication, from his extensive memoirs, of the more characteristic and vivid portions.

This Austrian, who might have outstripped Heine for the title of the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, appears not only as one of the most gracious and gallant figures of his day, but also as a specialist in monarchs, an amateur of war, and a link between the old fashions and the new, between the hard enamelling of the *Marquises* and the *sensiblerie* and self-analysis that followed Rousseau. Along with the Abbé Galiani and Frederick the Great he ranks among those foreigners who wrote French with the greatest ease and finish; he is credited, indeed, by Sainte-Beuve and M. Lanson with having a style and spirit essentially French in verve, *esprit,* and worldly charm. He was admired by people so various as Mme. de Staël, the Duke of Wellington, and Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.

He haunted almost every court in Europe; he was the familiar and friend of the Austrian kings, of Frederick and of Catherine the Great; he judges Gustavus II and has the chivalrous attitude of Burke towards Marie Antoinette, the "unfortunate and adorable." Curious of all life, he wandered from capital to capital, a worthier Casanova, an honored and beloved vagabond, postponing with secret regret his sterner ambition in order to cull the flowers of each rapid season. The chief traits of his character have been vividly touched off by Sainte-Beuve; his youthful lack of family feeling, significant of the time; the growing desire to please and be pleased, resulting in his complete amiability; his flirtations with nature, then so artificially loved; the mingled sense and sensibility of his later stages; his final rôle as master of ceremonies at the Congress of Vienna. His correspondence reinforces the effect of his adaptability, suavity, gayety, together with his facility as an honorable arch-flatterer and his astonishing vigor and buoyancy; his good qualities were admired by that most difficult of critics, a travelling companion and fellow-diplomat—the Comte de Ségur.

The volumes recently announced for republication illustrate just the four aspects of the Prince de Ligne which seem most important—the memoirs of his busy life, an account of his English gardens, his military ideas, and the letters describing his tour with Catherine the Great in 1787. It is in this last particularly, the "Lettres à la Marquise de Coigny," that we find in small compass all his phases and fancies. It is a question of depicting to a coquettish Parisian correspondent this luxurious journey in the Crimea, where court

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gossip is contrasted strangely with the description of Tartaric embassies, where classical souvenirs and Iphigenia are incorporated, in the remarkable Letter from Parthenizza, with Rousseauistic revery and feeling. There is the fixed royalism which has scant respect for Franklin and which esteems that *république* is a "frightful and impossible word." There are shrewd judgments of contemporaries, the "policing" of Mme. de Geoffrin, the stiff competence of Ségur, and the whirl of Parisian life, "where one adores, but has no time to love." There are philosophical discussions and careful examples of *esprit:* the pompous old chamberlains of the Empress are beautiful ruins; "Louis XIV would have been jealous of Catherine II, or he would have married her—*pour avoir au moins un beau lever.*" There are instances of rather precious compliment and coquetry and much dwelling on the satisfactions of luxury. There are trivialities, fireworks, *bouts-rimés,* and escapades. There is even a certain cool detachment from crowding actualities, as when the Prince discerns through all the junketing a trend towards war. In language recalling Molière and anticipating to-morrow's perplexities, one practical monarch exclaims: "Mais que diable faire de Constantinople?"

But the best perfumed pages are those where, with a new fragrance of thought and feeling, Ligne, in the Letter from Parthenizza, muses over his honey-seeking career. Here is frankness, here is "the document," though wilfully arrayed in the garb of nascent Romanticism.

Catherine has given him a piece of land, just where Euripides and his followers had placed the legend of Iphigenia in Tauris. He leaves the Durbar of princes and swims gallantly ashore to take possession of "the most beautiful spot in the world." No sooner seated on a Turkish carpet, with the temple of Artemis and polite Tartars in the background, he recalls the tyrannies of Thoas and quotes Voltaire's "Henriade." A complete neo-classicist would have stopped there, glanced at the scenery, and cheerfully returned to Catherine. But a strange new poison ferments in the veins of Ligne; he feels that he is a different man and that he has the "opportunity for self-examination and for reviewing all the inconsistencies of my life."

They are what we may have guessed. This monarch-butterfly, in all his flitting from court to court, has achieved no solid store of any kind. He recalls, one by one, even with a touch of pride, the royalties who have favored him, and yet now he wonders at himself. So much travelling, campaigning, pleasure, and temporal prosperity—and what is the end of it all? Why can he not, he asks, simply enjoy nature without this brooding? For a moment he lulls himself with classical reminiscences—Thetis and Ovid—for a moment he remembers the mild joys of his gardening and dreams, dilettante-wise, of establishing himself in Tauris. The prick of his deeper ambition returns to sting him. "But I, what do I here?" He pronounces the word "mon cœur" and bursts into tears—without knowing why, without profound sadness. A love-experience comes to complicate the mood. He perceives that he has been inconstant as the rest of mankind and that he has "worked too much for the gallery." He mounts a Tartar steed and plunges into the night—thus the butterfly returns to the flower.

This is but an instant in the career of the Prince de Ligne and the record has the artificiality of most deliberate confession, but it remains a "lyric meditation," as M. Lanson has styled it, of considerable literary and personal importance. The real mistress of the Prince was war—what he called "la jolie guerre." It was a mistress rather than a master-passion, but through all the later years of his retirement, the military life was his ideal, his memory, and still his desire. It is curious how all the flowers faded before this more metallic lustre; curious that it should need a wave of romantic sensibility to reveal in Petronius the soul of Cæsar.

E. Preston Dargan.

University of Chicago, May 20.

MR. VEILLER'S PROPOSED HOUSING LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To differ from any conclusions of Mr. Lawrence Veiller seems rather ungrateful. Mr. Veiller is so well recognized as the father of housing reform in this country, and the results that are directly attributable to his efforts are so important and far-reaching, that one's impulse is to accept his findings as definitive; yet there seems real danger in his latest book. "A Model Housing Law" was published about a year ago, and seems to have occasioned little comment. The effects of the general adoption of such a law would be so far-reaching from the point of view of sociology and economics, and would so hamper the development of the architecture of this country, that the book should not be accepted as a standard for lack of discussion and criticism. This book purports to cover all the possible conditions of "housing" in cities, towns, or even "on the prairies," where, the book states, extremely bad conditions of housing have been found. The proposed law is defined as covering all "private dwellings," "two-family dwellings," and "multiple dwellings." The last-named class is divided into two groups, A and B. Group A is defined as covering tenement houses, flats, apartment hotels, bachelor, studio, duplex, and kitchenette apartments; Group B includes "hotels, lodging-houses, boarding-houses, furnished-room houses, lodgings, clubhouses, convents, asylums, jails, and all other dwellings similarly occupied, whether specifically enumerated or not." In brief it would include every place where human beings sleep. The law is recommended for adoption by the various States regardless of climate.

Any one who has struggled to fit the provisions of the New York Tenement law to a multiple dwelling in the suburbs, or to a large high-class apartment house, will appreciate the difficulty of writing a general law which shall cover all the possible conditions arising in widely differing classes of buildings.

The New York Tenement law was quite frankly framed to cover a special set of conditions arising in the Borough of Manhattan, where the unit, of a lot of 25x100, is an almost constant factor, and the housing of the poor, or less well-to-do portion of the community, was the chief if not the only consideration. Without in the least degree wishing to discredit the really immense benefit which has resulted from the adoption and application of this law, it seems to me necessary to protest against certain tendencies towards absolute standardization which the law involves.

The same tendency is even more clearly marked in the "Model Housing Law." Though it is avowedly a set of minimum provisions, it is written around (or within) the customary American unit of the rectangular lot with a narrow frontage. While it is true that there are certain provisions which might apply to a less stereotyped system of city planning, the tendency is to force, or at least strongly to suggest, the adoption of a fixed type of house.

There seems to be a real danger in cramping the imagination by fixing attention on a type which, after all, is only a minimum solution of conditions that are in themselves undesirable.

As has been stated, the law is framed to cover all classes of housing, from one-family houses in cities and villages, to apartments, hotels, and even jails. It seems very unwise to attempt to standardize accommodations where conditions vary so widely. For example, under the proposed law, the minimum size of any room is 90 square feet. Now 90 square feet in a high-class apartment house is not an unreasonable minimum. It is, however, a question whether a minimum of 90 square feet in a tenement would itself be an improvement on the 70 square feet required in the New York law, in view of the possibility of putting four, instead of two, people in a room. This could easily be accomplished by the use of "double-decker" beds.

It has been found necessary, in the case of certain workingmen's towns, to insist that families consisting of the parents and grown children of both sexes should occupy at least three rooms. It is manifestly impossible to insist on this condition unless the accommodations can be furnished at a reasonable rent. Under condition of congestion this might be made difficult, if not impossible, by such a liberal provision.

Certainly, a minimum of 90 square feet in all dwelling-houses regardless of situation, number of windows, etc., would be very unfair and unnecessary. In planning small houses in the suburbs or in a village it frequently happens that a room of perhaps 8x9 feet, or 7x9 feet, can be arranged with windows on two sides or even with one window only. Under this law such a space could not be used either for a single bedroom, or even for a sewing-room!

The proposed law requires that all alcoves or alcove rooms must have an area of not less than 90 square feet, and that they must have independent windows as if they were rooms. This is very well for tenements, but it is also proposed to apply this provision to all private houses, hotels, clubs. The clear intention is to force the use of rectangular rooms exclusively. Under this law a closet projecting into the corner of a room would produce what might be technically an alcove. A safe or elevator enclosure projecting into the lobby or office of a hotel or club would form an alcove which not only must be of legal area, but must be independently lighted by windows. It is difficult to imagine planning a club or the entrance floor of a hotel in the light of so drastic a limitation.

Mr. Veiller proposes to limit the height of *all* stories for their whole area to a minimum of nine feet. There seems no good reason for attempting to regulate the story height of detached dwelling-houses in the suburbs or country, and there is certainly every reason why an attic story or other story in a roof should be allowed in such houses. Such

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a provision would impose a flat-roofed architecture on the whole country, and would make impossible such charming and commodious houses as those designed by Mr. Charles Barton Keene and Mr. Aymar Embury II.

It has seemed to the writer that a legal and perfectly valid distinction could be drawn between what are commonly regarded as tenement houses and high-class apartment houses, on the basis of cost per apartment or room. That, for example, fireproof houses costing over, say, $1,000 a room, could be regarded as a separate class, and that such absurdities as the universal requirements of an arbitrary provision for "legal" light in halls found in the New York Tenement law, which are included in this proposed law, might be avoided. The law states that all public halls must be lighted by a window in one end, etc., and was evidently framed with the usual small "tenement" house in mind, and seems reasonable for this class of dwellings. This has been made to apply to halls 150 feet long in the case of high-class houses occupying a whole city block, or site 200x200 feet, and must be accepted as a literal compliance with the law; it constitutes "legal" light. Though there are several other provisions in the proposed law to which exception might be taken, enough has been said to suggest the unwisdom of trying to apply one set of conditions, however well they may regulate any limited class of buildings, to all human habitations. Certainly, it seems clear that any attempt to standardize *all* living conditions to conform to a single yard-stick is a mistake.

LOUIS HOLMES BOYNTON.

University of Michigan, June 2.

ESPRIT D'ESCALIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That Pope, like the rest of us, could prepare an excellent rejoinder when the occasion had passed, the unscrupulous editing of his own correspondence seems to make plain. One instance of this gift which does not seem to have been noticed—or is it merely unconscious humor?—occurs in the letter purporting to have been written to Addison in apology for "Dr. Norris's Narrative" (Works, Croker-Elwin, VI. 398). The opening sentences of that letter contain an allusion to the fable of "The Sun and the Owls" in these words:

> I am more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy season; but it is his fate, too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by shining on, etc.

All very obsequious and proper, until we notice that in the *Tatler* (229) Addison had told this fable apropos of himself and his critics; to quote only the last sentence:

> Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you know, could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you; but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to "shine on."

Addison probably took the fable from "L'Estrange" (434), but Pope is far more likely to have got it from the *Tatler*. Is this chance or conscious irony? Does he stumble upon this appropriate fable, or does he find a subtle recompense for Addison's majestic repudiation in thus parroting to him his own rather pompous sentiments?

Now, as is well known, this letter was never sent to Addison, or, if it was, it was sent in almost the same words to Caryll first. In that connection, of course, the fable was without extraordinary point. I confess, with some shame I admit, almost to a hope that in this instance the version to Addison was actually prepared when it pretends to have been; but there is no particular reason for assuming that this letter differs from others of the sort which were clearly revised and altered only when needed as evidence in the 1735 edition.

Whether or not Pope was conscious that he was quoting Addison to Addison very pertinently when he transferred this letter from Caryll, either in 1713 or 1735 (in the latter case for the benefit of himself and the public), can hardly be determined. If he was not, he missed a joy peculiarly adapted to his palate. Few of this sort, he missed, certainly. M. ELLWOOD SMITH.

Syracuse University, June 20.

Literature

THE QUINCENTENARY OF JOHN HUSS.

John Huss, His Life, Teachings, and Death after Five Hundred Years. By David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Church. By John Huss, translated with Notes and an Introduction by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Christian world has celebrated this year, on the sixth day of July, the five hundredth anniversary of the death by fire of John Huss, the protomartyr of the Protestant Reformation. The approach of this anniversary has given the impulse to several notable publications. "The Life and Times of Master John Hus," and "The Hussite Wars," by Count Lützow, appeared in 1909 and 1914, and were noticed in these columns. Their special interest was in the ardent national sentiment which animated them and which was needed to counteract certain attempts to minimize the importance of the work of Huss by showing its essential dependence upon the leadership of Wiclif and its reactionary effect upon later Bohemian life.

Now we have from an American scholar two books as to which no party animus can be assumed. In his "Life of Huss" Prof. David S. Schaff, of the Western Theological Seminary, has undertaken to give a concise presentation of the reformer's work and thought. In his translation of Huss's treatise on "The Church" he gives to English readers an opportunity to study the most distinctive contribution of the Hussite movement to the cause of reform. It is worth while to review briefly here the chief claims of Huss to the attention of the modern student and to the gratitude of all who value the heritage of the Reformation.

In the first place, Huss shares with all the other great leaders of the religious revolution—with the single exception of Calvin—the character of a national representative. As Wiclif stood for the English spirit, Luther for the German, and Zwingli for the Swiss, so John Huss was first, last, and always the spokesman of Bohemian nationality. It is true that Bohemia, a fiercely Slavonic country, had long been dominated by Germanic culture. For centuries its kings had claimed and sometimes exercised the right of suffrage in the elections to the German imperial throne. Just before the time of Huss's activity three of these kings, descendants of the German house of Luxemburg, had gained the imperial crown for themselves. In the University of Prague, founded by the Luxemburger Charles IV in 1347, the three Germanic "nations" of the Saxons, Bavarians, and "Poles" stood with their three votes over against the single vote of the Bohemian "nation." The obligation of Bohemia to German civilization was unquestioned; but already before the time of Huss the new spirit of national self-consciousness was becoming increasingly impatient of this alien beneficence. The deposition of King Wenzel from the imperial throne in 1400, however justified by the interests of the Empire, left a sting in Bohemia, the effects of which were clear enough when the spirit of revolt began to show itself.

Huss's education was exclusively Bohemian. He was never outside the country until the fateful journey to Constance. His religious thought was moulded by the teaching of native scholars whose views on the most important questions which later occupied him were essentially the same as his own. Only after he had thus laid the foundations of his own thought did he receive the decisive impulse of Wiclif's writings. On this point we feel that Dr. Schaff is rather too much inclined to follow the extreme view of Loserth and his followers as to Huss's indebtedness to Wiclif's teaching. The argument of the deadly parallel column which Loserth so effectively employed does, indeed, show that Huss, like most of his contemporaries, did not hesitate to make use of the words of another to express his own ideas; but it is far from proving that the ideas were not his own. The more we become acquainted with the writings of Huss the more clearly does his essential originality appear. He undoubtedly found in Wiclif a precious source of inspiration and encouragement, but it would be almost as false to make him a mere copyist of Wiclif as it would be to make Luther merely a disciple of Huss because when he came to read the defence of his Bohemian predecessor he was cheered and sustained by the discovery that so noble a spirit had reached conclusions similar to his own.

The national character of Huss's work is evident from the beginning. His earliest reputation was won as a preacher in the Czech tongue in connection with an institution definitely founded to provide popular

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preaching as a supplement to that in the regular churches. As preacher at Bethlehem Chapel—the name has an almost Methodistical suggestion—Huss succeeded for a long time in keeping his peace with the local ecclesiastical authorities while all the time attacking with increasing boldness the obvious evils of a priesthood secure in its intrenchments of tradition and privilege. It was a moment when such attacks were the common expression of disgust at the condition of the nominal headship of western Christendom. The year 1409 saw the long existing schism in the papal government rather intensified than solved by the election of a third pope at the Council of Pisa. It was not wholly an accident that in that year the Bohemian national party made its most dramatic anti-German demonstration by so changing the constitution of the University of Prague that the German element, instead of being allowed a decisive majority, was henceforth to have but one vote against three in the hands of Bohemians. The secession of the Germans left the University doubtless in one way weakened, but in another greatly strengthened by the intensifying of the national spirit. Of this reorganized university John Huss was the first rector, evidence enough in itself of his share in the racial conflict. In Bohemia as elsewhere, notably in Germany itself, the two causes of national independence and religious reform joined hands in instinctive resistance to the common enemy—a universal and infallible hierarchical church. An excommunication procured by the local ecclesiastical powers from the wretch John XXIII served only to mark Huss out still more clearly as the man of Bohemia, the trusted leader to whom all the elements of reform were looking for guidance.

But now again, and not for the last time, it was to be shown that reform of the outward things, to be effective, must be based upon some principle that would lift all reformatory endeavor up to a higher plane and show that it was not mere complaining against the limitations incident to all human institutions, but something deeper, grounded in universal instincts of right. Wiclif had found his principle in the ultimate authority of Scripture. Huss followed him in this, but used by preference another phrase more pregnant with meaning for the future. He liked to speak continually of the *lex Dei* or the *lex Christi* as the final appeal of every Christian man. The value of this phrase for controversial purposes is evident at once. Its very vagueness was its strength. The law of the Church could be and had been codified, brought to book, taught in the schools, added to, commented upon, made the cornerstone of the imposing structure against which the criticism of good men was growing continually fiercer and more uncompromising. A hundred years later the first step in Luther's revolt was to fling the book of this law of the Church into the fire and start over again upon the new-old basis of the Freedom of the Christian Man. So far Huss was not willing to go; but the principle was as clear to him as it ever was to any one.

The *lex Dei* was the supreme appeal from every human tribunal to the ultimate rightness of things. In spite of its partial embodiment in Scripture, it was as plastic as our appeal to the "higher law." We rest ordinarily upon the law as it is; but we know that behind and above that is a higher something which in a case of serious doubt we are bound to follow and to which we make our last appeal. That, as we understand it, is what Huss meant by the *lex Dei*, the higher something to which all human law must conform and, failing to conform, must be amended until this disparity no longer offends the conscience of the world. Obviously, such a doctrine was a mortal affront to all established authority. It was asked, and very properly, what would the world come to if any such vague idealism as this were to take the place of fixed and proved law? The answer was, that this was right, and the law of man must see to it that it be conformed to the law of God.

That is Huss's first claim to our lasting gratitude: that in a world of legalized religion he proclaimed the ancient gospel of a higher law. His second claim is the logical outgrowth of the first. Admitting that there was a supreme law, it must be made practical. After all, it must be interpreted by human judgment and administered by human hands. There was no question that both interpretation and administration were the function of the Church; but what was the Church? This is the question which Huss attempts to answer in his most important work, the treatise "de ecclesia" now translated for the first time into English; in fact, so far as the translator knows, for the first time into a modern language. It was, of course, inevitable that the definition of the Church as here given should be clouded in a maze of scholastic learning, that Scripture and tradition, history and science, should be called in and handled according to that curious method of alluring irrelevancy which passed for reasoning in the mediæval mind. But for our present memorial purpose this definition may be greatly simplified. In the last analysis it is this: that the Church consists of all those who belong to it, a proposition apparently so self-evident that it does not need to be stated. And yet, simple though it be, it was only through a profound revolution in the method of human thought that it had come to be possible even to formulate it.

The philosophy of Nominalism, revived and reinvigorated by the Englishman William Ockham, who died a generation before Huss was born, wrought into the political theories of Ockham's intimate friend, Marsiglio of Padua (Dr. Schaff uses the unwarrantable form *Marsiglius*), and easily discernible as the scarlet thread running through all the literature of the Schism, had penetrated the whole intellectual life of Europe as deeply and as subtly as the philosophy of evolution has penetrated the thought of our day. Huss himself was not an avowed Nominalist; neither was Wiclif, and yet their idea of the Church as the group of individuals truly owning the Christian name is a distinctly nominalistic conception. Stated negatively, it was that the Church did not consist of the Pope and the cardinals, with the rest of the hierarchy and the laity dependent upon them for doctrine and discipline. These were all matters of human invention, convenient for practical purposes if only controlled by the final judgment of the true Church based upon the law of God.

But now, who were the members of this true Church? Not every one who had been baptized into the Christian name, but only those who were chosen (*prædestinati*) to receive the grace of persistent righteousness. The rest were the foreknown (*præscíti*)—and here we come to the edge of that jungle of speculations about election and reprobation, freedom and bondage of the will, and all the rest of it, in which theologians have lost themselves and brought their followers to despair. We are concerned only with the practical outcome. If membership in the true Church were thus dependent upon personal, individual conditions, then any alleged member might in reality be himself deceived and be deceiving others. For example: was it quite certain that any given pope was a member of the true Church? Not necessarily, by any means. He might be a reprobate. It all depended upon whether he were a true follower of the *lex Dei*. If not, then the evidence was all against him. It followed, of course, that the whole institution of the Papacy and all that went with it were not of the essence of the Church at all. The Church could get on very well without it. There was but one head of the Church, namely Christ, and all Christians stood to him in the same relation of obedience and service.

So far Huss seems to have been fighting the battle of those better elements in the Church which were moving irresistibly towards the settlement of all existing religious questions by a resort to the ancient method of a General Council. The chief promoters of the Council at Constance were distinctly reformers. "Reform of the Church in head and members!" was the battle-cry of an increasingly large proportion of the thinking men of Europe. In favoring an independent council outside of Italy they proclaimed their allegiance to the doctrine afterwards officially declared at Constance, that the "Council is above the Pope," because it is the representation of the Church as a whole. In the programme of Constance, in addition to the healing of the schism and the purification of the Church from heresy, the cause of Reform figured as of equal importance. To many its importance was primary, as a necessary condition of any permanent union.

And yet, this would-be reforming Council burned John Huss as a double-dyed heretic. This has always been one of the puzzles of

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history; but the explanation is fairly simple. It is, that the Council itself was on trial before the judgment of Europe. It was an untried experiment, this gathering of prelates, princes, doctors of law and theology to discuss matters which had never been discussed before in any such open and unrestricted fashion. It was to sit in judgment upon three conflicting popes, and might even come to prescribe the conditions upon which a new head of Christendom could claim the undivided allegiance of the western world. To accomplish these great results it needed, above all else, the sympathy of what we may roughly call its constituents. Especially must it keep itself free from any taint of the "heretical" doctrines which, clustering about the memory of Wiclif, were infecting the faith of every country represented. If it wished to control the Papacy, it certainly could not begin by abolishing it. If it would restore the regular working of the canon law, it could not afford to play with any vague notions about a higher law. Before proceeding to the work either of union or of reform, the Council must demonstrate its orthodoxy in some unmistakable fashion, and what better way to do this than to make an example of the bold innovator who had incautiously put himself in its power?

That is the simple explanation of the apparent paradox of a reforming council destroying a too zealous reformer whose worst heresies were the supremacy of the divine law and the single headship of Christ over his Church. The tragedy of Huss's betrayal and imprisonment, the farcical attempts to persuade him to recant, the foregone conclusion of his trial, and his heroic death need not be rehearsed here. They are the stock material of religious persecution always and everywhere. The real tragic moment was when, in his public hearing before the full Council, Huss made his appeal to the supreme law of Christ and the whole assemblage broke into derisive laughter.

It remains to speak briefly of the two companion volumes here in review. Dr. Schaff's narrative of the life and services of Huss makes no pretensions to originality in the sense of bringing new contributions to our information; but it bears every evidence of careful study of all available material. It does not seek to magnify unduly the character of its hero. It presents him as a very human person, strong in his opinions and without fear in declaring them, of blameless life, beloved by his friends and respected by his fair-minded opponents. The worst that could be said against him was to call his conviction obstinacy and his boldness insolence. The book will be serviceable to scholars as giving a summary of the most recent views and directing the student to the best original material. To the larger public it will commend itself by its readableness and the clearness of its arrangement. The story moves with dramatic directness from stage to stage up to the final crisis. The examination of the circumstances attending the tragic close is made with great candor and with entire appreciation of the motives of those who combined to crush a man dangerous to them because the people heard him gladly.

The accompanying volume, the translation of the "de ecclesia," deserves the especial gratitude of all who desire to go behind narratives and read at first hand what the leaders of thought have written. Its style, involved and wearisome in its detail, is simplified as far as possible by the use of easily understood English forms. The division into twenty-three chapters makes easy the reference to special topics. The Introduction gives a clear summary of the whole argument. If one would comprehend why John Huss, once in the clutches of the "Church," could not be allowed to escape, one cannot do better than to read this elaborate exposition of ideas which, if adopted, would make a church of that kind impossible.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon and Waterloo: A Strategical and Tactical Study. By Capt. A. F. Becke. With eleven maps. Two vols. London: Kegan Paul. $8 net.

The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. New York: The John Lane Co. $2.

Napoleon I: A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. New popular edition. Two vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

A hundred years have come and gone since Napoleon won his last great victory at Ligny and suffered his last great defeat at Waterloo. No period of his life has proved more fascinating nor called forth a greater literature than those three days from June 16 to 18, 1815. After all that has been said by the writers of justificatory memoirs, by eye-witnesses and alleged eye-witnesses, by Siborne, Chesney, Ropes, Houssaye, Grouard, and by all the others, it takes courage on the part of Captain Becke to attack the question again with the hope of saying something new. Yet this is what he succeeds in doing. And he does it, not so much by the production of any considerable amount of hitherto unknown material, as by his searching and constructive use of scattered bits of evidence which have been in print, but which have not been fitted together into a consistent whole. Instead of being led down long by-paths of controversy about Ney and D'Erlon and Grouchy, the author starts with a good analysis of Napoleon's masterly conception of an advance with "two wings and a reserve," and he obtains unity and clearness for his whole account by his adherence to Napoleon's own point of view.

By advancing with the left wing under Ney, the right wing under Grouchy, and the reserve under his own immediate direction, Napoleon hoped to drive a wedge in between Wellington and Blücher, as he had driven one in 1796 between the Sardinians and the Austrians. Then, while one of his enemies was being gripped and held by the "advanced strategical guard" of one French wing, the other enemy would be caught and dealt an annihilating blow by Napoleon commanding the reserve and the other French wing. The whole conception is clearly indicated in the all-important dispatch to Ney from Charleroi on the morning of June 16. In it, however, Napoleon stated: "I shall bring it [the reserve] into action on either wing just as the actual circumstances may dictate." Here lay the ambiguity. He did not know until some hours later whether it would be the English or the Prussians on whom the annihilating blow should first fall. From this fact sprang the fatal mistakes of Ney, and the unfortunate march and countermarch D'Erlon's corps, which fought neither with Ney on the left at Quatre Bras nor with Napoleon on the right at Ligny; it oscillated uselessly between the two battles when its presence at either would have been decisive. Captain Becke, disagreeing with Houssaye and the critics of Napoleon, places credence in D'Erlon's own statement that this unfortunate mistake was due to the fact that General La Bédoyère, who was entrusted with Napoleon's order to Ney to send D'Erlon to Ligny, instead of taking the time to seek out Ney, met D'Erlon's troops on his way and took it upon himself to order a change in their direction from Ney to Napoleon. Thus D'Erlon's corps appeared an hour too soon, and in an unexpected quarter, and was mistaken by Napoleon, in the midst of the battle of Ligny, for a hostile force on his flank. It is impossible to indicate all the other interesting points which the author scrutinizes in great detail. With two considerable volumes, he has plenty of space to say all the things which he could not compress into his good Waterloo article in the last Encyclopædia Britannica. He frequently takes occasion to emphasize practical military truths which are as applicable to-day as a hundred years ago, but his work is by no means merely for the military specialist. On the whole, his enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon makes him incline to be too easy on the Emperor and too severe on his subordinates. He gives rather a loose rein to his rhetoric, is somewhat repetitious, and has not read by any means all the Germans have to say on the subject. Nevertheless, his account of the Waterloo campaign is the most full and satisfactory account in English.

Nearly six years after his flight from the field of Waterloo, Napoleon lay dead at St. Helena, and a mould for a death-mask was taken from his head. It has been stated by nearly all writers heretofore who touch upon the subject that this mould was made by Dr. Antommarchi. For certainly the Italian doctor was present at the death-bed and unqualifiedly asserts in his famous "Last Moments of Napoleon": "I moulded the face, and proceeded to the autopsy." Now Mr. Watson comes forward with an

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exceedingly interesting essay, full of delicious irony, in which he brands Antommarchi's statement as false, and exposes the whole legend which has grown up around it. With some knowledge of the technique of making plaster casts, and from a careful study of the contemporary evidence, he shows beyond a doubt that it was Dr. Francis Burton (uncle of the famous Sir Richard Burton) to whom belongs the honor of making the original mould and cast. Having made a cast, he left it at Longwood overnight to dry. When he returned, the front, or face, part of the cast was gone. Madame Bertrand had taken it off and packed it up. Burton tried at St. Helena and in England to recover possession of what he regarded as his lawful property, but he never succeeded. Several years later, when he had died and could no longer defend his rights, Antommarchi asserted that his was the pious hand which had preserved for posterity the great Emperor's last features, and posterity was invited to buy copies of the cast (which he duplicated from the one held by the Bertrand family). The history of this death-mask and the growth of the legends connected with it is a curious one, and has lost nothing in its telling by Mr. Watson.

Professor Fournier's excellent biography of Napoleon, first published in German in 1885, has for a dozen years been accessible to English students in a one-volume translation edited by the late Edward G. Bourne. In 1904-6, however, Fournier revised and enlarged his biography so that it should take account of the great advances which had been made in the study of the Napoleonic period. From this revised German edition Miss Annie E. Adams made a good two-volume English translation, which was first published in 1911 and which is now reissued from the same type, but in less expensive form. It has a few maps and a well-selected and very convenient bibliography. It is, as those familiar with the earlier work of Fournier would expect, one of the very best biographies in English of the great Corsican—impartial, well balanced, accurate, and broad in its point of view.

A NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Cyclopedia of American Government. Edited by Andrew C. McLaughlin and Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Three vols. $22.50 net.

The most important problem in advanced education, said Andrew Dickson White, speaking as long ago as 1879 before Johns Hopkins University, is "the proper provision for higher instruction in subjects bearing directly upon public affairs." Coming from one of our most discerning educators, at the time president of Cornell University, this comment struck the keynote of the address that followed. It may be taken as marking roughly the beginnings of a movement in education which begot in many institutions of learning courses more or less effective in such subjects as history, economics, politics, jurisprudence, international law, diplomacy, and sociology. The publication (1881-1884) of Lalor's "Cyclopædia of Political Science" marked progress, and has ever since aided the general cause towards the promotion of which President White's thought was directed. In the particular field of American government such works as Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government" (1885) and Lord Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (1888), followed by a host of relatively minor but useful volumes, attempted to present and to interpret political problems of confounding magnitude and variety with which a generation of productive thinkers has been concerned. For some time there has been need of gathering into compendious form for reference the results of much effort in this field.

A "Cyclopedia of American Government," edited by Professors McLaughlin and Hart, in coöperation with some 240 contributors, seems to have been designed to meet this need. Addressed to some extent to the lawyer and the economist, the work is especially directed to all "those whose interests and duties call them to the study of public affairs," to editors, librarians, teachers, students, general readers, and writers. In the work there are about 2,900 topics ranging from "Abattoirs" to "Yukon"—more than three times as many as are to be found in Lalor. The topics, varying in length of treatment from a few lines to a dozen or more pages, embrace an extensive field. In the course of our examination of the materials in the volumes, the question has constantly arisen: Does the title "American Government" justify any such range?

What is American government? Neither in the editorial Introduction (I, v-x), nor under "Government" (II, 88), are there what seem to us well-matured considerations of this basic theme. The editors' analysis of the subject under five leading heads and twenty-eight subdivisions fails to be impressive or to appear to have been carefully worked out. Further examination of many details in the text of the volumes only quickens the thought that discriminating judgment should have established such principles of elimination as would reduce the number of topics without sacrificing to any great extent the usefulness of the compilation. If the three fields of history, economics, and political science can be differentiated—as our friends of the American Political Science Association believe—then the present work, in view of its title, is overburdened, we should say, with topics in both history and economics. There is, moreover, a tendency to admit easily matters of sociological import which have often only indirect relations to the main theme. Upwards of two hundred biographical sketches may be found useful, although these are limited in most instances by so strict a standard of brevity, irrespective of the relative importance of names, as to seem undiscriminating and stereotyped. Finally, space has been devoted to a great variety of political slang phrases, too many of which are worth little, if any, serious attention. We acknowledge the difficulty of this fundamental problem. We cannot, however, discover that it has been squarely faced. At any rate, the real merit of the work is reduced by the failure (as we conceive it) of the editors carefully to define the particular field to be cultivated.

The long array of contributors—many of them highly trained and conscientious scholars, others capable experts in practical administration—may be taken as fair evidence of much good and trustworthy work. To have omitted from the list of contributors the name of President W. F. Slocum was doubtless an oversight. But why should the list contain more than a dozen names, among these James C. Ballagh, Hiram Bingham, Richard T. Ely, Harry A. Garfield, Royal Meeker, Edward B. Moore, Calvin W. Rice, and Talcott Williams, who appear to have had nothing whatever to do with the actual work? If any serious work of reference with pretensions to thoughtful consideration has appeared within recent years more thoroughly besmirched from start to finish with typographical inaccuracies, we are unacquainted with it. The proof-reading in the final stages of printing must have been careless and unintelligent to a degree. Such matters of neglect, however, point to inaccuracies still more serious which we must touch upon in conclusion.

We should naturally look for accuracy on so well-worn a topic as the Monroe Doctrine. "In October, 1823, the Russian Government," we read, "sent out a circular against Spanish-American independence, and declared it contrary to the European 'political system,' which phrase clearly referred to the system of legitimate monarchy." The "circular" of August 30 and Baron de Tuyll's "note" of October 16, 1823, are here confused. The first concerned affairs in Spain and Portugal, and was brought to the attention of John Quincy Adams on November 15 following. The note was simply indicative of Russia's indisposition to receive diplomatic representatives from the South American states until recently subject to Spain. "The Latin-American states . . . in 1826 summoned a congress"—an altogether careless statement. The summary of the Olney Doctrine of 1895 will not stand careful comparison with the diplomatic correspondence in which that doctrine was developed. The subject should have been handled by an expert in history and international law, and not treated in an impressionistic fashion.

The following topics, several of which have been very carelessly written, all contain palpable inaccuracies that could not have passed the test of editors watchful of the details which make such a work strong and trustworthy: "Boundaries of the United States"; "Conservation"; "Cumberland Road"; "Public Care of Deaf and Dumb"; "Due Diligence"; "Education in Forestry" and "Forest Service"; "Public Aid to Expositions"; "Grand Committee"; "Hay-Pauncefote

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fote Treaties"; "Maximilian's Empire," and "Panama Congress." We see nothing to be gained from the superficial and trivial statements set down briefly under "Cost of Living," a subject quite worth presentation at the hands of some expert student of economic and historical factors.

The reader who is duly warned may still find under many topics legitimately concerned with important features of American government—such as Congress, the Constitution, the Courts, International Relations, Parties and Party Machinery, Administration, Finance, Elections, State and Municipal Institutions—much careful writing, with a sufficiency of bibliographical lore for direction into many aspects of these subjects. But, taken as a whole, this new cyclopedia is not merely disappointing; it is a grave reflection on editorial competency. Lalor served admirably a generation, and is still very useful. If this new compilation is to take rank with helpful works of reference written to promote the cause for which President White long since spoke urgently, it must be revised.

Finance

EUROPEAN SELLING.

Since the announcement of the British war loan, two weeks ago, selling of American securities by London in this market has increased substantially. It had almost ceased before the terms of the loan were made public; since then, the selling of our bonds from England has averaged something like $2,000,000 per day, with sufficient sales of stocks to bring up the total, for the period of nearly two weeks, to something like $40,000,000. The securities have been taken with no great sacrifice in prices. Some of the bonds which were sold most heavily declined two or three points; but, as a whole, the foreign sales had no larger effect than one of the familiar "realizing movements" of domestic origin, in ordinary times.

This resumption, by the English investor, of the selling of American stocks and bonds, is clearly enough attributable to the terms of the new British war loan, which offers to convert all older Government bonds into the new 4½ per cents, on attractive terms, provided the owner of such older issues will subscribe to an equivalent amount in the new war loan. Since the cash payment on that account must be made by July 20, the applicant has until that date to raise the money, and he is evidently raising some of it by realizing on his American investments. Therefore, the selling movement may be over in a fortnight. Yet it again directs attention to the questions, what the aggregate total amount is which may still conceivably come upon our market, what chance there is of its all being returned, and what the effect of that would be.

An important estimate of European holdings of our railway stocks and bonds was given out on Monday of last week. It was drawn from the actual statements of American railways, between October, 1914, and April, 1915, and was compiled by President Loree, of the Delaware & Hudson, under the auspices of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Until its publication, Wall Street had largely pinned its faith to the estimate prepared for the Monetary Commission by Sir George Paish in 1910. That estimate named no less than $6,000,000,000 for Europe's investments in American securities, of which $3,500,000,000 were assigned to England.

This estimate gave no particulars and no basis of calculation. Mr. Loree's estimate gives a very different set of figures. Instead of $6,000,000,000, his computation, based on actual returns—more easy since the income-tax requisitions—estimates $2,576,400,000 as the par value of American railway securities held in Europe. Industrial holdings are not closely estimated. The conclusion is, however, that Europe holds 20 per cent. as much of our industrials as of our railway stocks and bonds; which would leave a total of about $3,000,000,000. Probably three or four hundred millions of this total have been already returned in the period since the figures were compiled.

England undoubtedly holds most of this. Holland has hitherto been credited with something over $500,000,000; an estimate made in 1905 by the German Government named $750,000,000 as a maximum of German holdings, and France owns possibly $250,000,000. These figures may not altogether hold to-day; Germany in particular has realized very heavily in the past five years; yet the conclusion that England now holds between $1,000,000,000 and $1,500,000,000 may be fairly inferred from this latest calculation.

The coming fortnight will show to what extent the British war loan's special inducements can dislodge these English holdings. Apart from that motive, or such other motive as may arise hereafter in the London security or money market, it is difficult to see why the English investor's general attitude should be changed. That remains to be seen. But the feeling has none the less grown on the American market that, granted long continuance of the war, return to us of the great bulk of such securities will in some way eventually be brought about. Supposing this to happen, how about our own financial situation? The most obvious comment would be, that the circumstances under which these general realizing sales would happen are as different as could be conceived from the circumstances which imagination conjured up last summer and autumn.

The picture drawn by apprehensive minds, while the Stock Exchange kept closed to avert the threatened "European liquidation," was of a New York market crushed down by sales which home investors (already realizing on their own account) were unable readily to absorb; of a foreign exchange rate, already heavily against us, driven to higher and higher figures by the pressure of sales of securities from Europe, and of a consequent dragging away of our whole stock of gold to Europe. As matters stand to-day, the New York stock market hardly wavers on actual foreign sales of $25,000,000 weekly.

Exchange on London is so abnormally in this country's favor that the resale of our securities is urged, simply to restore a normal equilibrium. As for our stock of gold, it is $50,000,000 greater than it was on August 1, 1914, is larger by far than the present banking requirements of the country, and is continuously increasing. Meantime the excess of our export trade of merchandise with Europe is rising to unprecedented heights.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Flint, A. A. The Breaking-Point. Broadway Publishing Company. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beede, A. McG. Sitting Bull-Custer. Bismarck, N. D.: Bismarck Tribune Co.
The Parent's Guide. Prepared by the Editorial Board of the University Society. New York: The University Society. Vols. I and II.
Towers, W. K. Letters from Brother Bill, Varsity Sub. Crowell. 50 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Putnam-Jacobi, M. Common-Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage. Putnam. $1 net.
The Pittsburgh District Civic Frontage. The Pittsburgh Survey. New York: Survey Associates, Inc. $2.50 net.
Wage-Earning Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Survey. New York: Survey Associates, Inc. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Danby, F. Nelson's Legacy: Lady Hamilton, Her Story and Tragedy. Scribner.
Dickey, L. S. History of the Eighty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Privately printed.
Fortescue, G. At the Front with Three Armies. Brentano's. $2 net.
Thompson, C. M. The Illinois Whigs before 1846. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois. 95 cents net.
Wallace, D. D. The Life of Henry Laurens. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Young, C. C. Abused Russia. Devin-Adair.

SCIENCE.

Abbot, C. G., and Others. New Evidence on the Intensity of Solar Radiation Outside the Atmosphere. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Delorme, E. War Surgery. P. B. Hoeber. $1.50 net.
Kerley, C. G. What Every Mother Should Know. P. B. Hoeber. 35 cents net.
McLoughlin, M. E. Tennis as I Play It. Doran. $2 net.
More, L. T. The Limitations of Science. Holt. $1.50 net.
Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast. Paul Elder.
Reese, A. M. The Alligator and Its Allies. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Gorgas, W. C. Sanitation in Panama. Appleton. $2 net.
Twyford, H. B. Purchasing. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Haney, J. L. Good English. Philadelphia: The Edgerton Press.
Jaeck, E. G. Madame de Staël and the Spread of German Literature. Oxford University Press.

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